

CHEAP REPOSITORY

SHORT

TRACTS

A NEW EDITION

LONDON:

PRINTED BY BEN AND LAW, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE, CHELSEA, W. 8.

SOLD BY F. AND C. RIVINGTON, NO. 38, ST. PAUL'S

CHURCH-YARD, 1. ST. MARK, NO. 12, LONG-LANE,

WEST-CHESTER, 1. ROYAL, NO. 11,

PICCADILLY, AND C. RIVINGTON, 2. TH.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Tracts were first published and sold in monthly numbers, under the patronage of a large and very respectable body of subscribers, and they are now collected into volumes. The present volume contains the shorter Stories and Ballads, and is well suited to the use of Boarding Schools, as well as private Families.

There is another volume, containing the longer Tales, and some Poetry.

And there is also a volume of Sunday Readings.

Any of these volumes may be had separately.

A 2

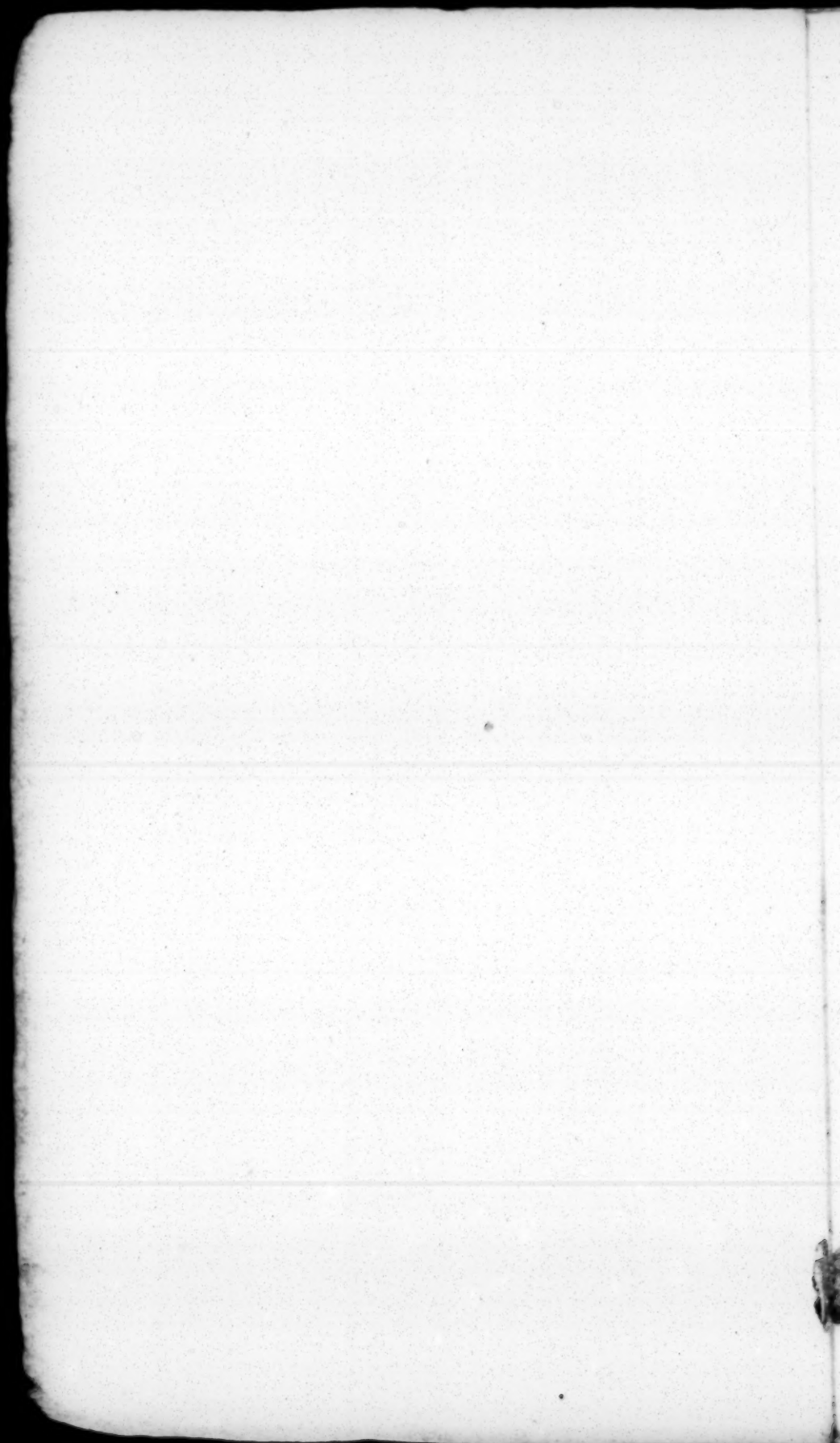
JOHNSON & 1778

The sale of the Cheap Repository Tracts has been exceedingly great, near two millions (bearing the price of about a halfpenny and a penny each) having been sold within the first year, besides great numbers in Ireland. The success of the plan has been much extended, both by the zeal of individuals, and also by the active co-operation of some very respectable Societies, which have been formed in various towns for this purpose. Many persons have exerted their influence, not only by circulating the Tracts in their own families, in schools, and among their dependants, but also by encouraging booksellers to supply themselves with them; by inspecting retailers and hawkers, giving them a few in the first instance, and directing them in the purchase; also by recommending the Tracts to the occupier of a stall at a fair, and by sending them to hospitals, workhouses, and prisons. The Tracts have also been liberally distributed among Soldiers and Sailors, through the influence of their commanders.

The great object had in view in publishing them, has been to supplant the multitude of vicious Tracts circulated by hawkers, and to

supply, instead of them, some useful reading, which may be likely to prove entertaining also.

The profits which may arise from the sale of any of these volumes will be applied to the purpose of forwarding the more extensive circulation of the individual Tracts, which are sold by Mr. EVANS, No. 41 and 42, Long-lane, West Smithfield; and also by Mr. HATCHARD, No. 173, Piccadilly, London.



CONTENTS.

	Page
T HE Cheapſide Apprentice; or the Hiſtory of Mr. Francis H****. Fully ſetting forth the Danger of playing with Edge-Tools. Shewing alſo how a gay Life may prove a ſhort one; and that a merry Evening may produce a ſorrowful Morning	I
The Lancaſhire Collier Girl. A true Story	18
The Hiſtory of Mr. Fantom, the Newfaſhioned Philoſopher, and his Man William	29
Black Giles the Poacher; containing ſome Ac- count of a Family who had rather live by their Wits than their Work	54
Hiſtory of Widow Brown's Apple Tree	69
Tawney Rachel; or, the Fortune-Teller; with ſome Account of Dreams, Omens, and Con- jurers	87
Betty Brown, the St. Giles's Orange Girl: with ſome Account of Mrs. Sponge, the Money- Lender	103
The Good Mother's Legacy	119
The Hiſtory of Charles Jones, the Footman, written by himſelf	137

	Page
The History of Mary Wood, the Housemaid ; or the Danger of False Excuses - -	156
The Two Soldiers - -	177
Sorrowful Sam ; or, the Two Blacksmiths	194
The Happy Waterman - -	214
Parley the Porter. An Allegory. Shewing how Robbers without can never get into a House unless there are Traitors within -	223
The wonderful Advantages of Adventuring in the Lottery !!! - - -	240
The Life of William Baker. A true History	257
The History of Diligent Dick ; or, Truth will out though it be hid in a Well -	270
Bear ye one another's Burthens ; or, the Valley of Tears. A Vision - -	285
The Strait Gate and the Broad Way, being the Second Part of the Valley of Tears -	294
The Hubbub ; or the History of Farmer Russel, the hard-hearted Overseer - -	310
The Black Prince : a true Story -	326
The Troubles of Life ; or the Guinea and the Shilling - - -	342

Description of the Troubles of the

Poor Labourer - - -	343
Little Shopkeeper - -	344
Great Tradesman - -	345
Sick Man - - -	346
Disappointed Lover - -	347

CONTENTS.

ix

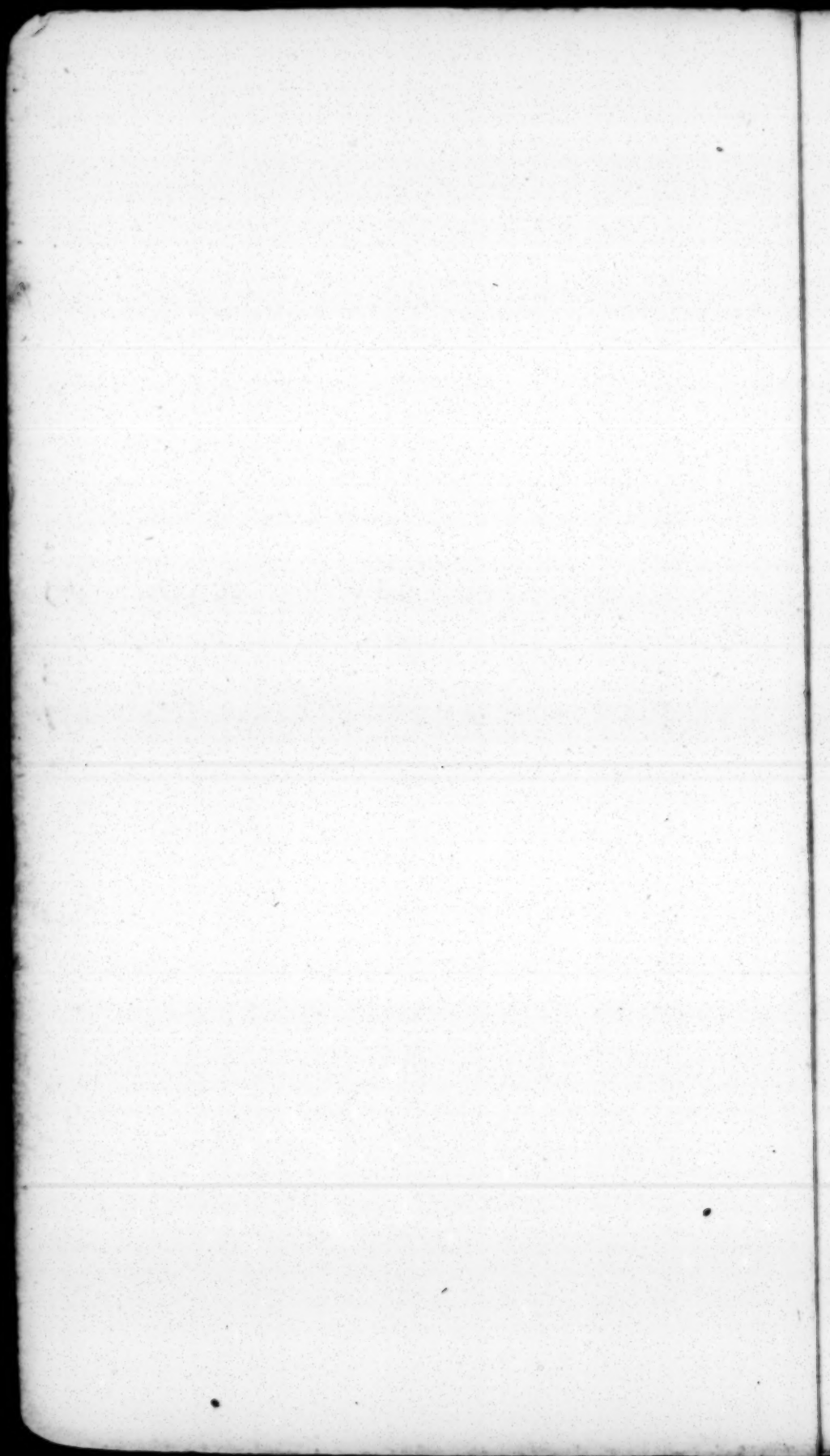
	Page
Unhappy Husband - - -	347
Widower - - -	349
Child of Sorrow, who has met with Trouble upon Trouble, and is without Hope in this World - - -	351
The Story of the Guinea and the Shilling; being a Cure for Trouble in general -	353
Suitable Christian Comfort under each of the Cases abovementioned -	354—363
'Tis All for the Best - - -	364
The Grand Assizes; or, General Gaol Delivery	381
Robert and Richard; or, the Ghost of Poor Molly who was drowned in Richard's Mill-pond	392
The Carpenter; or, the Danger of Evil Company - - -	395
The Story of Sinful Sally, told by herself. Shewing how from being Sally of the Green, she was first led to become Sinful Sally, and afterwards Drunken Sal; and how, at last, she came to a most melancholy, and almost helpless End; being therein a Warning to all Young Women both in Town and Country -	401
Patient Joe; or the Newcastle Collier -	408
The Gin-Shop; or, a Peep into a Prison -	411
The Execution of Wild Robert. Being a Warning to all Parents - - -	416
The Honest Miller of Gloucestershire. A true Ballad - - -	420
The Hampshire Tragedy: Shewing how a Servant Maid first robbed her Master, and was after-	

	Page
wards struck dead for telling a Lie. A true Story - - -	424
The Plow-boy's Dream - - -	428
The Loyal Sailor; or no Mutineering; being a Song fit to be sung on board of all his Majesty's Ships. Giving an Account of the late very aukward Affair at Portsmouth, with the Increase of Pay then agreed to on all Sides, by a Sailor supposed to be on board; and also of that most melancholy and dreadful Mutiny which happened afterwards at the Nore, and which caused so much Astonishment throughout this Loyal Nation: In which Song it is further represented, how this honest Sailor was giving away Half his Ration to his Wife Nell, and was also promising Part of his Pay to her and the Children, when a strange Fleet hove in Sight, and he instantly prepared for action - - -	431
The Good Militia Man; or, the Man that is worth a Host. Being a New Song by Honest Dan the Ploughboy turned Sailor - - -	439
The Riot; or, Half a Loaf is better than no Bread. In a Dialogue between Jack Anvil and Tom Hod. Written during the Scarcity of 1795 - - -	442
The Grave-stone; being an Account of a Wife who buried both her Children in one Day, and who, from that Time, became a very devout Christian. With a suitable Address to those who may be attending a Funeral - - -	446
The Lady and the Pye; or, Know Thyself - - -	449
The Plum-Cakes; or the Farmer and his Three Sons - - -	453

CONTENTS.

xi

	Page
Turn the Carpet ; or, the Two Weavers. In a Dialogue between Dick and John -	458
Here and There ; or, this World and the Next. Being suitable Thoughts for a New Year	461
The Day of Judgment ; or, the Grand Reckon- ing - - -	463
The Election. A quite New Song. Shewing many Things which are now doing, and which ought not to be done. Being a Song very fit to be sung in all Places where an Election is going on - - -	466
Dan and Jane ; or Faith and Works. A Tale	469
The Old Man, his Children, and the Bundle of Sticks. A Fable - -	473
The Bad Bargain ; or the World set up to Sale	477



THE
CHEAPSIDE APPRENTICE;
OR THE
HISTORY OF MR. FRANCIS H****.

Fully setting forth the Danger of playing
with *Edge Tools*.

Shewing also, how a gay Life may prove a short one ;
and that a merry Evening may produce a sorrowful
Morning.



ATTEND, ye young men, who are about
to enter into trade, for to you I write my
story. I was bound apprentice to a respectable
tradesman in Cheapside. My Master, Mr.
Vincent, had acquired a very fair character,
whilst he was making a comfortable fortune.
His wife was a dressy, flashy woman, who

liked visiting and jaunting more than taking care of her family; whilst my master was plodding late at night in the compting-house, Mrs. Vincent and her daughters were either making parties abroad, or giving entertainments at home. As we kept no footman, I was allowed, when shop was shut, to run from one public place to another to call a coach, to bring Mrs. Vincent and her daughters home. To lounging about the purlieus of a playhouse I owe my ruin. I was generally allowed to be a handsome, well made young man; this unfortunately drew upon me the notice of a set of those wretched women, who nightly crowd the theatres, and the avenues to them. I should have been delighted with the notice they took of me, had not my vanity whispered me that Miss Vincent was in love with me. This suspicion was fully confirmed to me by one Potter, an elder apprentice, but for whose wicked advice I might have lived happily, and died virtuously.

The idea that Miss Vincent was in love with me, at once completed me for the coxcomb; I now neglected my business, and to adorn my person, became the only object of my thoughts; I began to commit little frauds on my master, in order to obtain money to dress out; for ever since Potter had laughed me out of my religion, every principle of moral honesty sat loosely upon me.

I am sorry to say, the holy sabbath in our family was only distinguished from other days by the shutting of the shop; my master spent

the morning of it in posting his books; and my mistress and her daughters were either dressing to go abroad, or else to receive company at home. We young men, indeed, were sent to church, but as we had no examples set us by the heads of the family going thither themselves, Potter and I generally hired a gig, and dashed away from one tea-drinking place to another; these scenes soon made me lose all respect for virtue and religion. It was at the Dog and Duck I first saw the infamous Miss West; she was many years older than myself, but her person was as lovely as her heart was wicked. She was no sooner informed that I was to come into possession of 3000*l.* the day I came of age, than she made use of all her deceitful arts to ensnare both my soul and body; and she often prompted me to defraud my master to supply her extravagance. My attachment to Miss Vincent was now on the decline, for Miss West had so far wrought upon my vanity as to make me believe that so handsome a young fellow as I was, should look higher than a tradesman's daughter. From that moment I treated Miss Vincent with the most marked neglect, although I saw my conduct cut her to the heart; yet at the same time was I base enough to borrow money of her, which I wantonly squandered away on Miss West.

When Potter's apprenticeship expired, instead of improving his fortune by throwing it into trade, he plunged at once into all the vices of the town. He possessed a plausible

kind of prate, which caused him to be appointed chairman to our club, which was chiefly composed of clerks and apprentice boys. Potter's principal excellence consisted in singing a merry song, telling an indecent story, and teaching his hearers to laugh at morality, and set all religion at defiance; for religion, he maintained, was only an old woman's tale, invented by cunning heads to keep children and fools in order.

There was an honest old porter lived in our family, who for some time had set himself to watch my conduct, and at length he made such a faithful report of it to my master, that he gave up my indentures, and turned me out of doors. I was too much delighted with my liberty, to feel the least sense of shame at the means by which I obtained it.

I was sorry, however, to break off entirely with Miss Vincent, for I still had a lurking affection for her; I told Potter so; his inventive genius soon laid a plan, whereby I might get her into my power, and take a compleat revenge on her whole family at the same time. This was by writing her a letter, setting forth the violence of my love, the unmerited disgrace I had received from her family, and at the same time requesting her to grant me a private meeting, in order that I might justify my conduct to her, as otherwise I feared the violence of my passion would drive me to a fit of despair.

This poor imprudent girl met me at the time and place appointed. I will not here

shock my readers with relating the vile stratagems I made use of to compleat the ruin of this young lady, nor the tremendous oaths I swore to repair her wrongs by marriage, as soon as I came of age, which would be in a very few months; this somewhat abated her sorrow for the very indiscreet step she had taken.

The day I became of age I went down into the country. My friends, having been apprized of my profligate life, received me very coldly; I practised the deepest hypocrisy on my good mother, to make her believe I was quite a reformed man in order to wheedle her out of a sum of money, telling her, at the same time, that I had an immediate prospect of entering into a very profitable concern with a partner of great responsibility, if I could but increase my capital.

'Frank,' said she, with firmness, 'there is no trusting to your promises; as long as your conduct deserved my love, you ever found me an indulgent mother; but you shall never have cause to say that I acted towards you like a weak woman, by robbing my virtuous children to supply the wanton extravagance of a profligate son. Your wicked life, Frank, has nearly broken my heart, but it shall not shake my justice.' The well known steadiness of my mother's temper convinced me at once she was not further to be imposed upon by the fallacy of my arguments.

As soon as I had settled my business, I returned to London to Miss Vincent, who had waited for me with the utmost impatience, fully expecting

I was come to fulfil my promise of marriage to her. 'I can struggle with want, dear Frank,' said she, 'but I will never consent to live in shame.'

Nothing, I am certain, hardens the heart like vice: for although this poor young creature was brought into a very trying situation by the prospect of her soon becoming a mother, I had the cruelty to swear I would never make *her* my wife, who had disgraced herself by living with me as a *mistress*. On hearing this, in all the tender agonies of grief she urged me to repair the wrongs I had done her, reminding me, at the same time, of the wicked arts I had made use of to beguile her of her innocence, and then, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she threw herself on her knees before me, beseeching me to pity the agonies which rent her soul; yet still my hardened nature was untouched by her sorrow, again I solemnly swore I never would marry her.

Through excess of grief she fainted away, in which pitiable state I left her to the care of a servant, went out, and spent the rest of the evening with Miss West, whose flinty heart turned into ridicule the sorrowful tale I related to her. On returning to my lodgings the next morning, I was informed that Miss Vincent had left them without leaving behind her the least information where she was to be found; and much did I rejoice, when I heard it, that she had taken herself off so quietly.

I now lavished my money as though it would never have an end. By all our set I was esteem-

ed the most noble spirited fellow in the world, and even little wits would be silent in my presence, because I was sure to pay for the wine upon which they were to riot. My cash at length beginning to run low, as I had been all along drawing from the principal, I advised with Potter how to get furnished with future supplies. He advised the gaming table as a never-failing friend, saying, it had long since been the only resource from whence he derived his subsistence.

I took his advice, and for some months was so successful, that I began to dash away in higher life at the west end of the town. I bought an elegant phaëton which I drove every Sunday in Hyde Park, with Miss West by my side. One day, as I was driving furiously through Temple Bar, I had the misfortune to overturn a poor man with a heavy load on his back; on his getting up I perceived him to be Mr. Vincent's old porter, to whom I formerly owed my disgrace.

'Ah, ah, what is it you, young hopeful?' cried he, on seeing to whom he owed his misfortune; 'well, he must needs go whom the devil drives; thy prancing nags may die a natural death, master Frank, but verily I think 'tis more than thou wilt, boy; for if thou dost not die in thy shoes, the gallows will be robbed of its due. What is become of poor Patty Vincent, thou profligate dog! hast thou broken her heart, as thou hast that of her poor afflicted parents?'

The sudden recollection of that unfortunate girl caused such a swimming in my head, that the reins dropped from my hands, my horses

took fright, and it was almost a miracle that I got home alive. The porter's words had made such an impression on my mind, that I could not shake them off. Soon after Potter calling upon me, I told him of my interview with the old Porter, and also the effect it had on me. 'Frank,' said he, 'if a fellow of thy spirit can be thus easily overcome by qualms of conscience, let us instantly adjourn to the tavern, since good wine is the best remedy in the world to drown all uneasy recollections in.' I gladly accepted his proposal, we called a coach, and off we went. He no sooner saw my spirits inflamed with wine than he drew me to the gaming table, where, before morning, I lost every shilling I had in the world; I applied to Potter to lend me fifty guineas, as he had won more than two hundred of me.

Laughing heartily, he told me, 'it had ever been a maxim with him, never to lend his money to a man who had not prudence to keep his own; but, harkee, Frank,' said he, 'I'll give thee my best advice gratis; such a noble spirited young fellow as thou art, needs never be at a loss for money, whilst he can snap a trigger, and the highway is left open for him to practise upon. Men who follow the same course of pleasure, are the last people in the world, to help each other in the hour of distress; virtuous men, Frank, alone feel for the wants of their friends, and they alone find pleasure in relieving them.' He then whistled himself off.

When I got home, I sat revolving in my mind how to get myself out of my present difficulties,

when, in a fatal moment, Satan whispered in my ears the word FORGERY. At first I started at the thought, but my poverty was clamorous; my pride startled at disgrace, although my conscience did not shudder at the crime. I knew I could copy Mr. Vincent's hand exactly. I snatched up the pen to draw a bill upon him for 500*l.* but a cold shivering seized me, it dropped from my fingers, a strong sense of my guilt now overtook me, I tore what I had written to pieces, and exclaimed, 'I am a free man again!' and for a moment felt thankful that I had been enabled to resist the violence of temptation. I sat pondering, however, how I should maintain myself: again I was assaulted with the dread of poverty, and again I snatched up the pen, drew the fatal bill, and instantly went out and got it discounted.

But the moment I sought to take rest at night on my pillow, I felt as if all the horrors of hell had seized me. I jumped out of bed in my sleep, and was going to throw myself out of the window, having dreamed that I was apprehended; the people of the house, awakened by my cries, ran into the room, concluding some villains had broken in, and was going to murder me.

I never afterwards went into the street, but my fears told me that I was the subject of conversation of all the people I met. Once I happened to hear one man say to another, pointing to a third, 'that's he, that's he;' I took to my heels, concluding that I myself was meant, and ran from one street to another without knowing

whither, till my sight failed me, and, through loss of breath, I dropped down in a fit. Some humane people, however, recovered me, and put me into a hackney coach, which carried me home.

One day, a sudden gust of wind blew open my chamber door: again I concluded the officers were coming to take me. Snatching up the poker to defend myself, I swore I would not be taken alive; when turning about suddenly, I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass, my eyes looked wild, my lips quivered, my jaws dropped, my teeth chattered, and my body shook, as though the last agonies of death were upon me. On finding I was once more become the dupe of my fears, my spirits rallied again; I dressed and went to the play; there I met Sally West, whom I had not seen for some weeks; for to say the truth, I dreaded to meet an old acquaintance from the time I committed the forgery; after the play, we went off together to sup at a tavern; we had not been there a quarter of an hour when she made an excuse for quitting the room; in about ten minutes she returned to me, expressing, in the tenderest terms, the satisfaction she had to see me again.

We were, as I believed, just going to sit down to supper, when the waiters came in, followed by two of Sir John Fielding's men. Immediately, with the greatest coolness, Miss West arose, and laying her hand on my shoulder, exclaimed, "the Philistines be upon thee, Samson." "Gentlemen," continued she to the officers, "this is my good friend, Mr. Francis

H****, of whom you have been some time in search. Perhaps, Frank,' continued she, 'you do not know that your forgery is discovered, and that 100*l.* reward is offered for taking you; when I left the room just now, it was to write a note to these gentlemen, signifying to them where you were to be found; I see you are terrified, but hear me for the last time, perhaps, and you will the less wonder at my conduct.

Early in life, Frank, I was betrayed to ruin, by a base designing man; my reputation once blasted, I was deserted by all the virtuous part of my own sex; by having bad examples always before my eyes, I soon became hardened in sin, and abandoned to shame. I have lately contracted debts; if they are not immediately discharged I shall be sent to a jail; this jail I know not how to avoid, but by sending you thither in my stead, as the reward offered for taking you will just set me free from my creditors.'

I was struck motionless with terror, and fainted away on the officers approaching to tie my hands behind me; nor had I the least recollection of what passed, till I found myself safe locked in my prison. About a week after this, the keeper came to tell me, there was a prisoner lately brought in who was very desirous of seeing me; and as she appeared an object of great pity, he offered to conduct me to her. On entering the chamber, I saw a young woman very shabbily dressed, lying on a miserable bed, in a very weak condition.

'Dost thou not know me, Frank?' said she, in a hollow broken voice. 'Hast thou lost all

recollection of Patty Vincent?' I felt instantly as if struck with a thunderbolt. 'Merciful Heaven!' cried I, falling on my knees by the bed-side, 'I am unable to bear the punishment my crimes have brought upon me! O God of mercy support my troubled soul!' She kindly urged me to be comforted, said she wished not to see me to reproach me for the evils I had brought upon her, but only to tell me with her last breath that she forgave me. 'It is not an hour since, Frank,' continued she, 'that I heard you were my fellow prisoner; and, what is worse, at my father's suit. I will not reproach you, Frank, I tell you again, for all the miseries you have brought upon me, because you are a prisoner, and in chains. If my breath will hold out, I will endeavour to give you a short history of myself since we parted. On your refusing to make me your lawful wife, I quitted your lodgings, resolving, by my labour, to eat the bread of industry rather than follow a course of vice for a wretched subsistence. I hired a garret in Holborn, where I applied for needlework, and soon obtained it. In about three months after our separation, my infant came into the world; I sold my cloaths for my support during my confinement, but that resource soon failed me. My health and strength declined. I was seized with a constant fever and cough, and quite unable to supply the scanty morsel of bread for the day, yet resolved to die rather than afflict my dear parents with the knowledge of my misery. At length, being too weak to labour, I contracted several small debts, for which

I was seized and brought hither; I have, however, since been prevailed upon to send my poor half-famished baby to my parents, hoping they will afford her that bread which her dying mother dared not ask for herself.' Observing I was speechless with agony, poor Patty went on. 'I did not wish to see you, Frank, to afflict you, I wish only to warn you, with my dying breath, to repent of the evil of your ways, and humble your soul before God. Repentance for sin, Frank, though bitter for the moment, yet I have found healthful to the soul; and however the wicked, who are at ease, may deride the God who made them, yet the sighing and the sorrowing heart will flee unto him, as the only present help in the time of trouble; I shall very soon lay down my heavy burthen of sickness and sorrow, and escape from a darksome prison, as I humbly trust, to everlasting rest. O Frank! Frank! it is far safer to die a penitent in a jail, than to live in a palace, with a heart untouched by God's grace.'

Here she was interrupted by the unexpected entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent. O ye who shall hereafter read my story, drop a tear of pity at the agony I now endured! They no sooner beheld their child, than each by turns tenderly embraced her, assured her of their forgiveness, and gently chid her for having concealed herself so long, adding, that as a penitent child, they would most gladly have received her, though they would have shunned her, if they had found her living in prosperous wickedness. She thanked them, and said,

‘Mourn not my death, my dearest parents, but rather rejoice that I die penitent for my transgression; and since I have received your blessing and forgiveness, I have but one favour more to ask in life, which is, that you, my kind father, will extend your pity towards that young man,’ pointing to me. ‘O save him, if possible, from an ignominious death; and remember, that *my* child is also *his*. My business in life is done; and now, O heavenly Father! receive my spirit, and pardon my sin, through Jesus Christ my Redeemer.’—Here her speech failed her; and, after a few convulsive struggles, she expired.

Great Heaven, is there any punishment for me to suffer hereafter beyond what I endured at the moment? A dead silence succeeded for some time, my groans only were heard. As soon as Mr. Vincent had somewhat recovered the shock, he raised himself from the body of his child, and spoke to me as follows:

‘Behold, O young man, the calamities which thy crimes have brought upon my family! Behold my departed child lying on the bosom of her fainting mother; yet I am not insensible to the agonies which rend thy soul, and sorry am I to add to them, by telling thee, that thy excellent mother lost her senses, on hearing thou hadst committed a crime, by which thou hadst forfeited thy life to the laws of thy country. O Frank! Frank! what deep distress can one profligate child bring on whole families! Thy crimes, alas! have brought on thy own destruction; for I fear it will not be in my power to be-

friend thee on thy trial, much as I am disposed to do it in consideration of thy relations. Too late, Frank, thou must now see how fatal an excessive love of pleasure must prove to a young tradesman. Thy wretched conduct has opened my eyes on the errors of my own practice; and I now abhor myself in dust and ashes. Honest industry is generally a sure road to wealth, as a sober religious life is to happiness. To thy cost thou must already have experienced that the wicked can have no dependance upon each other, since thou art betrayed, and brought to shame, by those very friends who first led thy youth astray.

‘O Sir,’ cried I, ‘few and evil have been my days, but the great God above, who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, can alone judge of the sorrows of mine; it is not, Sir, the punishment of death which I fear, but the just vengeance of offended Heaven which must follow it; for though a very young man, I am a very old sinner. Alas! my dear and honoured mother, is it then true that the crimes of your own child have robbed you of your senses; and yet the merciful hand of God has hitherto withheld his vengeance from striking me dead. To whom shall I fly for mercy and pity in my distress? from the law I cannot expect it; and from the offended Majesty of high heaven I dare not hope it, since my present punishment is but the certain wages of my sin.’—Here, I am told, I fell into strong convulsive fits; and in that condition was conveyed to my cell.

Written the night before my execution.

It is a month since I was put on my trial; and my guilt being fully proved by the court, I am condemned to hang by the neck till I am DEAD! DEAD! DEAD!

O ye thoughtless young men, who have forsaken the God of heaven, to follow after the enticing pleasures of this world, attend to my words, as to those of a man speaking to you from the grave, since the dawn of that day is now breaking on the world, in which I shall be numbered with the dead. Although, at the instant I write, I am in all the prime of youth, and all the vigour of health, yet I shall this day die a just victim to the broken laws; and my precious soul may be consigned over to everlasting torments, unless the great judge of all things will be graciously pleased to accept my sorrow for my sin, through a gracious Redeemer.

My days are numbered, my hours are few, and the solemn tolling bell will soon be summoning me to meet my God in judgment. The convulsive struggles of death are already upon me before I reach the gallows, whereon I must shortly hang as a warning spectacle to gaping thousands, and from whence I must shoot the great gulph which parts

TIME from ETERNITY!

O, blessed Lord, have mercy on my soul!

The above story was found in the young man's pocket after his execution.

THE HYMN.

FATHER of light, O cleanse my stains,
Look on a sinner vile;
In dungeon dark, oppress'd with chains,
Deign thou on me to smile.

Condemn'd to die by human laws,
I own my sentence just,
With mercy mild judge thou my cause,
Who art my only trust.

Tho' great my crime and short my race,
My FAITH and HOPE receive;
Since souls enrich'd with pard'ning grace,
With thee shall ever live.

Then farewell all beneath the skies,
The sting of death is o'er;
O may my trembling spirit rise,
Where sin shall be no more.

THE
Lancashire Collier Girl.

A TRUE STORY.

IN a small village in Lancashire there lived a few years ago, an industrious man and his wife, who had six children. The man himself used to work in a neighbouring colliery, while the wife took care of the family, attended also to their little farm, and minded the dairy, and when all her other work was done, she used constantly to sit down to spin. It will naturally be supposed that the children of such a mother, even when very young, were not suffered to be idle. The eldest daughter worked with the mother at the spinning wheel, which she learnt to think a very pleasant employment, and she sometimes accompanied her work with a cheerful hymn, or a good moral song, which her parents had taken care to teach her.

But the second daughter, of the name of Mary, is the chief subject of the present story: when this girl was nine years old, the honest collier finding that he had but little employment for her above ground, took her to work with him down in the coal-pit, together with one of his boys, who was then no more than

seven years of age. These two children readily put their strength to the basket; dragging the coals from the workmen to the mouth of the pit; and by their joint labours they did the duty of one of those men, who are commonly called the 'drawers,' clearing thereby no less than seven shillings a week for their parents. It must be owned, that they may have sometimes exerted themselves even beyond their strength, which is now and then the case with little children, through the fault of those who exact the work from them; but since in this case the father had an eye to them during the hours of labour, while they had a prudent and tender mother also, to look after them at home, there is no particular reason to suppose, that at the time of which we are now speaking, they were ever much over-worked.

Here then let us stop to remark how different was the case of this numerous family from that of many others, in the same humble situation of life. Mary and her brother, so far from being a burthen, were bringing a little fortune to their parents, even when they were eight or ten years old: all the family were getting forward by the help of these little creatures, and their worldly comforts were now increasing on every side.

But alas! in the midst of this cheerful and contented diligence, on one fatal day, while the good man was in the act of fixing a basket, in order to its being wound up, the children standing near him in the coal-pit, some stones tumbled from the top of the pit, one of which fell

on the father's head, and killed him on the spot. What a melancholy event was this! some dismal circumstances also remain to be told, which were the consequences of it; but in order to relieve the pain of my reader, I will here remark, that the most grievous afflictions are often appointed by Providence, to be the means, in one way or other, of calling some extraordinary virtue into exercise; and accordingly we shall see that the calamity which is now spoken of, will introduce Mary, the young collier girl, to the farther good opinion of the reader.

The mother, on hearing the news of her husband's death, together with the description of the sad accident which gave occasion to it, received such a shock, that her mind was not able to bear up under it; she became disordered in her understanding, nor did she to the end of her life recover her senses. Being now rendered extremely helpless, she was separated from her children by the parish officers, who continued to take the charge of her for the space of five years. A short time after the father's death, the eldest daughter, (the spinner) married, and went from home; two of the brothers, of the ages of nine and seven, were bound apprentices by the parish, which also took the charge of two others, one three years old, the other an infant, until they should be sufficiently grown up to be bound out also.

In this place I cannot avoid observing, what a blessing it is to poor people in this country, that parish officers are obliged, in all such cases

of necessity, as that of which I am now speaking, to give maintenance to those who apply to them, and what a pity it is that this wise and merciful provision of our laws should ever be abused. Mary, the girl of whom we are giving the history, having been already trained to industry, was by no means disposed to seek any unnecessary help from the parish, and being now between eleven and twelve years old, she determined to maintain herself, like a little independent woman, by her usual work in the coal-pit, where she was generally able after this time to earn at least a shilling a day; in three or four years afterwards earning no less than two shillings. And now I would ask my young female readers, what they think was the manner in which she employed all this fruit of her industry? Do you imagine that she laid it out in vanity of dress, in nice eating and drinking, or other needless expence? or do you suppose that she would now indulge herself in idleness on one or two days in the week, because she had got enough for herself to live upon during the four or five working days? no, I trust you will have formed no such expectation; I hope you will be well aware what Mary did with her money, by having already reflected what you should have done with it in the like case. She, in the first place, released the parish from the burthen of maintaining her mother, which she did as soon as she was arrived at the age of sixteen, being extremely anxious to take this poor disordered helpless parent home to live with herself: she then relieved the parish officers

from the charge of one of her brothers, and she continued to provide for him, until he died. Having been taught never to consider her duty as done, while any part of it seemed to be left undone, she afterwards undertook the maintenance of one of her other brothers, who remained with her during sixteen weeks illness, at the end of which period she followed him to the grave, burying him at her own expence. After about seven years the mother died also, and was buried in like manner by this dutiful child, without any assistance from the parish.

If any of my readers should here inquire, how it could be possible for so young a child to support all these relations, many of them being also occasionally very burthensome through their sickness? The answer is, that in the case of these extraordinary calls upon her, she used to betake herself to extraordinary labour, sometimes earning no less than three shillings and six-pence in the four and twenty hours, by taking what is called 'a double turn' in the coal-pits.

The ready submission of Mary to her parents when she was in early life, is so pleasing a part of her character, that it may be proper in this place again to make a remark upon it. Let my young readers recollect that in submission to the command of her father, or rather to that law of God which enjoins parental obedience, she cheerfully followed him down into the coal-pit, burying herself in the bowels of the earth, and there at a tender age, without excusing herself on account of her sex, she joined in the

same work with the miners, a race of men rough indeed, but highly useful to the community, of whom I am also happy to say that they have the character of being honest and faithful, as well as remarkably courageous, and that they have given moreover some striking instances of their readiness to receive religious instruction when offered to them. Among these men, to their honour be it spoken, Mary's virtue was safe, and after the death of her father, she is even said to have received protection, as well as assistance from them, her fatigue having been sometimes lessened, through their lending her a helping hand, with great feeling and kindness.

But though Mary's mind was naturally strong, and her constitution of body was very stout also, yet towards the end of the period which has been spoken of, she began to be bowed down in some measure, by the afflictions and labours which she had endured. It was evident that she had now been led to exert herself beyond her strength. How lamentable is it, that while so many people in the world are idle, and are contracting diseases both of body and mind, from the abundance of their riches, and from the want of some wholesome and useful exercise, there should be any bending like Mary, under their work, hidden in coal-pits, or from some cause or other removed from observation! what a pity is it, I say, that the former should not employ a little of their time and money in endeavouring to find these distressed objects! And I may also add, how la-

mentable a thing is it, that while so many poor people are seen, who are apt to complain too soon, there should be any, who do not tell their distresses to those who can help them (which I trust however does not often happen) till it is almost too late !

I was observing that Mary began about this time evidently to lose her strength, and her head was also troubled by some of those strange and unpleasant imaginations, which are known by persons conversant with the diseases of the poor, to be no unusual consequence of bad food, and great bodily fatigue, joined with excessive grief. At first she was not aware that she laboured under any disorder ; for she had seldom experienced ill health, while her relations were alive ; and it seems probable that the comfort which she derived from the reflection of affording them support, and the pleasing sensations which arose during the exercise of her attention to them, had served both to keep up her spirits, and to prevent her constitution from breaking down.

I trust it is not superstitious to suppose, that when sincere Christians come, as Mary now did, into very trying circumstances, they may hope, notwithstanding any appearances to the contrary, to experience still, in one way or other, the peculiar blessing of Heaven ; I do not expect that such persons will be free from pain, poverty, or sickness, or other worldly evils, for it is often quite the contrary, but then I believe that these very afflictions will be made the means of increasing their trust in God, and

prove, in the end (I mean either here or hereafter) to have been entirely designed for their good. The calamities of Mary were now risen to such a height, that those who are not accustomed to view things in this religious and most comforting light, might be ready to imagine that the Almighty had forsaken her, and that there is little use in serving him. Let us here number up her afflictions. She had seen with her own eyes the dreadful death of her father; she had for a long time witnessed the affecting condition of her mother, who used to follow her about the house, without knowing the hand by which she was supported: Mary, besides this, had attended the long and drooping sickness of her two brothers; and now, having fallen sick herself, being both weak in body, and sadly enfeebled in her mind, she was dwelling all alone in a little comfortless habitation, having been deprived by death of every one of those dear relatives, the sight of whom had many a time cheered her spirits, while the idea of supplying them with a comfortable subsistence, had been used to sweeten her employment, and lighten the severity of her toil.

It was at this period of her extremity that it pleased God to raise up for her some kind friends, in the manner which I shall now describe.

A lady of the same village heard that a servant's place was vacant in a neighbouring family, and advised Mary, feeble as she was, to present herself there as a candidate to fill this

comparatively easy and comfortable situation. Accordingly the poor girl, with an anxious heart, went to offer her services; she mentioned, with her usual honesty, what had been the habits of her former life, and what was the state of her health also: it seemed undoubtedly much against her interest to do so, but it was perfectly right; and how can any of us hope for the blessing of God, or expect any true comfort in our minds when we fall into affliction, if we fly to unfair means of rescuing ourselves out of it; and instead of trusting in God, trust to our own little frauds, and crooked contrivances.

The answer made to Mary's application was unfavourable; for it was thought, and indeed it was gently hinted, that a young woman hitherto so much exposed as she had been, was not likely to prove a very fit inmate in a sober private family.

Mary felt very keenly this unhappy suspicion against her character; but what could she do? she walked very quietly away, with a downcast look, and with a mind quite broken down by this fresh affliction and disaster. The owners of the mansion happened, however, to observe her countenance, and the peculiar modesty of her manner, as she was taking her departure, for her patient and silent grief touched them far more sensibly than any loud complaints could have done, and they therefore determined to make some inquiries concerning her. The gentleman went himself on the same day to the colliery, where the master of the pit replied to

his questions, nearly in the following terms :
' Sir,' said he, ' she is a poor girl that has overworked herself, for she has undertaken what we call task-work, which is very hard labour ; she is one of the best girls that ever I knew, and is respected by all the colliers ; and though,' added he, ' I cannot deny that now and then my men take a cup too much, which is apt to make them sometimes quarrelsome, yet they never suffer a bad word to be spoken, or an affront to be offered, to a girl in the pit, without punishing the fellow who may be guilty, and making him heartily ashamed of himself.'

This rule of decency and propriety towards young women, established by a set of coarse miners, is here recorded to their praise, and for the benefit of some of those persons, who are pleased to call themselves their betters.

The gentleman, after a very minute and full examination, was so well satisfied of the good character of Mary, that she was received into his service, in which she has now been living comfortably for about the space of six years. Her health is recovered, her habits of diligence are still very great, and she is said to be of a remarkable modest, humble, and contented spirit. It may not be improper to mention, that the master of the house in which she lives has furnished all the materials of this story.

I will now take leave of my readers, by remarking, that the little tale which I have been reciting, seems to me to hold out the following useful lessons :

In the first place, I think it may teach the poor, that they can seldom be in any condition of life so low, as to prevent their rising to some degree of independence if they chuse to exert themselves; and that there can be no situation whatever so mean, as to forbid the practice of many noble virtues. It may instruct the rich not to turn the poor from their doors, merely on account of first appearances, but rather to examine into their character, expecting sometimes to find peculiar modesty and merit, even in the most exposed situations. This story may also encourage the afflicted to serve and trust God in every extremity; and, finally, it may teach all descriptions of persons, who may have to pass through dangerous and trying circumstances, that they may expect the divine protection and blessing, provided they are not needlessly throwing themselves in the way of temptation, but are endeavouring, like Mary, "to learn and labour truly to get their own living, and to do their duty in that state of life, unto which it hath pleased God to call them."

THE
HISTORY
OF
MR. FANTOM,
THE
NEW FASHIONED PHILOSOPHER,
AND HIS
MAN WILLIAM.

MR. FANTOM was a retail trader in the city of London. As he had no turn to any expensive vices, he was reckoned a sober, decent man, but he was covetous and proud, selfish and conceited. As soon as he got forward in the world, his vanity began to display itself, but not in the ordinary method, that of making a figure and living away; but still he was tormented with a longing desire to draw public notice, and to distinguish himself. He felt a general sense of discontent at what he was, with a general ambition to be something which he was not; but this desire had not yet turned itself to any particular object. It was not by his money he could hope to be distinguished, for half his acquaintance had more, and a man must be rich indeed, to be noted for his riches

in London. Mr. Fantom's mind was a prey to vain imaginations. He despised all those little acts of kindness and charity which every man is called to perform every day; and while he was contriving grand schemes which lay quite out of his reach, he neglected the ordinary duties of life which lay directly before him.

About this time he got hold of a famous little book written by the NEW PHILOSOPHER, whose pestilent doctrines have gone about seeking whom they may destroy; these doctrines found a ready entrance into Mr. Fantom's mind; a mind at once shallow and inquisitive, speculative and vain, ambitious and dissatisfied. As almost every book was new to him, he fell into the common error of those who begin to read late in life, that of thinking that what he did not know himself, was equally new to others; and he was apt to fancy that he and the author he was reading were the only two people in the world who knew any thing. This book led to the grand discovery; he had now found what his heart panted after, a way to *distinguish himself*. To start out a full grown philosopher at once, to be wise without education, to dispute without learning, and to make proselytes without argument, was a short cut to fame, which well suited his vanity and his ignorance. He rejoiced that he had been so clever as to examine for himself, pitied his friends who took things upon trust, and was resolved to assert the freedom of his own mind. To a man fond of bold novelties and daring paradoxes, solid argument would be flat, and truth would be dull,

merely because it is not new. Mr. Fantom believed, not in proportion to the strength of the evidence, but to the impudence of the assertion. The trampling on holy ground with dirty shoes, the smearing the sanctuary with filth and mire, the calling prophets and apostles by the most scurrilous names was new, and dashing, and dazzling. Mr. Fantom now being set free from the chains of slavery and superstition, was resolved to show his zeal in the usual way, by trying to free others; but it would have hurt his vanity had he known that he was the convert of a man who had written only for the vulgar, who had *invented* nothing, no not even one idea of original wickedness; but who had stooped to rake up out of the kennel of infidelity, all the loathsome dregs and offal dirt, which politer unbelievers had thrown away as too gross and offensive for their better bred readers.

Mr. Fantom, who considered that a philosopher must set up with a little sort of stock in trade, now picked up all the common place notions against Christianity, which have been answered a hundred times over; these he kept by him ready cut and dried, and brought out in all companies with a zeal which would have done honour to a better cause, but which the friends to a better cause are not so apt to discover. He soon got all the cant of the new school. He prated about *narrowness*, and *ignorance*, and *bigotry*, and *prejudice*, and *priestcraft*, on the one hand; and on the other of *public*

good, the love of mankind, and liberality, and candour, and toleration, and above all, *benevolence*. Benevolence, he said, made up the whole of religion, and all the other parts of it were nothing but cant and jargon, and hypocrisy. Finding, however, that he made little impression on his old club at the Cat and Bagpipes, he grew tired of their company, yet there was one member whose society he could not resolve to give up, though they seldom agreed, as indeed no two men in the same class and habits of life could less resemble each other. Mr. Trueman was an honest, plain, simple-hearted tradesman of the good old cut, who feared God, and followed his business; he went to church twice on Sundays, and minded his shop all the week, spent frugally, gave liberally, and saved moderately. He lost, however, some ground in Mr. Fantom's esteem, because he paid his taxes without disputing, and read his Bible without doubting.

Mr. Fantom now began to be tired of every thing in trade except the profits of it; for the more the word benevolence was in his mouth, the more did selfishness gain dominion in his heart. He, however, resolved to retire for a while into the country, and devote his time to his new plans, schemes, theories, and projects for the public good. A life of talking, and reading, and writing, and disputing, and teaching, and proselyting now struck him as the only life, so he soon set out for the country with his family, to which was now added his new footman, William Wilson, whom he had

taken with a good character out of a sober family. He was no sooner settled than he wrote to invite Mr. Trueman to come and pay him a visit, for he would have burst if he could not have got some one to whom he might display his new knowledge; he knew that if on the one hand Trueman was no scholar, yet on the other he was no fool; and though he despised his *prejudices*, yet he thought he might be made a good decoy duck, for if he could once bring Trueman over, the whole club at the Cat and Bagpipes might be brought to follow his example, and thus he might see himself at the head of a society of his own proselytes, the supreme object of a philosopher's ambition. Trueman came accordingly. He soon found that however he might be shocked at the impious doctrines his friend maintained, yet that an important lesson might be learnt even from the worst enemies of truth; namely, an ever-wakeful attention to their grand object. If they set out with talking of trade or politics; of private news or public affairs, still Mr. Fantom was ever on the watch to hitch in his darling doctrines; whatever he began with, he was sure to end with a pert squib at the Bible, a vapid jest on the clergy, the miseries of superstition, and the blessings of philosophy. 'Oh!' said Trueman to himself, 'when shall I see Christians half so much in earnest? Why is it that almost all zeal is on the wrong side?'

'Well, Mr. Fantom,' said Trueman next day at breakfast, 'I am afraid you are leading

but an idle sort of life here.'—'Idle, fir,' said Fantom, 'I now first begin to live to some purpose: I have indeed lost too much time, and wasted my talents on a little retail trade, in which one is of no note; one can't distinguish one's self.'—'So much the better,' said Trueman; 'I had rather not distinguish myself, unless it was by leading a better life than my neighbours. There is nothing I should dread more than being talked about. I dare say now heaven is in a good measure filled with people, whose names were never heard out of their own street and village. So I beg leave not to distinguish myself.'—'Yes, but one may, if it is only by signing one's name to an essay or a paragraph in a newspaper,' said Fantom. 'Heaven keep John Trueman's name out of a newspaper,' interrupted he in a fright, 'for if it be there it must either be found in the Old Bailey or the Bankrupt List, unless indeed I were to remove shop, or sell off my old stock.' 'But in your present confined situation you can be of no use,' said Fantom. 'That I deny,' interrupted the other. 'I have filled all the parish offices with some credit. I never took a bribe at an election, no not so much as a treat; I take care of my apprentices, and don't set them a bad example by running to plays and Sadler's Wells in the week, or jaunting about in a gig all day on Sundays; for I look upon it that the country jaunt of the master on Sundays exposes his servants to more danger than their whole week's temptations in trade put together.'

Fantom. ‘ I once had the same vulgar prejudices about the Church and the Sabbath, and all that antiquated stuff. But even on your own narrow principles, how can a thinking being spend his Sunday better (if he must lose one day in seven by having any Sunday at all) than by going into the country to admire the works of nature?’

Trueman. ‘ I suppose you mean the works of God; for I never read in the Bible that nature made any thing. I should rather think that she herself was made by him who made all things; by him, who, when he said, “ thou shalt not murder,” said also, “ thou shalt keep holy the sabbath day.” But now do you really think that all that multitude of coaches, chariots, chaises, vis-a-vis, booby hitches, fulkies, sociables, phaëtons, gigs, curricles, cabrioles, chairs, stages, pleasure carts and horses, which crowd our roads; all those country houses within reach, to which the London friends pour in to the gorgeous Sunday feast, which the servants are kept from church to dress; all those public houses under the signs of which you read these alluring words, AN ORDINARY ON SUNDAYS; I say, do you really believe that all those houses and carriages are crammed with philosophers who go on Sundays into the country to admire the works of nature as you call it? Indeed, from the reeling gait of some of them when they go back at night, one might take them for a certain sect called the tipling philosophers. Then in answer to your charge,

that a little tradesman can do no good, it is not true; I must tell you that I belong to the Society for relieving Prisoners for small Debts, and to the Sick Man's Friend, and to——'

Fantom. 'Oh, enough—all these are petty occupations.'

Trueman. 'Then they are better suited to petty men of petty fortune. I had rather have an ounce of real good done with my own hands, and seen with my own eyes, than speculate about doing a ton in a wild way which I know can never be brought about.'

Fantom. 'I despise a narrow field. O for the reign of universal benevolence! I want to make all mankind good and happy.'

Trueman. 'Dear me! sure that must be a wholesale sort of a job; had not you better try your hand at a town or a parish first?'

Fantom. 'Sir, I have a plan in my head for relieving the miseries of the whole world. Every thing is bad as it now stands. I would alter all the laws, and do away all the religions, and put an end to all the wars in the world. I would every where redress the injustice of fortune, or what the vulgar call providence. I would put an end to all punishments; I would not leave a single prisoner on the face of the globe. This is what I call doing things on a grand scale. 'A scale with a vengeance!' said *Trueman.* 'As to releasing the prisoners, however, I don't so much like that, as it would be pleasing a few rogues at the expence of all honest men; but as to the rest of your plan, if all Christian countries would be so good as turn:

Christians, it might be helped on a good deal. There would be still misery enough left indeed, because God intended this world should be earth and not heaven. But, sir, among all your abolitions you must abolish human corruption before you can make the world quite as perfect as you pretend. Among all your reforms you must reform the human heart; you are only hacking at the branches, without striking at the root. Banishing impiety out of the world, would be like striking off all the pounds from an over-charged bill; and all the troubles which would be left, would be reduced to mere shillings, pence, and farthings, as one may say.'

Fantom. 'Your project would rivet the chains which mine is designed to break.'

Trueman. 'Sir, I have no projects. Projects are in general the offspring of restlessness, vanity, and idleness. I am too busy for Projects, too contented for Theories, and, I hope, have too much humility for a philosopher. The utmost extent of my ambition at present is, to redress the wrongs of a parish apprentice who has been cruelly used by his master; indeed I have another little scheme, which is to prosecute a fellow in our street who has let a poor wretch in a work-house, of which he had the care, perish through neglect, and you must assist me.'

Fantom. 'The parish must do that; as to me I own that the wrongs of the Poles and South Americans so fill my mind, as to leave me no time to attend to the petty sorrows of work-houses and parish apprentices. It is provinces,

empires, continents, that the benevolence of the philosopher embraces; every one can do a little paltry good to his next neighbour.'

Trueman. 'Every one can, but I don't see that every one does. If they would, indeed, your business would be ready done to your hands, and your grand ocean of benevolence would be filled with the drops which private charity would throw into it. I am glad, however, you are such a friend to the prisoners, because I am just now getting a little subscription from our club, to set free your poor old friend Tom Saunders, a very honest brother tradesman, who got first into debt, and then into gaol, through no fault of his own, but merely through the pressure of the times. We have each of us allowed a trifle every week towards maintaining Tom's young family since he has been in prison, but we think we shall do much more service to Saunders, and indeed in the end lighten our own expence, by paying down at once a little sum to restore to him the comforts of life, and put him in a way of maintaining his family again. We have made up the money all except five guineas; I am already promised four, and you have nothing to do but to give me the fifth. And so for a single guinea, without any of the trouble, the meetings, and the looking into his affairs, which we have had, you will at once have the pleasure (and it is no small one) of helping to save a worthy family from starving, of redeeming an old friend from gaol, and of putting a little of your boasted benevolence into action. Realize!

Master Fantom, there is nothing like realizing.' 'Why, hearkee, Mr. Trueman,' said Fantom, stammering, and looking very black, 'don't think I value a guinea; no, Sir, I despise money, 'tis trash, 'tis dirt, and 'beneath the regard of a wise man. 'Tis one of the unfeeling inventions of artificial society. Sir, I could talk to you for half a day on the abuse of riches, and on my own contempt of money.'

Trueman. 'O pray don't give yourself the trouble, it will be an easier way by half of proving both, just to put your hand in your pocket and give me the guinea without saying a word about it: and then to you who value time so much and money so little, it will cut the matter short. But come now (for I see you will give nothing) I should be mighty glad to know what is the sort of good you do yourselves, since you always object to what is done by others.' 'Sir,' said Mr. Fantom, 'the object of a true philosopher is to diffuse light and knowledge. I wish to see the whole world enlightened.'

Trueman. 'Amen! if you mean with the light of the Gospel. But if you mean that one religion is as good as another, and that no religion is the best of all; in short, if you want to make the whole world philosophers, why they had better stay as they are. But as to the true light, I wish it to reach the very lowest, and I therefore bless God for charity-schools, as instruments of diffusing it among the poor.'

Fantom, who had no reason to expect that his friend was going to call upon him for a sub-

scription on this account, ventured to praise them: saying, 'I am no enemy to these institutions. I would indeed change the object of instruction, but I would have the whole world instructed.'

Here Mrs. Fantom, who, with her daughter, had quietly sat by at their work, ventured to put in a word, a liberty she seldom took with her husband, who, in his zeal to make the whole world free and happy, was too prudent to include his wife. 'Then, my dear,' said she, 'I wonder you don't let your own servants be taught a little. The maids can scarcely tell a letter, or say the Lord's Prayer; and you know you won't allow them time to learn. William too has never been at church since we came out of town. He was at first very orderly and obedient, but now he is seldom sober of an evening, and in the morning, when he should be rubbing the tables in the parlour, he is generally lolling upon them, and reading your little manual of the new philosophy.' 'Mrs. Fantom,' said her husband, angrily, 'you know that my labours for the public good leave me little time to think of my own family. I must have a great field; I like to do good to hundreds at once.'

'I am very glad of that, papa,' said Miss Polly, 'for then I hope you won't refuse to subscribe to all those pretty children at the Sunday-school as you did yesterday, when the gentleman came a begging, because that is the very thing you were wishing for; there are two or three hundred to be done good to at once.'

Trueman. 'Well, Mr. Fantom, you are a wonderful man to keep up such a stock of benevolence at so small an expence. To love mankind so dearly, and yet avoid all opportunities of doing them good; to have such a noble zeal for the millions, and to feel so little compassion for the units; surely none but a philosopher could indulge so much philanthropy and so much frugality at the same time.'

Fantom. 'I despise the man whose benevolence is swallowed up in the narrow concerns of his own family, or parish, or country.'

Trueman. 'Well, now I have a notion that 'tis as well to do one's own duty as the duty of another man, and to do good at home as well as abroad, and I had as lieve help Tom Saunders to freedom as a Pole or a South American, though I should be very glad to help them too, but one must begin to love somewhere, and to do good somewhere; and I think 'tis as natural to love one's own family, and to do good in one's own neighbourhood, as to any body else. And if every man in every family, parish, and county, did the same, why! all the schemes would meet, and the end of one parish where I was doing good would be the beginning of another where somebody else was doing good; so my schemes would jut into my neighbour's, and all would fit with a sort of a dove-tail exactness.'

Here they were told dinner was on table.—
'Don't think,' said Mr. Fantom, 'that you have the best of the argument, because you happen to have the last word. We will finish

our talk some other time ;' so saying they went in to dinner.

When they sat down, Mr. Fantom was not a little out of humour to see his table in some disorder. William was also rather more negligent than usual. If the company called for bread, he gave them beer, and he took away the clean plates, and gave them dirty ones. Mr. Fantom soon discovered that his servant was very drunk; he flew into a violent passion, and ordered him out of the room, charging that he should not appear in his presence in that condition. William obeyed; but having slept an hour or two, and got about half sober, he again made his appearance. His master gave him a most severe reprimand, and called him an idle, drunken, vicious fellow. 'Sir,' said William, very pertly, 'If I do get drunk now and then, I only do it for the good of my country, and in obedience to your wishes.' Mr. Fantom, thoroughly provoked, now began to scold him in words not fit to be repeated, and asked him what he meant. 'Why, sir,' said William, 'you are a philosopher, you know, and I have often overheard you say to your company, that private vices are public benefits, and so I thought that getting drunk was as pleasant a way of doing good to the public as any, especially when I could oblige my master at the same time.'

'Get out of my house,' said Mr. Fantom, in a great rage. 'I do not desire to stay a moment longer,' said William, 'so pay me my wages.' 'Not I, indeed,' replied the master, 'nor will I give you a character, so never let me

see your face again.' William took his master at his word, and not only got out of the house, but out of the country too as fast as possible. When they found he was really gone, they made a hue-and-cry, in order to detain him till they had examined if he had left every thing in the house as he had found it. But William had got out of reach, knowing he could not stand such a scrutiny. On examination, Mr. Fantom found that all his old port was gone, and Mrs. Fantom missed three of her best new spoons. William was pursued, but without success; and Mr. Fantom was so much discomposed, that he could not, for the rest of the day, talk on any subject but his wine and his spoons, nor harangue on any project but that of recovering both by bringing William to justice.

Some days passed away, in which Mr. Fantom, having had time to cool, began to be ashamed that he had been betrayed into such ungoverned passion. He made the best excuse he could, said no man was perfect, and though he owned he had been too violent, yet he still hoped William would be brought to the punishment he deserved. 'In the mean time,' said Mr. Trueman, 'seeing how ill philosophy has agreed with your man, suppose you were to set about teaching your maids a little religion?' Mr. Fantom coolly replied, 'that the impertinent retort of a drunken footman could not spoil a system.' 'Your system, however, and your own behaviour,' said Trueman, 'have made that footman a scoundrel: and you are answerable for his offences.' 'Not I truly,' said Fantom, 'he

has seen me do no harm; he has neither seen me cheat, gamble, nor get drunk; and I defy you to say I corrupt my servants. I am a moral man, sir.' 'Mr. Fantom,' said Trueman, 'if you were to get drunk every day, and game every night, you would, indeed, endanger your own soul, and give a dreadful example to your family; but great as those sins are, and God forbid that I should attempt to lessen them, still they are not worse; nay, they are not so bad as the pestilent doctrines with which you infect your house and your neighbourhood. A bad action is like a single murder, but a wicked principle is throwing lighted gunpowder into a town, it is poisoning a river; there are no bounds, no certainty, no end to its mischief. The ill effects of the worst action may cease in time, and the consequences of your bad example may end with your life; but souls may be brought to perdition by a wicked principle, after the author of it has been dead for ages.'

Fantom. 'You talk like an ignoramus, who has never read the new philosophy. All this nonsense of future punishment is now done away. It is *our* benevolence which makes us reject your creed; we can no more believe in a Deity who permits so much evil in the present world, than one who threatens eternal punishment in the next.'

Trueman. 'What! shall mortal man be more merciful than God? Do you pretend to be more compassionate than that gracious Father, who sent his own Son into the world to die for sinners?'

Fantom. 'You take all your notions of the Deity from the vulgar views your Bible gives you of him.' 'To be sure I do,' said Trueman; 'can you tell me any way of getting a better notion of him?' I don't want any of your farthing-candle philosophy in the broad sun-shine of the Gospel, Mr. Fantom. My Bible tells me that "God is love," not merely loving, but LOVE. Now do you think a Being, whose very essence is love, would permit any misery among his children here, if it was not to be, some way or other, or some where or other, for their good? You forget, too, that in a world where there is sin there must be misery. Then, too, I suppose, God permits misery partly to exercise the sufferers, and partly to try the prosperous; for by trouble God corrects some and tries others. Suppose now, Tom Saunders had not been put in prison, you and I——no, I beg pardon, *you* saved your guinea; well then, our club and I could not have shown our kindness in getting him out, nor would poor Saunders himself have had an opportunity of exercising his own patience under want and imprisonment. So you see one reason why God permits misery, is, that good men may have an opportunity of lessening it.' Mr. Fantom replied, 'There is no object which I have more at heart; I have, as I told you, a plan in my head of such universal benevolence as to include the happiness of all mankind.' 'Mr. Fantom,' said Trueman; 'I feel that I have a general good will to all my brethren of mankind: and if I had as much money in my purse

as I have love in my heart, I trust I should prove it; all I say is, that, in a station of life where I can't do much, I am more called upon to procure the happiness of a poor neighbour, who has no one else to look to, than to form wild plans for the good of mankind, too extensive to be accomplished, and too chimerical to be put in practice. I can't free whole countries, nor reform the evils of society at large, but I *can* free an aggrieved wretch in a work-house, and I *can* labour to reform myself and my own family.'

Some weeks after this a letter was brought to Mr Fantom from his late servant William, who had been turned away for drunkenness, as related above, and who had also robbed his master of some wine and some spoons. Mr. Fantom, glancing his eye over the letter, said, 'it is dated from Chelmsford jail; that rascal is got into prison. I am glad of it with all my heart, it is the fittest place for such scoundrels. I hope he will be sent to Botany Bay, if not hanged.' 'O, ho! my good friend,' said Trueman, 'then I find that in abolishing all prisons you would just let one stand for the accommodation of those who should happen to rob *you*.' Mr. Fantom drily observed, that he was not fond of jokes, and proceeded to read the letter. It expressed an earnest wish that his late master would condescend to pay him one visit in his dark and doleful abode, as he wished to say a few words to him, before the dreadful sentence of the law, which had already been pronounced, should be executed.

‘ Let us go and see the poor fellow,’ said Trueman, ‘ it is but a morning’s ride. If he is really so near his end, it would be cruel to refuse him.’ ‘ Not I truly,’ said Fantom; ‘ he deserves nothing at my hands but the halter he is likely to meet with.—Such port as is not to be had for money! and the spoons part of my new dozen!’ ‘ As to the wine,’ said Trueman, ‘ I am afraid you must give that up, but the only way to get any tidings of the spoons is to go and hear what he has to say; I have no doubt but he will make such a confession as may be very useful to others, which, you know, is one grand advantage of punishments; and, besides, we may afford him some little comfort.’ ‘ As to comfort, he deserves none from me,’ said Fantom; ‘ and as to his confessions, they can be of no use to me, but as they give me a chance of getting my spoons, so I don’t much care if I do take a ride with you.’

When they came to the prison, Mr. Trueman’s tender heart sunk within him. He deplored the corrupt nature of man; which makes such rigorous confinement needful, not merely for the punishment of the offender, but for the safety of society. Fantom, from mere trick and habit, was just preparing a speech on general benevolence, and the cruelty of imprisonment, till the recollection of his old port and his new spoons cooled his ardour, and he went on without saying a word. When they reached the cell where the unhappy William was confined, they stopped at the door. The poor

wretch had thrown himself on the ground, as well as his chains would give him leave. He groaned piteously; and was so swallowed up with a sense of his own miseries, that he neither heard the door open, nor saw the gentlemen. He was attempting to pray, but in an agony which made his words hardly intelligible. Thus much they could make out—‘God be merciful to me a sinner, the chief of sinners!’ then, suddenly attempting to start up, but prevented by his irons, he roared out, ‘O God! thou canst *not* be merciful to me, for I have denied thee; I have ridiculed my Saviour who died for me; I have broken his laws; I have derided his word; I have resisted his spirit; I have laughed at that heaven which is shut against me; I have denied those torments which await me. To-morrow! to-morrow! O for a longer space for repentance! O for a short reprieve from hell!’ Mr. Trueman wept so loud that it drew the attention of the criminal, who now lifted up his eyes, and cast on his late master a look so dreadful, that Fantom wished for a moment that he had given up all hope of the spoons, rather than have exposed himself to such a scene. At length the poor wretch said, in a voice that would have melted a heart of stone, ‘O, Sir, are you there; I did indeed wish to see you before my dreadful sentence is put in execution. Oh, Sir! to-morrow! to-morrow! But I have a confession to make to you.’ This revived Mr. Fantom, who again ventured to glance a hope at the spoons. ‘Sir,’ said William, ‘I could not die without making

my confession.' 'Aye, and restitution too, I hope,' replied Fantom. 'Where are my spoons?' 'Sir, they are gone with the rest of my wretched booty. But oh, Sir! those spoons make so petty an article in my black account, that I hardly think of them. Murder! Sir, murder is the crime for which I am justly doomed to die. Oh, Sir! who can abide the anger of an offended God? Who can dwell with everlasting burnings?' As this was a question which even a philosopher could not answer, Mr. Fantom was going to steal off, especially as he now gave up all hope of the spoons; but William called him back.—'Stay, Sir, stay, I conjure you, as you will answer it at the bar of God. You are the cause of my being about to suffer a shameful death. Yes, Sir, you made me a drunkard, a thief, and a murderer.' 'How dare you, William,' cried Mr. Fantom, with great emotion, 'accuse me with being the cause of such horrid crimes?' 'Sir,' answered the criminal, 'from you I learned the principles which lead to those crimes. By the grace of God I should never have fallen into sins deserving of the gallows, if I had not overheard you say there was no hereafter, no judgment, no future reckoning. O, Sir! there is a hell, dreadful, inconceivable, eternal!' Here, through the excess of anguish, the poor fellow fainted away. Mr. Fantom, who did not at all relish this scene, said to his friend, 'Well, Sir, we will go, if you please, for you see there is nothing to be done.'

‘ Sir,’ replied Mr. Trueman, mournfully, ‘ you may go if you please, but I shall stay, for I see there is a great deal to be done. ‘ What,’ rejoined the other, ‘ do you think it possible his life can be saved?’ ‘ No, indeed,’ said Trueman; ‘ but I hope it is possible his soul may be saved.’ ‘ I don’t understand these things,’ said Fantom, making toward the door. ‘ Nor I neither,’ said Trueman; ‘ but, as a fellow sinner, I am bound to do what I can for this poor fellow. Do you go home, Mr. Fantom, and finish your Treatise on Universal Benevolence, and the blessed effects of Philosophy; and hark ye, be sure you let the frontispiece of your book represent *William on the gibbet*; that will be what our parson calls a PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION. You know I hate theories; this is *realizing*; this is PHILOSOPHY made easy to the meanest capacity.’

Mr. Fantom sneaked off to finish his work at home; and Mr. Trueman staid to finish his in the prison. He passed the night with the wretched convict; he prayed with him and for him, and read to him the penitential Psalms, and some portions of the Gospel. But he was too humble and too prudent a man to venture out of his depth by arguments and consolations, which he was not warranted to use: this he left for the minister; but he pressed on William the great duty of making the only amends now in his power to those whom he had led astray. They then drew up the following paper, which Mr. Trueman got printed, and gave away at the place of execution.

*The last Words, Confession, and dying Speech of
WILLIAM WILSON, who was executed at
Chelmsford for Murder.*

' I was bred up in the fear of God, and lived with credit in many sober families, in which I was a faithful servant ; but being tempted by a little higher wages, I left a good place to go and live with Mr. Fantom, who, however, made good none of his fine promises, but proved a hard master. In his service I was not allowed time to go to church. This troubled me at first, till I overheard my master say, that going to church was a superstitious prejudice, and only meant for the vulgar. Upon this I resolved to go no more ; for I thought there could not be two religions, one for the master, and one for the servant. Finding my master never prayed, I too left off praying ; this gave Satan great power over me, so that I from that time fell into almost every sin. I was very uneasy at first, and my conscience gave me no rest ; but I was soon reconciled by overhearing my master and another gentleman say, that death was only a long sleep, and hell and judgment were but an invention of priests to keep the poor in order. I mention this as a warning to all masters and mistresses to take care what they converse about while servants are waiting at table. They cannot tell how many souls they have sent to perdition by such loose talk.

The crime for which I die is the natural consequence of the principles I learnt of my master. A rich man, indeed, who throws off religion, may escape the gallows, because want does not drive him to commit those crimes which lead to it; but what shall restrain a needy man, who has been taught that there is no dreadful reckoning? Oh, my dear fellow-servants! take warning of my sad fate, never be tempted away from a sober service for the sake of a little more wages: never venture your immortal souls in houses where God is not feared. And now hear me, O my God, though I have blasphemed thee; forgive me, O my Saviour, though I have denied thee. O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, deliver me from the bitter pains of eternal death, and receive my soul for his sake who died for sinners.

WILLIAM WILSON.'

Mr. Trueman would never leave this poor penitent till he was launched into eternity, but attended him with the minister in the cart. This pious minister never cared to tell me what he thought of William's state. When I ventured to mention my hope, that though his penitence was late, yet it was sincere, and spoke of the dying thief on the cross as a ground of encouragement, the minister, with a very serious look, made me this answer: 'Sir, that instance is too often brought forward on occasions to which it does not apply: I do not chuse to say any thing to your application of it in the present case, but I will answer you in the words

of a good man speaking of the penitent thief:
' There is *one* such instance given that nobody
might despair, and there is *but* one, that no-
body might presume.'

Poor William was turned off just a quarter
before eleven; and may the Lord have had
mercy on his soul!

Z.

BLACK GILES, THE POACHER;

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT

*Of a family who had rather live by their Wits
than their Work.*

P A R T I.



POACHING GILES lives on the borders of one of those great moors in Somersetshire. Giles, to be sure, had been a sad fellow in his time; and it is none of his fault if his whole family do not end either at the gallows or at

Botany Bay. He lives at that Mud Cottage with the broken windows, stuffed with dirty rags, just beyond the gate which divides the Upper from the Lower Moor. You may know the house at a good distance by the ragged tiles on the roof, and the loose stones which are ready to drop out from the chimney; though a short ladder, a hod of mortar, and half an hour's leisure time, would have prevented all this, and made the little dwelling tight enough. But as Giles had never learnt any thing that was good, so he did not know the value of such useful sayings, as, that 'a tile in time saves nine.'

Besides this, Giles fell into that common mistake, that a beggarly looking cottage, and filthy ragged children, raised most compassion, and of course drew most charity. But as cunning as he was in other things, he was out in his reckoning here; for it is neatness, housewifry, and a decent appearance, which draws the kindness of the rich and charitable, while they turn away disgusted from filth and laziness; not out of pride, but because they see that it is next to impossible to mend the condition of those who degrade themselves by dirt and sloth.

The common on which Giles's hovel stands, is quite a deep marsh in a wet winter; but in summer it looks green and pretty enough. To be sure it would be rather convenient when one passes that way in a carriage, if one of the children would run out and open the gate; but

instead of any one of them running out as soon as they hear the wheels, which would be quite time enough, what does Giles do, but set all his ragged brats, with dirty faces, matted locks, and naked feet and legs, to lie all day upon a sand-bank hard by the gate, waiting for the slender chance of what may be picked up from travellers. At the sound of a carriage, a whole covey of these little scare-crows start up, rush to the gate, and all at once thrust out their hats and aprons; and for fear this, together with the noise of their clamorous begging, should not sufficiently frighten the horses, they are very apt to let the gate flap full against you, before you are half way through, in their eager scuffle to snatch from each other the halfpence which you may have thrown out to them. I know two ladies who were one day very near being killed by these abominable tricks.

Thus five or six little idle creatures, who might be earning a trifle by knitting at home, who might be useful to the public by working in the field, and who might assist their families by learning to get their bread twenty honest ways, are suffered to lie about all day, in the hope of a few chance halfpence, which, after all, they are by no means sure of getting. Indeed, when the neighbouring gentlefolks found out that opening the gate was the family trade, they soon left off giving any thing. And I myself, though I used to take out a penny ready to give, had there been only one to receive it, when I see a whole family established in so beggarly a trade, quietly put it back again into my

pocket, and give nothing at all. And so few travellers pass that way, that sometimes, after the whole family have lost a day, their gains do not amount to two-pence.

As Giles had a far greater taste for living by his wits than his work, he was at one time in hopes that his children might have got a pretty penny by *tumbling* for the diversion of travellers, and he sat about training them in that indecent practice; but, unluckily, the moors being level, the carriages travelled faster than the children tumbled. He envied those parents who lived on the London road, over the Wiltshire Downs, which Downs being very hilly, it enables the tumbler to keep pace with the traveller, till he sometimes extorts from the light and the unthinking a reward instead of a reproof. I beg leave, however, to put all gentlemen and ladies in mind that such tricks are a kind of apprenticeship to the trades of begging and thieving; and that nothing is more injurious to good morals than to encourage the poor in any habits which may lead them to live upon chance.

Giles, to be sure, as his children grew older, began to train them to such other employments as the idle habits they had learned at the gate very properly qualified them for. The right of common, which some of the poor cottagers have in that part of the country, and which is doubtless a considerable advantage to many, was converted by Giles into the means of corrupting his whole family, for his children, as

soon as they grew too big for the trade of begging at the gate, were promoted to the dignity of thieving on the moor. Here he kept two or three asses, miserable beings, which, if they had the good fortune to escape an untimely death by starving, did not fail to meet with it by beating. Some of the biggest boys were sent out with these lean and galled animals to carry sand or coals about the neighbouring towns. Both sand and coals were often stolen before they got them to sell; or if not, they always took care to cheat in selling them. By long practice in this art, they grew so dextrous, that they could give a pretty good guess how large a coal they could crib out of every bag before the buyer would be likely to miss it.

All their odd time was taken up under the pretence of watching these asses on the moor, or running after five or six half-starved geese: but the truth is, these boys were only watching for an opportunity to steal an odd goose of their neighbour's, while they pretended to look after their own. They used also to pluck the quills or the down from these poor live creatures, or half milk a cow before the farmer's maid came with her pail. They all knew how to calculate to a minute what time to be down in a morning to let out their lank, hungry beasts, which they had turned overnight into the farmer's field to steal a little good pasture. They contrived to get there just time enough to escape being caught in replacing the stakes they had pulled out for the cattle to get over. For Giles was a prudent

long-headed fellow ; and wherever he stole food for his colts, took care never to steal stakes from the hedges at the same time. He had sense enough to know that the gain did not make up for the danger ; he knew that a loose faggot, pulled from a neighbour's pile of wood after the family were gone to bed, answered the end better, and was not half the trouble.

Among the many trades which Giles professed, he sometimes practised that of a rat-catcher ; but he was addicted to so many tricks, that he never followed the same trade long ; for detection will, sooner or later, follow the best-concerted villainy. Whenever he was sent for to a farm-house, his custom was to kill a few of the old rats, always taking care to leave a little stock of young ones alive sufficient to keep up the breed ; ' for,' said he, ' if I were to be such a fool as to clear a house or a barn at once, how would my trade be carried on ?' And where any barn was over-stocked, he used to borrow a few rats from thence just to people a neighbouring granary which had none ; and he might have gone on till now, had he not unluckily been caught one evening emptying his cage of young rats under parson Wilson's barn-door.

This worthy minister, Mr. Wilson, used to pity the neglected children of Giles, as much as he blamed the wicked parents. He one day picked up Dick, who was far the best of Giles's bad boys. Dick was loitering about in a field behind the parson's garden in search of

a hen's nest, his mother having ordered him to bring home a few eggs that night, by hook or by crook, as Giles was resolved to have some pancakes for supper, though he knew that eggs were a penny a-piece. Mr. Wilson had long been desirous of snatching some of this vagrant family from ruin; and his chief hopes were bent on Dick, as the least hacknied in knavery. He had once given him a new pair of shoes, on his promising to go to school next Sunday; but no sooner had Rachael, the boy's mother, got the shoes into her clutches, than she pawned them for a bottle of gin, and ordered the boy to keep out of the parson's sight, and to be sure to play his marbles on Sunday for the future at the other end of the parish, and not near the church yard. Mr. Wilson, however, picked up the boy once more; for it was not his way to despair of any body. Dick was just going to take to his heels, as usual, for fear the old story of the shoes should be brought forward; but finding he could not get off, what does he do but run into a little puddle of muddy water which lay between him and the parson, that the sight of his naked feet might not bring on the dreaded subject. Now it happened that Mr. Wilson was planting a little field of beans, so he thought this a good opportunity to employ Dick; and he told him he had got some pretty easy work for him. Dick did as he was bid; he willingly went to work, and readily began to plant his beans with dispatch and regularity, according to the directions given him.

While the boy was busily at work by himself, Giles happened to come by, having been skulking round the back way to look over the parson's garden wall, to see if there was any thing worth climbing over for, on the ensuing night. He spied Dick, and began to rate him for working for the stingy old parson; for Giles had a natural antipathy to whatever belonged to the church. 'What has he promised thee a day?' said he; 'little enough I dare say.' 'He is not to pay me by the day,' said Dick, 'but says he will give me so much when I have planted this peck, and so much for the next.' 'Oh, oh! that alters the case,' said Giles. 'One may, indeed, get a trifle by this sort of work. I hate your regular day-jobs, where one can't well avoid doing one's work for one's money. Come, give me a handful of the beans; I will teach thee how to plant when thou art paid for planting by the peck. All we have to do in that case is to dispatch the work as fast as we can, and get rid of the beans with all speed; and as to the seed coming up or not, that is no business of our's; we are paid for planting, not for growing. At the rate thou goest on thou would'st not get sixpence to-night. Come along, bury away.' So saying, he took his hatfull of the seed, and where Dick had been ordered to set one bean, Giles buried a dozen: so the beans were soon out. But though the peck was emptied, the ground was unplanted. But cunning Giles knew this could not be found out till the time when the beans might be expected to come up, 'and then;

Dick,' said he, 'the snails and mice may go shares in the blame; or we can lay the fault on the rooks or the blackbirds.' So saying, he sent the boy into the parsonage to receive his pay, taking care to secure about a quarter of the peck of beans for his own colt. He put both bag and beans into his own pocket to carry home, bidding Dick tell Mr. Wilson that he had planted the beans and lost the bag.

In the mean time Giles's other boys were busy in emptying the ponds and trout-streams in the neighbouring manor. They would steal away the carp and tench when they were no bigger than gudgeons. By this untimely depredation they plundered the owner of his property, without enriching themselves. But the pleasure of mischief was reward enough. These, and a hundred other little thieveries, they committed with such dexterity, that old Tim Crib, whose son was transported last assizes for sheep stealing, used to be often reproaching his boys, that Giles's sons were worth a hundred of such blockheads as he had; for scarce a night past but Giles had some little comfortable thing for supper which his boys had pilfered in the day, while his undutiful dogs never stole any thing worth having. Giles, in the mean time, was busy in his way; but as busy as he was in laying nets, starting coveys, and training dogs, he always took care that his depredations should not be confined merely to game.

Giles's boys had never seen the inside of a church since they were christened, and the father thought he knew his own interest better

than to force them to it; for church-time was the season of their harvest. Then the hen's nests were searched, a stray duck was clapped under the smock frock, the tools which might have been left by chance in a farm-yard were picked up, and all the neighbouring pigeon-houses were thinned, so that Giles used to boast to tawny Rachel his wife, that Sunday was to them the most profitable day in the week. With her it was certainly the most laborious day, as she always did her washing and ironing on the Sunday morning, it being, as she said, the only leisure day she had, for on the other days she went about the country telling fortunes, and selling dream books, and wicked songs. Neither her husband's nor her children's cloaths were ever mended, and if Sunday, her idle day, had not come about once in every week, it is likely they would never have been washed neither. You might, however, see her as you were going to church smoothing her own rags on her best red cloak, which she always used for her ironing cloth on Sundays, for her cloak when she travelled, and for her blanket at night; such a wretched manager was Rachel! Among her other articles of trade one was to make and sell peppermint, and other distilled waters. These she had the cheap art of making without trouble and without expence, for she made them without herbs and without a still. Her way was, to fill so many quart bottles with plain water, putting a spoonful of mint water in the mouth of each; these she corked down with rosin, carrying to each customer a phial of

real distilled water to taste, by way of sample. This was so good that her bottles were commonly bought up without being opened; but if any suspicion arose, and she was forced to uncork a bottle, by the few drops of distilled water lying at top, she even then escaped detection, and took care to get out of reach before the bottle was opened a second time. She was too prudent ever to go twice to the same house.

THE UPRIGHT MAGISTRATE.

There is hardly any petty mischief that is not connected with the life of a poacher. Mr. Wilson was aware of this, he was not only a pious clergyman, but an upright justice. He used to say that people who were truly conscientious, must be so in small things as well as in great ones, or they would destroy the effect of their own precepts, and their example would not be of general use. For this reason he never would accept of a hare or a partridge from any unqualified person in his parish. He did not content himself with shuffling the thing off by asking no questions, and pretending to take it for granted in a general way that the game was fairly come at; but he used to say, that by receiving the booty he connived at a crime, made himself a sharer in it, and if he gave a present to the man who bought it, he even tempted him to repeat the fault.

One day poor Jack Weston, an honest fellow in the neighbourhood, whom Mr. Wilson had

kindly visited and relieved in a long sickness, from which he was but just recovered, was brought before him as he was sitting on the Justice's bench; Jack was accused of having knocked down a hare, and of all the birds in the air, who should the informer be but black Giles the poacher? Mr. Wilson was grieved at the charge, he had a great regard for Jack, but he had a still greater regard for the law. The poor fellow pleaded guilty. He did not deny the fact, but said he did not consider it as a crime, for he did not think game was private property, and he owned he had a strong temptation for doing what he had done, which he hoped would plead in his excuse. The Justice desired to know what this temptation was. 'Sir,' said the poor fellow, 'you know I was given over this spring in a bad fever. I had no friend in the world but you, Sir. Under God you saved my life by your charitable relief; and I trust also you may have helped to save my soul by your prayers and your good advice; for, by the grace of God, I have turned over a new leaf since that sickness.'

'I know I can never make you amends for all your goodness, but I thought it would be some comfort to my full heart if I could but once give you some little token of my gratitude. So I had trained a pair of nice turtle doves for Madam Wilson, but they were stolen from me, Sir, and I do suspect Black Giles stole them. Yesterday morning, Sir, as I was crawling out to my work, for I am still but very weak, a fine hare ran across my path. I did not stay to

consider whether it was wrong to kill a hare, but I felt it was right to show my gratitude; so, Sir, without a moment's thought I did knock down the hare which I was going to carry to your Worship, because I knew Madam was fond of hare. I am truly sorry for my fault, and will submit to whatever punishment your Worship may please to inflict.'

Mr. Wilson was much moved with this honest confession, and touched with the poor fellow's gratitude. What added to the effect of the story, was the weak condition and pale sickly looks of the offender. But this worthy magistrate never suffered his feelings to bias his integrity; he knew that he did not sit on that bench to indulge pity, but to administer justice. And while he was sorry for the offender, he would never justify the offence. 'John,' said he, 'I am surprised that you could for a moment forget that I never accept any gift which causes the giver to break a law. On Sunday I teach you from the pulpit the laws of God, whose minister I am. At present I fill the chair of the magistrate, to enforce and execute the laws of the land. Between those and the others there is more connexion than you are aware. I thank you, John, for your affection to me, and I admire your gratitude; but I must not allow either affection or gratitude to be brought as a plea for a wrong action. It is not your business nor mine, John, to settle whether the game laws are good or bad. Till they are repealed we must obey them. Many, I doubt not, break these laws through ignorance,

and many, I am certain, who would not dare to steal a goose or a turkey, make no scruple of knocking down a hare or a partridge. You will hereafter think yourself happy that this your first attempt has proved unsuccessful, as I trust you are too honest a fellow ever to intend to turn poacher. With poaching, much moral evil is connected; a habit of nightly depredation; a custom of prowling in the dark for prey, produces in time a disrelish for honest labour. He whose first offence was committed without much thought or evil intention; if he happen to succeed a few times in carrying off his booty undiscovered, grows bolder and bolder; and when he fancies there is no shame attending it, he very soon gets to persuade himself that there is also no sin. While some people pretend a scruple about stealing a sheep, they partly live by plundering of warrens. But remember that the warrener pays a high rent, and that therefore his rabbits are as much his property as his sheep. Do not then deceive yourselves with these false distinctions. All property is sacred, and as the laws of the land are intended to fence in that property, he who brings up his children to break down any of these fences, brings them up to certain sin and ruin. He who begins with robbing orchards, rabbit warrens, and fish ponds, will probably end with horse stealing or highway robbery. Poaching is a regular apprenticeship to bolder crimes. He whom I may commit as a boy to sit in the stocks for killing a partridge, may be likely to end at the gallows for killing a man.

Observe, you who now hear me, the strictness and impartiality of justice. I know Giles to be a worthless fellow, yet it is my duty to take his information; I know Jack Weston to be an honest youth, yet I must be obliged to make him pay the penalty. Giles is a bad man, but he can prove this fact; Jack is a worthy lad, but he has committed this fault. I am sorry for you, Jack; but do not let it grieve you that Giles has played worse tricks a hundred times, and yet got off, while you were detected in the very first offence, for that would be grieving because you are not so great a rogue as Giles. At this moment you think your good luck is very unequal; but all this will one day turn out in your favour. Giles is not the more a favourite of heaven because he has hitherto escaped Botany Bay or the Hulks; nor is it any mark of God's displeasure against you, John, that you were found out in your very first attempt.'

Here the good Justice left off speaking, and no one could contradict the truth of what he had said. Weston humbly submitted to his sentence, but he was very poor, and knew not where to raise the money to pay his fine. His character had always been so fair, that several farmers present kindly agreed to advance a trifle each to prevent his being sent to prison, and he thankfully promised to work out the debt. The Justice himself, though he could not soften the law, yet shewed Weston so much kindness, that he was enabled, before the year was out, to get out of this difficulty. He began

to think more seriously than he had ever yet done, and grew to abhor poaching, not merely from fear but from principle.

We shall soon see whether poaching Giles always got off so successfully. Here we have seen that worldly prosperity is no sure sign of goodness. Next month we may, perhaps, see that the 'triumphing of the wicked is short;' for I then promise to give the Second Part of the Poacher, together with the entertaining Story of the Widow Brown's Apple Tree.

Z.

PART II.

History of Widow Brown's Apple-Tree.

I THINK my readers got so well acquainted last month with Black Giles the Poacher, that they will not expect, this month, to hear any great good, either of Giles himself, his wife Rachel, or any of their family. I am sorry to expose their tricks, but it is their fault, not mine. If I pretend to speak about people at all, I must tell the truth. I am sure, if folks would but turn about and mend, it would be a thousand times pleasanter to me to write their histories; for it is no comfort to tell of any body's faults. If the world would but grow good, I should be glad enough to tell of it; but till it really becomes so, I must go on describ-

ing it as it is; otherwise, I should only mislead my readers, instead of instructing them. It is the duty of a faithful historian to relate the evil with the good.

As to Giles and his boys, I am sure old Widow Brown has good reason to remember their dexterity. Poor woman! she had a fine little bed of onions, in her neat and well-kept garden; she was very fond of her onions, and many a rheumatism has she caught by kneeling down to weed them in a damp day, notwithstanding the little flannel cloak and the bit of an old mat which Madam Wilson gave her, because the old woman would needs weed in wet weather. Her onions she always carefully treasured up for her winter's store; for an onion makes a little broth very relishing, and is indeed the only savoury thing poor people are used to get. She had also a small orchard, containing about a dozen apple-trees, with which in a good year she has been known to make a couple of barrels of cider, which she sold to her landlord towards paying her rent, besides having a little keg which she was able to keep back for her own drinking. Well! would you believe it, Giles and his boys marked both onions and apples for their own; indeed, a man who stole so many rabbits from the warren, was likely enough to steal onions for sauce. One day, when the widow was abroad on a little business, Giles and his boys made a clear riddance of the onion bed; and when they had pulled up every single onion, they then turned a couple of pigs into the garden, who, allured

by the smell, tore up the bed in such a manner, that the widow, when she came home, had not the least doubt but the pigs had been the thieves. To confirm this opinion, they took care to leave the little hatch half open at one end of the garden, and to break down a bit of a fence at the other end.

I wonder how any body can find in his heart not to pity and respect poor old widows! There is something so solorn and helpless in their condition, that methinks it is a call on every body, men, women, and children, to do them all the kind services that fall in their way. Surely their having no one to take their part, is an additional reason for kind-hearted people not to hurt and oppress them. But it was this very reason which led Giles to do this woman an hurt. With what a touching simplicity is it recorded in Scripture, of the youth whom our blessed Saviour raised from the dead, that he was the only son of his mother, *and she a widow.*

It happened unluckily for poor widow Brown that her cottage stood quite alone. On several mornings together (for roguery gets up much earlier than industry) Giles and his boys stole regularly into her orchard, followed by their Jack-asses. She was so deaf that she could not hear the asses if they had brayed ever so loud, and to this Giles trusted; for he was very cautious in his rogueries, since he could not otherwise have contrived so long to keep out of prison; for though he was almost always suspected, he had seldom been taken up, and never

convicted. The boys used to fill their bags, load their asses, and then march off; and if in their way to the town where the apples were to be sold, they chanced to pass by one of their neighbours who might be likely to suspect them, they then all at once began to scream out, 'buy my coal!—buy my sand!'

Besides the trees in her orchard, poor widow Brown had in her small garden one apple-tree particularly fine; it was a redstreak, so tempting and so lovely, that Giles's family had watched it with longing eyes, till at last they resolved on a plan for carrying off all this fine fruit in their bags. But it was a nice point to manage. The tree stood directly under her chamber-window, so that there was some danger that she might spy them at the work. They therefore determined to wait till the next Sunday morning, when they knew she would not fail to be at church. Sunday came, and during service Giles attended. It was a lone house, as I said before, and the rest of the parish were safe at church. In a trice the tree was cleared, the bags were filled, the asses were whipt, the thieves were off, the coast was clear, and all was safe and quiet by the time the sermon was over.

Unluckily, however, it happened, that this tree was so beautiful, and the fruit so fine, that the people, as they used to pass to and from church, were very apt to stop and admire widow Brown's redstreaks; and some of the farmers rather envied her that in that scarce season, when they hardly expected to make a

pye out of a large orchard, she was likely to make cider from a single tree. I am afraid, indeed, if I must speak out, she herself rather set her heart too much upon this tree, and had felt as much pride in her tree as gratitude to a good providence for it; but this failing of her's was no excuse for Giles. The covetousness of this thief had for once got the better of his caution; the tree was too completely stripped, though the youngest boy Dick did beg hard that his father would leave the poor old woman enough for a few dumplings, and when Giles ordered Dick in his turn to shake the tree, the boy did it so gently that hardly any apples fell, for which he got a good stroke of the stick with which the old man was beating down the apples.

The neighbours on their return from church stopped as usual, but it was—not alas! to admire the apples, for apples there were none left, but to lament the robbery, and console the widow: meantime the redstreaks were safely lodged in Giles's hovel under a few bundles of hay which he had contrived to pull from the farmers mow the night before, for the use of his jack-asses. Such a stir, however, began to be made about the widow's apple tree, that Giles, who knew how much his character laid him open to suspicion, as soon as he saw the people safe in church again in the afternoon, ordered his boys to carry each a hatful of the apples and thrust them in at a little casement window which happened to be open in the house of

Samuel Price, a very honest carpenter in that parish, who was at church with his whole family. Giles's plan, by this contrivance, was to lay the theft on Price's sons in case the thing should come to be further enquired into. Here Dick put in a word, and begged and prayed his father not to force them to carry the apples to Price's. But all that he got by his begging was such a knock as had nearly laid him on the earth. 'What, you cowardly rascal,' said Giles, 'you will go and *peach*, I suppose, and get your father sent to goal.'

Poor widow Brown, though her trouble had made her still weaker than she was, went to church again in the afternoon: indeed she rightly thought that her being in trouble was a new reason why she ought to go. During the service she tried with all her might not to think of her redstreaks, and whenever they would come into her head, she took up her prayer book directly, and so she forgot them a little, and indeed she found herself much easier when she came out of the church than when she went in; an effect so commonly produced by prayer, that methinks it is a pity people do not try it oftener. Now it happened oddly enough, that on that Sunday, of all the Sundays in the year, the widow should call in to rest a little at Samuel Price's, to tell over again the lamentable story of the apples, and to consult with him how the thief might be brought to justice. But, O reader! guess, if you can, for I am sure I cannot tell you, what was her surprise, when, on going into Samuel Price's kitchen, she saw her own

redstreaks lying in the window! The apples were of a sort too remarkable for colour, shape, and size to be mistaken. There was not such another tree in the parish. Widow Brown immediately screamed out, ' 'lasfs-a-day! as sure as can be here are my redstreaks; I could swear to them in any court.' Samuel Price, who believed his sons to be as honest as himself, was shocked and troubled at the sight. He knew he had no redstreaks of his own; he knew there were no apples in the window when he went to church; he did verily believe these apples to be the widow's. But how they came there he could not possibly guess. He called for Tom, the only one of his sons who now lived at home. Tom was at the Sunday school, which he had never once missed since Mr. Wilson the minister had set one up in the parish. Was such a boy likely to do such a deed?

A crowd was by this time got about Price's door, among which was Giles and his boys, who had already taken care to spread the news that Tom Price was the thief. Most people were unwilling to believe it. His character was very good, but appearances were strongly against him. Mr. Wilson, who had staid to christen a child, now came in. He was much concerned that Tom Price, the best boy in his school, should stand accused of such a crime. He sent for the boy, examined, and cross examined him. No marks of guilt appeared. But still though he pleaded *not guilty*, there lay the redstreaks in his father's window. All the

idle fellows in the place, who were most likely to have committed such a theft themselves, fell with great vengeance on poor Tom. The wicked seldom give any quarter. 'This is one of your sanctified ones!' cried they. 'This was all the good that Sunday schools did! For their parts they never saw any good come by religion. Sunday was the only day for a little pastime, and if poor boys must be shut up with their godly books, when they ought to be out taking a little pleasure, it was no wonder they made themselves amends by such tricks.' Another said, he should like to see parson Wilson's righteous one well whipped. A third hoped he would be clapped in the stocks for a young hypocrite as he was; while old Giles, who thought it was the only way to avoid suspicion by being more violent than the rest, declared, 'that he hoped the young dog would be transported for life.'

Mr. Wilson was too wise and too just to proceed against Tom without full proof. He declared the crime was a very heavy one, and he feared that heavy must be the punishment. Tom, who knew his own innocence, earnestly prayed to God that it might be made to appear as clear as the noon-day; and very fervent were his secret devotions on that night,

Black Giles passed his night in a very different manner. He set off as soon as it was dark, with his sons and their jack-asses laden with their stolen goods. As such a cry was raised about the apples, he did not think it safe to keep them longer at home, but resolved to

go and sell them at the next town; borrowing without leave a lame colt out of the moor to assist in carrying off his booty.

Giles and his eldest sons had rare sport all the way in thinking, that while they were enjoying the profit of their plunder, Tom Price would be whipped round the market place at least, if not sent beyond sea. But the younger boy Dick, who had naturally a tender heart, though hardened by his long familiarity with sin, could not help crying when he thought that Tom Price, might, perhaps, be transported for a crime which he himself had helped to commit. He had had no compunction about the robbery, for he had not been instructed in the great principles of truth and justice; nor would he, therefore, perhaps, have had much remorse about accusing an innocent boy. But, though utterly devoid of principle, he had some remains of natural feeling and of gratitude. Tom Price had often given him a bit of his own bread and cheese; and once, when Dick was like to be drowned, Tom had jumped into the pond with his cloaths on, and saved his life when he was just sinking; the remembrance of all this made his heart heavy. He said nothing: but as he trotted bare-foot after the asses, he heard his father and brothers laugh at having outwitted the godly ones; and he grieved to think how poor Tom would suffer for his wickedness, yet fear kept him silent; they called him sulky dog, and lashed the asses till they bled.

In the mean time Tom Price kept up his spirits, as well as he could. He worked hard all day, and prayed heartily night and morning. 'It is true,' said he to himself, 'I am not guilty of this sin; but let this accusation set me on examining myself, and truly repenting of all my other sins; for I find enough to repent of, though I thank God I did not steal those apples.'

At length Sunday came, and Tom went to school as usual. As soon as he walked in there was a great deal of whispering and laughing among the worst of the boys; and he overheard them say, 'Who would have thought it! This is master's favourite! This is parson Wilson's sober Tommy! We shan't have Tommy thrown in our teeth again if we go to get a bird's nest, or gather a few nuts on a Sunday.' 'Your demure ones are always hypocrites,' says another. 'The still sow sucks all the milk,' says a third.

Giles's family had always kept clear of the school. Dick, indeed, had sometimes wished to go; not that he had much sense of sin, or desire after goodness, but he thought if he could once read, he might rise in the world, and not be forced to drive asses all his life. Through this whole Saturday night he could not sleep. He longed to know what would be done to Tom. He began to wish to go to school, but he had not courage; sin is very cowardly; so on the Sunday morning he went and sat himself down under the church wall. Mr. Wilson passed by. It was not his way to reject the most wicked, till he had tried every means to bring

them over; and even then he pitied and prayed for them. He had, indeed, long left off talking to Giles's sons; but, seeing Dick sitting by himself, he once more spoke to him, desired him to leave off his vagabond life, and go with him into the school. The boy hung down his head, but made no answer. He did not, however, either rise up and run away, or look sulky, as he used to do. The minister desired him once more to go. 'Sir,' said the boy, 'I can't go; I am so big I am ashamed.' 'The bigger you are, the less time you have to lose.' 'But, Sir, I can't read.' 'Then it is high time you should learn.' 'I should be ashamed to begin to learn my letters.' 'The shame is not in beginning to learn them, but in being contented never to know them.' 'But, Sir, I am so ragged!' 'God looks at the heart, and not at the coat.' 'But, Sir, I have no shoes and stockings.' 'So much the worse, I remember who gave you both.' (Here Dick coloured.) 'It is bad to want shoes and stockings, but still if you can drive your asses a dozen miles without them, you may certainly walk a hundred yards to school without them.' 'But, Sir, the good boys will hate me, and won't speak to me.' 'Good boys hate nobody; and as to not speaking to you, to be sure they will not keep you company while you go on in your present evil courses; but as soon as they see you wish to reform, they will help you, and pity you, and teach you; and so come along.' Here Mr. Wilson took this dirty boy by the hand, and

gently pulled him forward, kindly talking to him all the way.

How the whole school stared to see Dick Giles come in! No one, however, dared to say what he thought. The business went on, and Dick slunk into a corner, partly to hide his rags, and partly to hide his sin; for last Sunday's transactions sat heavy on his heart, not because he had stolen the apples, but because Tom Price had been accused. This, I say, made him sink behind. Poor boy! he little thought there was ONE saw him who sees all things, and from whose eye no hole or corner can hide the sinner; for he is about our bed, and about our paths, and spieth out all our ways.

It was the custom in that school for the master, who was a good and wise man, to mark down in his pocket-book all the events of the week, that he might turn them to some account in his Sunday evening instructions; such as any useful story in the newspaper, any account of boys being drowned as they were out in a pleasure-boat on Sundays, any sudden death in the parish, or any other remarkable visitation of Providence; inasmuch, that many young people in the place, who did not belong to the school, and many parents also, used to drop in for an hour on a Sunday evening, when they were sure to hear something profitable. The minister greatly approved this practice, and often called in himself, which was a great support to the master, and encouragement to the people.

The master had taken a deep concern in the story of widow Brown's apple-tree. He could not believe Tom Price was guilty, nor dared he pronounce him innocent; but he resolved to turn the instructions of the present evening to this subject. He began thus: 'My dear boys, however light some of you may make of robbing an orchard, yet I have often told you there is no such thing as a *little* sin, if it be wilful or habitual. I wish now to explain to you, also, that there is hardly such a thing as a *single* solitary sin. You know I teach you not merely to repeat the Commandments as an exercise for your memory, but as a rule for your conduct. If you were to come here only to learn to read and spell on a Sunday, I should think that was not employing God's day for God's work; but I teach you to read that you may, by this means, come so to understand the Bible and the Catechism, as to make every text in the one, and every question and answer in the other, to be so fixed in your hearts, that they may bring forth the fruits of good living.

Master. How many Commandments are there?

Boy. Ten.

Master. How many did that boy break who stole widow Brown's apples?

Boy. Only one, master; the eighth.

Master. What is the eighth?

Boy. Thou shalt not steal.

Master. And you are very sure that this was the only one he broke? Now suppose I could

prove to you that he probably broke not less than six out of those Ten Commandments, which the great Lord of Heaven himself stooped down from his eternal glory to deliver to men, would you not, then, think it a terrible thing to steal, whether apples or guineas?

Boy. Yes, master.

Master. I will put the case. Some wicked boy has robbed widow Brown's orchard. (Here the eyes of every one were turned on poor Tom Price, except those of Dick Giles, who fixed his on the ground.) I accuse no one, continued the master, Tom Price is a good boy, and was not missing at the time of the robbery; these are two reasons why I presume he is innocent; but whoever it was, you allow that by stealing these apples he broke the eighth commandment?

Boy. Yes, master.

Master. On what day were these apples stolen?

Boy. On Sunday.

Master. What is the fourth commandment?

Boy. Thou shalt keep holy the sabbath day.

Master. Does that person keep holy the sabbath day who loiters in an orchard on Sunday, when he should be at church, and steals apples when he ought to be saying his prayers?

Boy. No, master.

Master. What command does he break?

Boy. The fourth.

Master. Suppose this boy had parents who had sent him to church, and that he had disobeyed them by not going, would that be keeping the fifth commandment?

Boy. No, master; for the fifth commandment says, "Thou shalt *honour* thy father and thy mother."

This was the only part in the case in which poor Dick Giles's heart did not smite him; for he knew he had disobeyed no father; for his father, alas! was still wickeder than himself, and had brought him to commit the sin. But what a wretched comfort was this! The master went on.

Master. Suppose this boy earnestly coveted this fruit, though it belonged to another person, would that be right?

Boy. No, master; for the tenth commandment says, "Thou shalt not covet."

Master. Very well. Here are four of God's positive commands already broken. Now do you think thieves ever scruple to use wicked words?

Boy. I am afraid not, master.

Here Dick Giles was not so hardened but that he remembered how many curses had passed between him and his father while they were filling the bags, and he was afraid to look up. The master went on.

'I will now go one step further. If the thief, to all his other sins, has added that of accusing the innocent to save himself, if he should break the ninth commandment, by *bearing false witness against a harmless neighbour*, then SIX COMMANDMENTS ARE BROKEN FOR AN APPLE! But if it be otherwise, if Tom Price should be found guilty, it is not his good cha-

racter shall save him. I shall shed tears over him, but punish him I must, and that severely.' 'No, that you shan't,' roared out Dick Giles, who sprung from his hiding-place, fell on his knees, and burst out a crying, 'Tom Price is as good a boy as ever lived; it was father and I stole the apples!'

It would have done your heart good to have seen the joy of the master, the modest blushes of Tom Price, and the satisfaction of every honest boy in the school. All shook hands with Tom, and even Dick got some portion of pity. I wish I had room to give my readers the moving exhortation which the master gave. But while Mr. Wilson left the guilty boy to the management of the master, he thought it became him, as a minister and a magistrate, to go to the extent of the law in punishing the father. Early on the Monday morning he sent to apprehend Giles; in the mean time Mr. Wilson was sent for to a gardener's house two miles distant, to attend a man who was dying. This was a duty to which all others gave way in his mind. He set out directly; but what was his surprise, on his arrival, to see, on a little bed on the floor, Poaching Giles lying in all the agonies of death! Jack Weston, the same poor young man against whom Giles had informed for killing a hare, was kneeling by him, offering him some broth, and talking to him in the kindest manner. Mr. Wilson begged to know the meaning of all this; and Jack Weston spoke as follows:

'At four this morning, as I was going out

to mow, passing under the high wall of this garden, I heard a most dismal moaning. The nearer I came the more dismal it grew. At last, who should I see but poor Giles groaning, and struggling under a quantity of bricks and stones, but not able to stir. The day before he had marked a fine large net on this old wall, and resolved to steal it, for he thought it might do as well to catch partridges as to preserve cherries; so, Sir, standing on the very top of this wall, and tugging with all his might to loosen the net from the hooks which fastened it, down came Giles, net, wall, and all; for the wall was gone to decay. It was very high indeed, and poor Giles not only broke his thigh, but has got a terrible blow on his brain, and is bruised all over like a mummy. On seeing me, Sir, poor Giles cried out, Oh, Jack! I did try to ruin thee by lodging that information, and now thou wilt be revenged by letting me lie here and perish.' 'God forbid, Giles,' cried I: 'thou shalt see what sort of revenge a Christian takes.' So, Sir, I sent off the gardener's boy to fetch a surgeon, while I scampered home and brought on my back this bit of a hammock, which is indeed my own bed, and put Giles upon it; we then lifted him up, bed and all, as tenderly as if he had been a gentleman, and brought him in here. My wife has just brought him a drop of nice broth; and now, Sir, as I have done what I could for his poor perishing body, it was I who took the liberty to send to you to come and try to help his poor soul, for the doctor says he can't live.

Mr. Wilson could not help saying to himself, 'such an action as this is worth a whole volume of comments on that precept of our blessed Master, "Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you."' Giles's dying groans confirmed the sad account Weston had just given. The poor wretch could neither pray himself, nor attend to the minister. He could only cry out, 'Oh, Sir, what will become of me? I don't know how to repent. O my poor wicked children! Sir, I have bred them all up in sin and ignorance. Have mercy on them, Sir; let me not meet them in the place of torment, to which I am going. Lord grant them that time for repentance which I have thrown away!' He languished a few days, and died in great misery; a fresh and sad instance that people cannot repent when they will.

Except the minister and Jack Weston, no one came to see poor Giles, besides Tommy Price, who had been so sadly wronged by him. Tom often brought him his own rice-milk or apple-dumpling; and Giles, ignorant and depraved as he was, often cried out, 'that he thought now there must be some truth in religion; it taught even a boy to *deny himself*, and to *forgive an injury*.' Mr. Wilson, the next Sunday, made a moving discourse on the danger of what are called 'petty offences.' This, together with the awful death of Giles, produced such an effect, that no poacher has been able to shew his head in that parish ever since.

TAWNEY RACHEL;

OR, THE

FORTUNE TELLER;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

DREAMS, OMENS, AND CONJURERS.

TAWNEY Rachel was the wife of Poaching Giles. There seemed to be a conspiracy in Giles's whole family to maintain themselves by tricks and pilfering. Regular labour and honest industry did not suit their idle habits. They had a sort of genius at finding out every unlawful means to support a vagabond life. Rachel travelled the country with a basket on her arm. She pretended to get her bread by selling laces, cabbage-nets, ballads and history books, and used to buy old rags and rabbit-skins. Many honest people trade in these things, and I am sure I do not mean to say a word against honest people, let them trade in what they will. But Rachel only made this traffic a pretence for getting admittance into farmers' kitchens, in order to tell fortunes.

She was continually practising on the credulity of silly girls; and took advantage of their ignorance to cheat and deceive them. Many an innocent servant has she caused to be sus-

pected of a robbery, while she herself, perhaps, was in league with the thief. Many a harmless maid has she brought to ruin by first contriving plots and events herself, and then pretending to foretel them. She had not, to be sure, the power of really foretelling things, because she had no power of seeing into futurity; but she had the art sometimes to bring them about according as she had foretold them. So she got that credit for her wisdom which really belonged to her wickedness.

Rachel was also a famous interpreter of dreams, and could distinguish exactly between the fate of any two persons who happened to have a mole on the right or the left cheek. She had a cunning way of getting herself off when any of her prophecies failed. When she explained a dream according to the natural appearance of things, and it did not come to pass; then she would get out of that scrape, by saying, that 'this sort of dreams went by contraries.' Now of two very opposite things the chance always is that one of them may turn out to be true; so in either case she kept up the cheat.

Rachel, in one of her rambles, stopped at the house of Farmer Jenkins. She contrived to call when she knew the master of the house was from home, which indeed was her usual way. She knocked at the door; the maids being out hay-making, Mrs. Jenkins went to open it herself. Rachel asked her if she would please to let her light her pipe? This was a common pretence, when she could find no other way of getting into a house. While she was filling

her pipe, she looked at Mrs. Jenkins and said, she could tell her some good fortune. The farmer's wife, who was a very inoffensive, but a weak and superstitious woman, was curious to know what she meant. Rachel then looked about very carefully, and shutting the door with a mysterious air, asked her if she was sure nobody would hear them. This appearance of mystery was at once delightful and terrifying to Mrs. Jenkins, who, with trembling agitation, bid the cunning woman speak out. 'Then,' said Rachel in a solemn whisper, 'there is to my certain knowledge a pot of money hid under one of the stones in your cellar.' 'Indeed,' said Mrs. Jenkins, 'it is impossible, for now I think of it, I dreamt last night I was in prison for debt.'—'Did you indeed,' said Rachel, 'that is quite surprising. Did you dream before twelve o'clock or after?'—'O it was this morning, just before I awoke.' 'Then I am sure it is true, for morning dreams always go by contraries,' cried Rachel. 'How lucky it was you dreamt it so late!'—Mrs. Jenkins could hardly contain her joy, and asked how the money was to be come at.—'There is but one way,' said Rachel; 'I must go into the cellar. I know by my art under which stone it lies, but I must not tell.' Then they both went down into the cellar, but Rachel refused to point at the stone unless Mrs. Jenkins would put five pieces of gold into a basin and do as she directed. The simple woman, instead of turning her out of doors for a cheat, did as she was bid. She put the guineas into a basin

which she gave into Rachel's hand. Rachel strewed some white powder over the gold, muttered some barbarous words, and pretended to perform the black art. She then told Mrs. Jenkins to put the bason quietly down within the cellar; telling her, that if she offered to look into it, or even to speak a word, the charm would be broken. She also directed her to lock the cellar door, and on no pretence to open it in less than forty-eight hours. 'If,' added she, 'you closely follow these directions, then, by the power of my art, you will find the bason conveyed to the very stone under which the money lies hid, and a fine treasure it will be.' Mrs. Jenkins, who believed every word the woman said, did exactly as she was told, and Rachel took her leave with a handsome reward.

When farmer Jenkins came home he desired his wife to draw him a cup of cider; this she put off doing so long that he began to be displeased. At last she begged he would drink a little beer instead. He insisted on knowing the reason, and when at last he grew angry she told him all that had passed; and owned that as the pot of gold happened to be in the cider cellar, she did not dare to open the door, as she was sure it would break the charm. 'And it would be a pity, you know,' said she, 'to lose a good fortune for the sake of a draught of cider.' The farmer, who was not so easily imposed upon, suspected a trick. He demanded the key, and went and opened the cellar door; there he found the bason, and in it five round

pieces of tin covered with powder. Mrs. Jenkins burst out a-crying; but the farmer thought of nothing but of getting a warrant to apprehend the cunning woman. Indeed she well proved her claim to that name, when she insisted that the cellar door might be kept locked till she had time to get out of the reach of all pursuit.

Poor Sally Evans! I am sure she rued the day that ever she listened to a fortune teller! Sally was as harmless a girl as ever churned a pound of butter; but Sally was ignorant and superstitious. She delighted in dream-books, and had consulted all the cunning women in the country to tell her whether the two moles on her cheek denoted that she was to have two husbands, or only two children. If she picked up an old horse-shoe going to church she was sure that would be a lucky week. She never made a black-pudding without borrowing one of the Parson's old wigs to hang in the chimney, firmly believing there were no other means to preserve them from bursting. She would never go to bed on Midsummer eve without sticking up in her room the well-known plant called Midsummer-men, as the bending of the leaves to the right or to the left, would not fail to tell her whether Jacob, of whom we shall speak presently, was true or false. She would rather go five miles about than pass near a church-yard at night. Every seventh year she would not eat beans because they grew downward in the pod, instead of upward; and she would rather have gone with her gown open

than have taken a pin of an old woman, for fear of being bewitched. Poor Sally had so many unlucky days in her calendar, that a large portion of her time became of little use, because on these days she did not dare set about any new work. And she would have refused the best offer in the country if made to her on a Friday, which she thought so unlucky a day that she often said what a pity it was that there were any Friday in the week. Sally had twenty pounds left her by her grandmother. She had long been courted by Jacob, a sober lad, with whom she lived fellow-servant at a creditable farmer's. Honest Jacob, like his namesake of old, thought it little to wait seven years to get this damsel to wife, because of the love he bore her, for Sally had promised to marry him when he could match her twenty pounds with another of his own.

Now there was one Robert, a rambling, idle young gardener, who, instead of sitting down steadily in one place, used to roam about the country, and do odd jobs where he could get them. No one understood any thing about him, except that he was a down-looking fellow, who came nobody knew whence, and got his bread nobody knew how, and never had a penny in his pocket. Robert, who was now in the neighbourhood, happened to hear of Sally Evans and her twenty pounds. He immediately conceived a longing desire for the latter. So he went to his old friend Rachel, told her all he had heard of Sally, and promised if she could

bring about a marriage between them, she should go shares in the money.

Rachel undertook the business. She set off to the farm house, and fell to singing one of her most enticing songs just under the dairy window. Sally was so struck with the pretty tune, which was unhappily used, as is too often the case, to set off some very loose words, that she jumped up, dropped the skimming dish into the cream, and ran out to buy the song. While she stooped down to rummage the basket for those songs which had the most tragical pictures, (for Sally had a tender heart, and delighted in whatever was mournful) Rachel looked steadfastly in her face, and told her she knew by her art that she was born to good fortune, but advised her not to throw herself away. 'These two moles on your cheek,' added she, 'shew you are in some danger.'—'Do they denote husbands or children?' cried Sally, starting up and letting fall the song of the children in the wood;—'Husbands,' muttered Rachel. 'Alas! poor Jacob! said Sally, mournfully, 'then he will die first, won't he?'—'Mum for that,' quoth the fortune-teller, 'I will say no more.' Sally was impatient, but the more curiosity she discovered, the more mystery Rachel affected. At last she said, 'if you will cross my hand with a piece of silver, I will tell you your fortune. By the power of my art I can do this three ways; by cards, by the lines of your hand, or by turning a cup of tea-grounds; which will you have?' 'O, all! all!' cried Sally, looking up with reverence to this sun-burnt oracle of wisdom,

who knew no less than three different ways of diving into the secrets of futurity. Alas! persons of better sense than Sally have been so taken in; the more is the pity! The poor girl said, she would run up stairs to her little box where she kept her money tied up in a bit of an old glove, and would bring down a bright queen Ann's six-pence very crooked. 'I am sure,' added she, 'it is a lucky one, for it cured me of a very bad ague last spring, by only laying it nine nights under my pillow without speaking a word. But then you must know what gave the virtue to this six-pence was, that it had belonged to three young men of the name of John; I am sure I had work enough to get it. But true it is, it certainly cured me. It must be the six-pence you know, for I am sure I did nothing else for my ague, except indeed taking some bitter stuff every three hours which the doctor called bark. To be sure I lost my ague soon after I took it, but I am certain it was owing to the crooked six-pence and not to the bark. And so, good woman, you may come in if you will, for there is not a soul in the house but me.' This was the very thing Rachel wanted to know, and very glad she was to learn it.

While Sally was above stairs untying her glove, Rachel slipped into the parlour, took a small silver cup from the beaufet, and clapped it into her pocket. Sally run down lamenting that she had lost her six-pence, which she verily believed was owing to her having put it into a left glove, instead of a right one. Rachel com-

forted her by saying, that if she gave her two plain ones instead, the charm would work just as well. Simple Sally thought herself happy to be let off so easily, never calculating that a smooth shilling was worth two crooked sixpences. But this skill was a part of the black art in which Rachel excelled. She took the money and began to examine the lines of Sally's left hand. She bit her withered lip, shook her head, and bade her poor dupe beware of a young man, who had black hair. 'No indeed,' cried Sally all in a fright, 'you mean black eyes, for our Jacob has got brown hair, 'tis his eyes that are black.'—'That is the very thing I was going to say,' muttered Rachel, 'I meant eyes though I said hair, for I know his hair is as brown as a chesnut, and his eyes as black as a floe.'—'So they are, sure enough,' cried Sally, 'how in the world could you know that?' forgetting that she herself had just told her so. And it is thus that these hags pick out of the credulous all which they afterwards pretend to reveal to them. 'O, I know a pretty deal more than that,' said Rachel, 'but you must be aware of this man.' 'Why so,' cried Sally with great quickness: 'Because,' answered Rachel, 'you are fated to marry a man worth a hundred of him, who has blue eyes, light hair, and a stoop in the shoulders.' 'No, indeed, but I can't,' said Sally, 'I have promised Jacob, and Jacob I will marry.' 'You cannot child,' returned Rachel, in a solemn tone; 'it is out of your power, you are *fated* to marry the grey eyes and light hair.'

‘Nay, indeed,’ said Sally, sighing deeply, ‘if I am fated, I must; I know there is no resisting one’s fate.’ This is a common cant with poor deluded girls, who are not aware that they themselves make their fate by their folly, and then complain there is no resisting it.—‘What can I do?’ said Sally. ‘I will tell you that too,’ said Rachel. ‘You must take a walk next Sunday afternoon to the church-yard, and the first man you meet in a blue coat, with a large posy of pinks and southernwood in his bosom, sitting on the church-yard wall, about seven o’clock, he will be the man.’ ‘Provided,’ said Sally, much disturbed, ‘that he has grey eyes, and stoops.’—‘O, to be sure,’ said Rachel, ‘otherwise it is not the right man.’ ‘But if I should mistake,’ said Sally, ‘for two men may happen to have a coat and eyes of the same colour?’—‘To prevent that,’ replied Rachel, ‘if it is the right man, the two first letters of his name will be R. P. This man has got money beyond sea.’—‘O, I do not value his money,’ said Sally, with tears in her eyes, ‘for I love Jacob better than house or land; but if I am fated to marry another, I can’t help it; you know there is no struggling against my fate.’

Poor Sally thought of nothing, and dreamt of nothing all the week but the blue coat and the grey eyes. She made an hundred blunders at her work. She put her rennet into the butter-pan, instead of the cheese-tub. She gave the curd to the hogs, and put the whey into the vats. She put her little knife out of

her pocket for fear it should cut love, and would not stay in the kitchen, if there was not an even number of people, lest it should break the charm. She grew cold and mysterious in her behaviour to faithful Jacob, whom she truly loved. But the more she thought of the fortune-teller, the more she was convinced that brown hair and black eyes were not what she was fated to marry, and therefore, though she trembled to think it, Jacob could not be the man.

On Sunday she was too uneasy to go to church; for poor Sally had never been taught, that her being uneasy was only a fresh reason why she ought to go thither. She spent the whole afternoon in her little garret, dressing in all her best. First she put on her red ribbon, which she had bought at last Lammas fair: then she recollected that red was an unlucky colour, and changed it for a blue ribbon, tied in a true lover's knot; but suddenly calling to mind that poor Jacob had bought this knot for her of a pedlar at the door, and that she had promised to wear it for his sake, her heart smote her, and she laid it by, sighing to think she was not fated to marry the man who had given it to her. When she had looked at herself twenty times in the glass, for one vain action always bring on another, she set off, trembling and quaking every step she went. She walked eagerly towards the church-yard, not daring to look to the right or left, for fear she should spy Jacob, who would have offered to walk with

her, and so have spoilt all. As soon as she came within sight of the wall, she spied a man sitting upon it. Her heart beat violently. She looked again; but alas! the stranger not only had on a black coat, but neither hair nor eyes answered the description. She now happened to cast her eyes on the church-clock, and found she was two hours before her time. This was some comfort. She walked away and got rid of the two hours as well as she could, paying great attention as she went not to walk over any straws which lay across, and carefully looking to see if there were never an old horse-shoe in the way, that infallible symptom of good fortune. While the clock was striking seven, she returned to the church-yard, and, O! the wonderful power of fortune-tellers! there she saw him! there sat the very man! his hair as light as flax, his eyes as blue as butter-milk, and his shoulders as round as a tub. Every tittle agreed, to the very nosegay in his waistcoat button-hole. At first indeed she thought it had been sweet-briar, and, glad to catch at a straw, whispered to herself, it is not he, and I shall marry Jacob still; but on looking again, she saw it was southernwood plain enough, and that of course all was over. The man accosted her with some very nonsensical, but too acceptable compliments. Sally was naturally a modest girl, and but for Rachel's wicked arts, would not have had courage to talk with a strange man; but how could she resist her fate you know? After a little discourse, she asked him, with a trembling heart,

what might be his name? 'Robert Price at your service,' was the answer. 'Robert Price! that is R. P. as sure as I am alive, and the fortune-teller was a witch! It is all out! it is all out! O the wonderful art of fortune-tellers!'

The little sleep she had that night was disturbed with dreams of graves, and ghosts, and funerals; but as they were morning dreams, she knew those always went by contraries, and that a funeral denoted a wedding. Still a sigh would now and then heave, to think that in that wedding Jacob could have no part. Such of my readers as know the power which superstition has over the weak and credulous mind, scarcely need be told, that poor Sally's unhappiness was soon compleated. She forgot all her vows to Jacob; she at once forsook an honest man whom she loved, and consented to marry a stranger, of whom she knew nothing, from a ridiculous notion that she was compelled to do so by a decree which she had it not in her power to resist. She married this Robert Price, the strange gardener, whom she soon found to be very worthless, and very much in debt. He had no such thing as 'money beyond sea,' as the fortune-teller had told her; but, alas! he had another wife there. He got immediate possession of Sally's 20*l*. Rachel put in for her share, but he refused to give her a farthing, and bid her get away or he would have her taken up on the vagrant act. He soon ran away from Sally, leaving her to bewail her own weakness; for it was that indeed, and not



any irresistible fate, which had been the cause of her ruin. To compleat her misery, she herself was suspected of having stolen the silver cup which Rachel had pocketed. Her master, however, would not prosecute her, as she was falling into a deep decline, and she died in a few months of a broken heart, a sad warning to all credulous girls.

Rachel, whenever she got near home, used to drop her trade of fortune-telling, and only dealt in the wares of her basket. Mr. Wilson, the clergyman, found her one day dealing out some very wicked ballads to some children. He went up with a view to give her a reprimand; but had no sooner begun his exhortation than up came a constable, followed by several people. 'There she is, that is she, that is the old witch who tricked my wife out of the five guineas,' said one of them. 'Do your office constable, seize that old hag. She may tell fortunes and find pots of gold in Taunton gaol, for there she will have nothing else to do.' This was that very farmer Jenkins, whose wife had been cheated by Rachel of the five guineas. He had taken pains to trace her to her own parish: he did not so much value the loss of the money, but he thought it was a duty he owed the public to clear the country of such vermin. Mr. Wilson immediately committed her. She took her trial at the next assizes, when she was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. In the mean time, the pawnbroker to whom she had sold the silver cup, which she had stole from poor Sally's

master, impeached her; and as the robbery was fully proved upon Rachel, she was sentenced for this crime to Botany Bay; and a happy day it was for the county of Somerset, when such a nuisance was sent out of it. She was transported much about the same time that her husband Giles lost his life, in stealing the net from the garden wall, as related in the second part of Poaching Giles.

I have thought it my duty to print this little history, as a kind of warning to all you young men and maidens not to have any thing to say TO CHEATS, IMPOSTORS, CUNNING WOMEN, FORTUNE-TELLERS, CONJURERS, and INTERPRETERS of DREAMS. Listen to me, your true friend, when I assure you that God never reveals to weak and wicked women those secret designs of his providence, which no human wisdom is able to foresee. To consult these false oracles is not only foolish, but sinful. It is foolish, because they are themselves as ignorant as those whom they pretend to teach; and it is sinful, because it is prying into that futurity which God, in mercy as well as wisdom, hides from men. God indeed *orders* all things; but when you have a mind to do a foolish thing, do not fancy you are *fated* to do it. This is tempting Providence, and not trusting him. It is indeed "charging God with folly." Prudence is his gift, and you obey him better when you make use of prudence, under the direction of prayer, than when you madly run into ruin, and think you are only submitting to your fate. Never

fancy that you are compelled to undo yourself, or to rush upon your own destruction, in compliance with any supposed fatality. Never believe that God conceals his will from a sober Christian who obeys his laws, and reveals it to a vagabond gipsy, who runs up and down breaking the laws, both of God and man. King Saul never consulted the witch till he had left off serving God. The Bible will direct us what to do, better than any conjurer, and no days are unlucky but those which we make so by our own vanity, folly, and sin. Z.

BETTY BROWN,
THE
ST. GILES'S ORANGE GIRL:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

MRS. SPONGE, THE MONEY-LENDER.

BETTY Brown, the Orange Girl, was born, nobody knows where, and bred, nobody knows how. No girl in all the streets of London could drive a barrow more nimbly, avoid pushing against passengers more dextrously, or cry her 'Fine China Oranges' in a shriller voice. But then she could neither sow, nor spin, nor knit, nor wash, nor iron, nor read, nor spell. Betty had not been always in so good a situation as that in which we now describe her. She came into the world before so many good gentlemen and ladies began to concern themselves so kindly that the poor might have a little learning. There was no charitable society then, as there is now, to pick up poor friendless children in the streets*, and put them into a good house, and give them meat, and drink, and lodging, and learning, and teach them to get

* The Philanthropic.

their bread in an honest way, into the bargain. Whereas, this now is often the case in London, blessed be God who has ordered the bounds of our habitation, and cast our lot in such a country.

The longest thing that Betty can remember is, that she used to crawl up out of a night cellar, stroll about the streets, and pick cinders from the scavengers' carts. Among the ashes she sometimes found some ragged gauze and dirty ribbons; with these she used to dizen herself out, and join the merry bands on the first of May. This was not however quite fair, as she did not lawfully belong either to the female dancers, who foot it gaily round the garland, or to the footy tribe, who, on this happy holiday, forget their whole year's toil; she often, however, got a few scraps, by appearing to belong to both parties. But as she grew bigger, Betty was not an idle girl; she always put herself in the way of doing something. She would run of errands for the footmen, or sweep the door for the maid of any house where she was known; she would run and fetch some porter, and never was once known either to sip a drop by the way, or steal the pot. Her quickness and fidelity in doing little jobs, got her into favour with a lazy cook-maid, who was too apt to give away her master's cold meat and beer, not to those who were most in want, but to those who waited upon her, and did the little things for her which she ought to have done herself.

The cook, who found Betty a dextrous girl, soon employed her to sell ends of candles, pieces

of meat and cheese, and lumps of butter, or any thing else she could crib from the house. These were all carried to her friend Mrs. Sponge, who kept a little shop, and a kind of eating-house for poor working people, not far from the Seven Dials. She also bought, as well as sold, many kinds of second hand things, and was not scrupulous to know whether what she bought, was honestly come by, provided she could get it for a sixth part of what it was worth. But if the owner presumed to ask for it's real value, then she had sudden qualms of conscience, instantly suspected the things were stolen, and gave herself airs of honesty, which often took in poor silly people, and gave her a sort of half reputation among the needy and the ignorant, whose friend she hypocritically pretended to be.

To this artful woman Betty carried the cook's pilferings, and as Mrs. Sponge would give no great price for these in money, the cook was willing to receive payment for her eatables in Mrs. Sponge's drinkables; for she dealt in all kinds of spirits. I shall only just remark here, that one receiver, like Mrs. Sponge, makes many pilferers, who are tempted to commit these petty thieveries, by knowing how easy it is to dispose of them at such iniquitous houses.

Betty was faithful to both her employers, which is extraordinary, considering the greatness of the temptation, and her utter ignorance of good and evil. One day, she ventured to ask Mrs. Sponge, if she could not assist her to

get into a more settled way of life. She told her, that when she rose in the morning, she never knew where she should lie at night, nor was she ever sure of a meal before-hand. Mrs. Sponge asked her what she thought herself fit for? Betty, with fear and trembling, said there was one trade for which she thought herself qualified, but she had not the ambition to look so high; it was far above her humble views! this was, to have a barrow, and sell fruit, as several other of Mrs. Sponge's customers did, whom she had often looked up to with envy.

Mrs. Sponge was an artful woman. Bad as she was, she was always aiming at something of a character; this was a great help to her trade. While she watched keenly to make every thing turn to her own profit, she had a false fawning way of seeming to do all she did out of pity and kindness to the distressed; and she seldom committed an extortion, but she tried to make the person she cheated believe themselves highly obliged to her kindness. By thus pretending to be their friend, she gained their confidence; and she grew rich herself, while they thought she was only shewing favour to them. Various were the arts she had of getting rich; and the money she got by grinding the poor, she spent in the most luxurious living; and while she would haggle with her hungry customers for a farthing, she would spend pounds on the most costly delicacies for herself.

Mrs. Sponge, laying aside that haughty look and voice, well known to such as had the mis-

fortune to be in her debt, put on the hypocritical smile and soft canting tone, which she always assumed, when she meant to *take in* her dependents. 'Betty,' said she, 'I am resolved to stand your friend. These are sad times to be sure. Money is money now. Yet I am resolved to put you into a handsome way of living. You shall have a barrow, and well furnished too.' Betty could not have felt more joy or gratitude, if she had been told that she should have a coach. 'O madam', said Betty, 'it is impossible. I have not a penny in the world, towards helping me to set up.' 'I will take care of that,' said Mrs. Sponge; 'only you must do as I bid you. You must pay me interest for my money; and you will, of course, be glad also to pay so much every night, for a nice hot supper which I get ready, *quite out of kindness*, for a number of poor working people. This will be a great comfort for such a friendless girl as you, for my victuals and drink are the best; and my company the merriest of any house in all St. Giles's.' Betty thought all this only so many more favours, and courtesying to the ground, said, 'to be sure ma'am, and thank you a thousand times into the bargain. I never could hope for such a rise in life.'

Mrs. Sponge knew what she was about. Betty was a lively girl, who had a knack at learning any thing; and so well looking through all her dirt and rags, that there was little doubt she would get custom. A barrow was soon provided, and five shillings put into

Betty's hands. Mrs. Sponge kindly condescended to go to shew her how to buy the fruit, for it was a rule with this prudent gentlewoman, and one from which she never departed, that no one should cheat but herself.

Betty had never possessed such a sum before. She grudged to lay it out all at once, and was ready to fancy she could live upon the capital.

The crown, however, was laid out to the best advantage. Betty was carefully taught in what manner to cry her oranges; and received many useful lessons how to get off the bad with the good, and the stale with the fresh. Mrs. Sponge also lent her a few bad sixpences, for which she ordered her to bring home good ones at night.—Betty stared. Mrs. Sponge said, ‘Betty, those who would get money, must not be too nice about trifles. Keep one of these sixpences in your hand, and if an ignorant young customer gives you a good sixpence, do you immediately slip it into your other hand, and give him the bad one, declaring, that it is the very one you have just received, and that you have not another sixpence in the world. You must also learn how to treat different sorts of customers. To some you may put off with safety goods which would be quite unsaleable to others. Never offer bad fruit, Betty, to those who know better; never waste the good on those who may be put off with worse; put good oranges at top, and the mouldy ones under.

Poor Betty had not a nice conscience, for she had never learnt that grand, but simple rule of all moral obligation, “Never do that to ano-

ther which you would not have another do to you." She set off with her barrow, as proud and as happy as if she had been set up in the finest shop in Covent Garden. Betty had a sort of natural good nature, which made her unwilling to impose, but she had no principle which told her it was a sin. She had such good success, that, when night came, she had not an orange left. With a light heart, she drove her empty barrow to Mrs. Sponge's door. She went in with a merry face, and threw down on the counter every farthing she had taken. 'Betty,' said Mrs. Sponge, 'I have a right to it all, as it was got by my money. But I am too generous to take it. I will therefore only take sixpence for this day's use of my five shillings. This is a most reasonable interest, and I will lend you the same sum to trade with to-morrow, and so on; you only paying me sixpence for the use of it every night, which will be a great bargain to you. You must also pay me my price every night for your supper, and you shall have an excellent lodging above stairs: so you see every thing will now be provided for you in a genteel manner through my generosity.'

Poor Betty's gratitude blinded her so completely, that she forgot to calculate the vast proportion which this generous benefactress was to receive out of her little gains. She thought herself a happy creature, and went in to supper with a number of others of her own class. For this supper, and for more porter and gin than she ought to have drank, Betty was forced to pay so high, that it eat up all the

profits of the day, which, added to the daily interest, made Mrs. Sponge a rich return for her five shillings.

Betty was reminded again of the gentility of her new situation, as she crept up to bed in one of Mrs. Sponge's garrets, five stories high. This loft, to be sure, was small, and had no window, but what it wanted in light was made up in company, as it had three beds, and thrice as many lodgers. Those gentry had one night, in a drunken frolic, broke down the door, which happily had never been replaced; for, since that time, the lodgers had died much seldomer of infectious distempers, than when they were close shut in. For this lodging, Betty paid twice as much to her good friend as she would have done to a stranger. Thus she continued, with great industry and a thriving trade, as poor as on the first day, and not a bit nearer to saving money enough to buy her even a pair of shoes, though her feet were nearly on the ground.

One day, as Betty was driving her barrow through a street near Holborn, a lady from a window called out to her that she wanted some oranges. While the servant went to fetch a plate, the lady entered into some talk with Betty, having been struck with her honest countenance and civil manner. She questioned her as to her way of life, and the profits of her trade; and Betty, who had never been so kindly treated before by so genteel a person, was very communicative. She told her little history as far as she knew it, and dwelt much on the

generosity of Mrs Sponge, in keeping her in her house, and trusting her with so large a capital as five shillings. At first it sounded like a very good natured thing; but the lady, whose husband was one of the justices of the new police, happened to know more of Mrs. Sponge than was good, which led her to enquire still further. Betty owned, 'that to be sure it was not all clear profit, for that besides that the high price of the supper and bed ran away with all she got, she paid sixpence a day for the use of the five shillings.' 'And how long have you done this?' said the lady. 'About a year, madam.'

The lady's eyes were at once opened. 'My poor girl,' said she, 'do you know that you have already paid for that single five shillings the enormous sum of 7l. 10s.? I believe it is the most profitable five shillings Mrs. Sponge ever laid out.' 'O, no, madam,' said the girl, 'that good gentlewoman does the same kindness to ten or twelve other poor friendless creatures like me.' 'Does she so!' said the lady, 'then I never heard of a better trade than this woman carries on, under the mask of charity, at the expence of her poor deluded fellow-creatures.'

'But, madam,' said Betty, who did not comprehend this lady's arithmetic, 'what can I do? I now contrive to pick up a morsel of bread without begging or stealing. Mrs. Sponge has been very good to me; and I don't see how I can help myself.'

'I will tell you,' said the lady: 'if you will

follow my advice, you may not only maintain yourself honestly, but independently. Only oblige yourself to live hard for a little time, till you have saved five shillings out of your own earnings. Give up that expensive supper at night, drink only one pint of porter, and no gin at all. As soon as you have scraped together the five shillings, carry it back to your false friend; and if you are industrious, you will, at the end of the year, have saved 7l. 10s. If you can make a shift to live now, when you have this heavy interest to pay, judge how things will mend when your capital becomes your own. You will put some clothes on your back; and, by leaving the use of spirits, and the company in which you drink them, your health, your morals, and your condition will mend.'

The lady did not talk thus to save her money. She would willingly have given the girl the five shillings; but she thought it was beginning at the wrong end. She wanted to try her. Besides, she knew there was more pleasure, as well as honour, in possessing five shillings of one's own saving, than of another's giving. Betty promised to obey. She owned she got no good by the company or the liquor at Mrs Sponge's. She promised that very night to begin saving the expence of the supper; and that she would not taste a drop of gin till she had the five shillings beforehand. The lady, who knew the power of good habits, was contented with this, thinking, that if the girl could abstain for a certain time, it would be-

come easy to her. She therefore, at present, said little about the *sin* of drinking, and only insisted on the *expence* of it.

In a very few weeks Betty had saved up the five shillings. She went to carry back this money with great gratitude to Mrs. Sponge. This kind friend began to abuse her most unmercifully. She called her many hard names, not fit to repeat, for having forsaken the supper, by which she swore she got nothing at all; but as she had the charity to dress it for such beggarly wretches, she insisted they should pay for it, whether they eat it or not. She also brought in a heavy score for lodging, though Betty had paid for it every night, and had given notice of her intending to quit her. By all these false pretences, she got from her not only her own five shillings, but all the little capital with which Betty was going to set up for herself. As all was not sufficient to answer her demands, she declared she would send her to prison; but while she went to call a constable, Betty contrived to make off.

With a light pocket and a heavy heart, she went back to the lady; and with many tears told her sad story. The lady's husband, the justice, condescended to listen to Betty's tale. He said Mrs. Sponge had long been upon his books as a receiver of stolen goods. Betty's evidence strengthened his bad opinion of her. 'This petty system of usury,' said the magistrate, 'may be thought trifling; but it will no longer appear so, when you reflect, that if one of these female sharpers possesses a capital of

seventy shillings, or 3l. 10s. with fourteen steady regular customers, she can realize a fixed income of one hundred guineas a year. Add to this the influence such a loan gives her over these friendless creatures, by compelling them to eat at her house, or lodge, or buy liquors, or by taking their pawns, and you will see the extent of the evil. I pity these poor victims: you, Betty, shall point out some of them to me. I will endeavour to open their eyes on their own bad management. It is one of the greatest acts of kindness to the poor to mend their œconomy, and to give them right views of laying out their little money to advantage. These poor blinded creatures look no farther than to be able to pay this heavy interest every night, and to obtain the same loan on the same hard terms the next day. Thus are they kept in poverty and bondage all their lives; but I hope as many as hear of this will get on a better plan, and I shall be ready to help any who are willing to help themselves.' This worthy magistrate went directly to Mrs. Sponge's with proper officers; and he soon got to the bottom of many iniquities. He not only made her refund poor Betty's money, but committed her to prison for receiving stolen goods, and various other offences, which may, perhaps, make the subject of another history.

Betty was now set up in trade to her heart's content. She had found the benefit of leaving off spirits, and she resolved to drink them no more. The first fruits of this resolution was, that in a fortnight she bought her a new pair

of shoes; and as there was now no deduction for interest, or for gin, her earnings became considerable. The lady made her a present of a gown and a hat, on the easy condition that she should go to church. She accepted the terms, at first rather as an act of obedience to the lady, than from a sense of higher duty. But she soon began to go from a better motive. This constant attendance at church, joined to the instructions of the lady, opened a new world to Betty. She now heard, for the first time, that she was a sinner; that God had given a law which was holy, just, and good; that she had broken this law, had been a swearer, a sabbath-breaker, and had lived without God in the world. All this was sad news to Betty; she knew, indeed, before, that there were sinners, but she thought they were only to be found in the prisons, or at Botany Bay, or in those mournful carts which she had sometimes followed with her barrow, with the unthinking crowd to Tyburn. She was deeply struck with the great truths revealed in the Scripture, which were quite new to her; her heart smote her, and she became anxious to flee from the wrath to come. She was desirous of improvement, and said, 'she would give up all the profits of her barrow, and go into the hardest service rather than live in sin and ignorance.'

'Betty,' said the lady, 'I am glad to see you so well disposed, and will do what I can for you. Your present way of life, to be sure, exposes you to much danger: but the trade is not unlawful in itself, and we may please God in any

calling, provided it be not a dishonest one. In this great town there must be barrow-women to sell fruit. Do you, then, instead of forsaking your business, set a good example to those in it, and shew them, that though a dangerous trade, it need not be a bad one. 'Till Providence points out some safer way of getting your bread, let your companions see, that it is possible to do good even in this. Your trade being carried on in the open street, and your fruit bought in an open shop, you are not so much obliged to keep sinful company as may be thought. Take a garret in an honest house, to which you may go home in safety at night. I will give you a bed and a few necessaries to furnish your room; and I will also give you a constant Sunday's dinner. A barrow-woman, blessed be God and our good laws, is as much her own mistress on Sundays as a duchess; and the church and the bible are as much open to her. You may soon learn all that such as you are expected to know. A barrow-woman may pray as heartily morning and night, and serve God as acceptably all day, while she is carrying on her little trade, as if she had her whole time to spare.

'To do this well, you must mind the following

RULES FOR RETAIL DEALERS.

- ' Resist every temptation to cheat.
- Never impose bad goods on false pretences.
- Never put off bad money for good.

Never use profane or uncivil language.

‘Never swear your goods cost so much, when you know it is false. By so doing you are guilty of two sins in one breath, a lie and an oath.

‘To break these rules, will be your chief temptation. God will mark how you behave under them, and will reward or punish you accordingly. These temptations will be as great to you, as higher trials are to higher people; but you have the same God to look to for strength to resist them as they have. You must pray to him to give you this strength. You shall attend a Sunday-school, where you will be taught these good things; and I will promote you as you shall be found to deserve.’

Poor Betty here burst into tears of joy and gratitude, crying out, ‘What! shall such a poor friendless creature as I be treated so kindly and learn to read the word of God too? Oh, ma’am, what a lucky chance brought me to your door!’ ‘Betty,’ said the lady, ‘what you have just said, shews the need you have of being better taught; there is no such thing as chance; and we offend God when we call that luck or chance which is brought about by his will and pleasure. None of the events of your life have happened by chance; but all have been under the direction of a good and kind providence. He has permitted you to experience want and distress, that you might acknowledge his hand in your present comfort and prosperity. Above all you must bless his goodness in sending you to me, not only because I

118 *Betty Brown, the St. Giles's Orange Girl.*

have been of use to you in your worldly affairs, but because he has enabled me to shew you the danger of your state from sin and ignorance, and to put you in a way to know his will and to keep his commandments, which is eternal life.'

How Betty, by industry and piety, rose in the world, till at length she came to keep that handsome sausage shop near the Seven Dials, and was married to an honest hackney-coachman, may be told at some future time, in a second part.

THE
GOOD MOTHER'S
LEGACY.

FARMER ADAMS, at his death, left a wife and seven children: though his property was but slender for the maintenance of such a family, yet Mrs. Adams was quite a treasure in herself; her life was a daily lesson of instruction. To an extraordinary degree of piety, she joined the most unwearied industry; and her religion made her so chearful and good-humoured, that the whole parish sought her acquaintance, and they never left her but they said, she had made them better and happier.

As she lived within a few miles of a considerable town, she twice a week carried her goods to market, yet never once belied her conscience by asking one price, and then taking another; so that the gentlefolks who were her customers, seeing she never broke her word with them, always took her butter and cheese at her own price: by this dispatch in business she was often ready to quit the market, before many a farmer's wife had sold a single grislin.

Her character for honesty was so well known throughout the market, that the officers, when they went their rounds to weigh the butter, never thought of putting a pound of Mrs.

Adams's into the scales, though they frequently seized baskets full belonging to other women, which they sent off to the prisons for being under weight: it grieved her to the heart whenever this happened, for it would set her a thinking how these very people at the day of judgment, might themselves "be weighed in the balance and found wanting," for having violated our Saviour's golden rule, of not doing unto others as they would be done unto, "for a false balance is an abomination to the Lord."

Whenever the butter was taken away in this manner, the other people who saw it, would shout, and laugh, and hiss the poor wretches who had been detected; whilst Mrs. Adams was inwardly grieved at it, and would mildly rebuke them amidst their riotous mirth, and say they ought to pity the disgrace of a neighbour, not rejoice over it; and then she would kindly exhort the culprits to do so no more, and would pray to God for them, that a spirit of piety might be given them, for she would say, if there were no religion in the heart, you could never expect to find strict honesty in the dealings; and moreover, that we have all our faults, and therefore we must learn to live in love and charity with our neighbours, and forgive one another if we ourselves hope to be forgiven.

It was the custom of Mrs. Adams, whenever the seized butter was carried to the prisoners, always to send sixpence to them by the officers; it was the widow's mite. She had a large family, but if every body in time of need added a trifle to the prisoners wants, much kindness,

she would say, might be done to them; though to be sure, she would add, if there were no laziness there would be no want; and if there were no drunkenness or theft in good Old England, there need be no prisons.

Mrs. Adams never went to drink a dram when her marketing was over, as is but too customary, but she hastened home immediately to attend the business of her farm; and when that was done, she had sometimes an hour's leisure in the evening to instruct her servants and children; whilst they were sitting round the fire at work, making and mending the family linen, her eldest son George would read a chapter in the Testament, after which she herself would read a bit of a sermon, such as the curate recommended, one that was more religious than learned, such as people could understand who had but little education; after which she read a good family prayer, and then they all went chearfully to-bed, blessing and praising God for his mercies.

Mrs. Adams brought up her two eldest sons to the farming business: no part of their good mother's instructions was lost upon them; they were sober, diligent, and dutiful; they never frequented a market or a fair, but for the necessary purpose of buying and selling their cattle, and their business was no sooner over, than they returned home, to give their mother a faithful account of what they had done. Mrs. Adams's children were never present at any revelling or merry-making in the parish;

and as a reward for their dutiful behaviour, she often made some little entertainment for them at home, and gave them the liberty also of inviting some of their friends, for she would say, 'I love to see young people chearful and happy, but I tremble to have them dancing in ale-houses, which takes away their modesty—or gettidg drunk, which turns them into brutes—or prophanely cursing and swearing, to the endangering their immortal souls.'

Mrs. Adams's eldest daughter Mary, being brought up under so good a mother, turned out exactly like her; for by being kept in her youth out of evil company, she was preserved from falling into those temptations which prove the ruin of so many young women. Her dress was neat, modest, and suitable to her station; for as to ruffles and flounces, long tailed gowns, and hair curled half way down the back, she thought them very unbecoming a farmer's daughter, whose business it was to carry a milk-pail, though to be sure, now-a-days it is a sight commonly seen: and she looked so neat at church every Sunday, that it made all the girls in the parish ashamed of their frippery. Molly Adams's good name soon procured her a good husband, who had an estate in free land of a hundred pounds a year, and his father and mother very much approved the match, though Molly had not a shilling; for they were prudent people, and said, it was better to get a fortune *in* a wife, than a fortune *with* a wife; as for the young man, he liked one who knew how to take care of the main chance, and the sweetness of her temper made

him happy, whilst the labours of her hands made him rich.

Mrs. Adams's two next daughters did not take kindly to the dairy life; Susan, therefore, the eldest, went into a respectable family, and by her obliging behaviour soon acquired the love and confidence of her master and mistress. They were people of excellent character, and by a regular practice of devotion being kept up in the family, the servants by degrees became sober, diligent, and faithful, in whatever was intrusted to their care; and every Christmas their mistress made them a present, saying, she could afford to increase their wages, when she found they did not make it their daily habit to waste her substance.

Susan Adams now began to thrive in the world, for she did not spend the profit of her labours in flaunty gowns and caps, as many young servants do; but wisely left her money in her mistress's hands, and out of the first twenty pounds she saved, she very dutifully made her mother a present of ten, towards paying something for her bringing up.

In the course of some years, few servants were so rich as Susan Adams, for she staid in the same place, whereas too many, by their fickleness or bad conduct, are changing place continually, and by having half their time nothing to do, they soon come to poverty and rags.

But Mrs. Adams was not equally happy in all her children; she had her trials; but in her

deepest distress she would often say, 'our faith in God can only be known by the patience and submission with which we support ourselves under troubles; and if afflictions had not been useful to our souls' good, our heavenly Father would have withheld them from us.'

Her third daughter Betty had imprudently made an acquaintance with the servants of the gentleman and lady, who lived at the great white house on the hill. This whole family, from the highest to the lowest, lived as though there were no duties in this world, and no God in the next; as they were without principle in their hearts, their daily lives were a scene of extravagance and disorder, and there were more oaths sworn in the family in one day, than there were prayers offered in it in a twelve-month: indeed, since the heads of this house lived very riotously, it could not but be expected but the servants would do the same.

Betty Adams was a pretty genteel young woman, when she unfortunately got acquainted with Lady Townley's waiting maid, a very dressy, flaunty body, who was ignorant of all good things which every Christian ought to know: because forsooth she was better dressed than her country neighbours, she looked upon herself as altogether one of their betters; and she was the more proud, and saucy, because she was very ignorant; for real gentlefolks, who have got learning on their side, generally behave as mildly and civilly to poor people, as if they were their equals.

This Mrs. Perkins, for so she was called,

took a mighty fancy to Betty Adams, and would sometimes *condescend*, as she called it, to walk over to the farm, less with a view, as it was whispered, to see Mrs. Adams, than to take a peep at her son; but the young farmer shunned her, and wisely concluded, that such a tawdry minx of a wife would soon bring a young man to ruin.

Betty Adams, naturally fond of fine clothes and smart company, took mightily to Mrs. Perkins, who finding she had got great power over Betty's mind, began by making her dissatisfied with a country life; and told her she was such a pretty figure of a woman, that when she was dressed genteelly, she would look as much like a gentlewoman as any body, and then concluded by saying, 'no young person was fit to be spoken to, who had never been to London; besides, the servants in many families there had such merry times on't, that they had often more pleasure than their masters and mistresses; for,' said she, 'we have our card parties in the hall; sometimes a dance; sometimes a concert, and you have a very pretty voice, Betsy,' continued she, 'and I'll answer for it, you will be vastly admired amongst us; besides, our butler is half in love with you already.'

Betty was no stranger to this intelligence, having often heard it from the butler himself; this circumstance served secretly to strengthen the arguments already made use of by Mrs. Perkins, and she resolved to quit her mother,

as a place offered in Lady Townley's family, who was now about to return to London for the winter. Betty, like many other young folks, never asked her mother's advice, till it was too late to take it; within a few days of her intended departure, she told her mother what she had done, who, though grieved at heart, spoke kindly and gently to her as follows:

‘ My dear Betty, as you think you can mend your fortune by going to service, and as you are of an age to think and act for yourself, I have no right to control you; yet it is my duty as a mother to advise you, and to warn you against falling into those temptations, which prove the ruin of thousands of heedless girls; by first yielding to small sins, you will be led on to fall into greater ones, and for the indulgence of a worldly pleasure, you may endanger your immortal soul. Never look with an envious eye, my child, on the seeming prosperity of thy neighbour; but whatever be thy condition, learn to be satisfied with it, “for a contented mind is a continual feast.” It is not always the favourites of heaven who abound the most in the good things of this world; the best people, we often see, are most chastised by affliction; for it is truly said, “God loveth those whom he chasteneth.” Be not discouraged, my love, if thou art often rebuked for well-doing. Be careful of whatever is intrusted to thy care; manage thy master's or mistress's property with as much attention as if it were thy own; take care not to be negligent in the

performance of thy duty, but do thy work diligently ; for though the eye of thy mistress be not over thee, the eye of God is upon thee. Take care that every action of thy life be done honestly and fairly ; for they must all be accounted for at the day of judgment : no poor person need, therefore, envy a wicked rich man for his wealth, since he must be accountable to God for the means by which he obtained it, and the manner in which he hath spent it.

‘ There is a great deal of sin and wickedness in the world, Betty, beyond what I could ever have imagined, if I had not sometimes read Cruttwell’s Bath Journal. Take heed therefore to all your ways, now you are venturing into the world, or ruin will soon come upon you ; and put not your trust in your own strength, instead of looking up for safety to God, but be constant in prayer to him morning and evening. When you are in health, praise the Lord for his mercies—when you are in sickness and sorrow, humbly pray for his assistance under every affliction, and he will send it you in his own good time, since he can by his power, in an instant, turn your mourning into joy.’

Here Mrs. Adams finished her truly motherly exhortation. All Betty’s brothers and sisters, with tears streaming from their eyes, tenderly kissed her, and bade her farewell ; her fond mother, for a long time, held her to her bosom before she could speak ; at last she said, ‘ My child, my dear child, remember what I have been saying to you ; when you get amongst

irreligious people, then will be your hour of trial, and remember there is no way of escaping evil, but by cleaving unto that which is good; if you lead a regular, sober, and religious life, you must expect to be jeered and laughed at; but it is safer to win God's favour, than the world's love. Once more, my Betty, take my blessing, and let me warn thee, for the last time, that the only way to avoid sorrow, is to flee from sin.'

Betty most dutifully thanked her mother, and casting a mournful look on all around, took up her bundle, and walked off to the great house.

The rest of Mrs. Adams's children were soon after comfortably settled in life, and grew every day richer and happier; they were industrious without being covetous; for the good things of this world never made them lose sight of those better things they looked forward to possess in the world to come.

For some time after she got to London, Betty Adams continued to write to her mother; at length many a long month passed, but no tale or tidings could they get of her, till at last they began to conclude she was dead. It must be mentioned here, why Betty did not write as usual; she went on very well for some time, but as the largest fortune is insufficient to supply the wants of extravagant people, it so fell out at Lady Townley's, where all was riot and waste from the parlour down to the kitchen; so that my lady, and her children, who were all grown up, to avoid a prison were obliged to retire to

foreign parts, where many English folks go, the more is the pity, when they have spent more than they can pay. The servants were all turned off at a minute's warning, with most of their wages unpaid.

Betty Adams was too proud to write to her mother the history of the disgrace which had befallen the family ; but, to say the truth, the butler had also decoyed her away under a promise of marriage, which he never fulfilled, and having first deluded her, he then left her to starve.

One night, in the middle of January, it was one of the coldest that ever was known, the wind blowing quite a hurricane, the snow falling in sheets, and being now so drifted, that it was four or five feet deep in many places ; on this night the young farmer Adams was making his way, as well as he could, to the barn, to see if some young lambs had been properly taken care of. As he was going to open the barn door, his foot struck against something which he thought was a block of wood, but stooping down to remove it, what was his surprize to perceive it was a woman with a young child in her arms. ' Speak, if you are alive,' cried the farmer, ' and tell me who and what you are.'

' A poor miserable wretch,' replied the woman, in a dying voice, ' exposed to shame, sunk in sin, and perishing with cold and hunger.'

' Then lend me your arm,' said the farmer, ' and I'll help you in to my mother ; you will

make her happy, for she loves to help those that cannot help themselves.'

Here the poor creature gave a deep groan, but spoke not; the farmer thought she was dead, and ran with all speed into the house to get assistance. He desired the man servant, who was sitting by the kitchen fire, learning to read, (his work for the night being done) to get a candle and follow him to the barn: his mother, on hearing for what cause, said, she would follow them, when her son kindly advised her to stay within as she had so bad a cold. 'I would not go out in such a night as this, George,' replied she, 'to a merry-making, or a puppet-show; but no weather is too bad for a person in tolerable health to go out in, if it is to assist a fellow-creature in distress.' The whole family then sallied forth together: when they reached the poor woman, they thought the hand of death had closed her eyes for ever; she was the very image of horror, withered and shrunk by famine; her helpless infant lay half naked, and stretched out on her lap, and one of it's little hands, for want of a cloak to cover it, was frozen to the snow under which it lay buried: at this sad sight every female present burst into tears, when one of the servants took the child out of it's mother's arms, and ran with it, wrapped up in her apron, into the house, whilst the men followed with it's mother. They gave her a cup of warm wine, for Mrs. Adams always kept a bottle in the house for sickness, though she would have thought it very extravagant to have made use of a glass in time of health.

At length the poor creature opened her eyes, and looking mournfully all round, in a piteous voice cried out, 'O my dear mother! O my dear brothers and sisters! why did you bring such a wretch as I am into a house where none but christians live? I believe I have lost my poor baby in the snow; my memory is quite gone; my heart scarcely beats, so heavily does the weight of my guilt lie upon it. My dear mother, do not you know your own child, your penitent child Betty Adams?'

The house now rung with the most pitiable lamentations. 'My Betty! my child!' said Mrs. Adams, as soon as grief would let her speak; she tenderly kissed her, and said, 'God only has a right to judge thee for thy faults, and if thou art truly penitent for them, thou art a thousand times more welcome to my heart, than if I had found thee surrounded by all the grandeur of this world, and living in a course of sinful pleasure; for the sufferings of this life are but short, when compared with the happiness of eternity.'

Though every care was taken of the poor little baby, its limbs were already perished with the frost; it fell into a convulsion fit, and died on the maid's lap. Betty Adams was light-headed for the greater part of the night; towards the morning she dozed a little; she was somewhat refreshed when she awoke, but was again nearly overcome, when she saw all her family sitting crying round her bed; then seeing her dear mother, who raised her a little, she spoke as follows:

‘ My honoured mother, and you, my kind brothers and sisters, weep not for me ; I have only myself to blame for the miseries which have befallen me ; I have sinned against warning, and must shortly appear before God to answer for it. Soon after I left you, my good mother, I began to neglect my duty towards God, and that soon led me on to be neglectful of my duty towards my master and mistress: the hours, when my work was done, which I should have spent in reading my Bible, as I used to do, I spent in making smart hats and caps, for all the servants made it quite a pastime to laugh me out of my religion ; so by degrees I grew bolder and bolder ; our butler at length betrayed me to my ruin, and then left me in sickness and poverty to bewail my unhappy fate.

‘ I was then turned out of doors at a moment’s warning, and as I had no one to give me a character, I could not expect a place without one ; so I was forced to live in one of those dark cellars in London, which are full of beggars and thieves, where my poor baby was born. I soon pawned all my clothes, but that could not maintain us long ; and as I had a constant fever and a cough, thinking I should not live a great while to be a charge to my mother, I determined, as soon as I could crawl, to beg my way home. I left London, and the first door I knocked at to ask for a bid of bread, I thought of my dear mother, and I fainted away ; the people of the house were kind, relieved my wants, and gave me sixpence to help me on.

I have been three weeks travelling hither, sometimes taking up my night's lodging under a hay-mow, and in the towns I got a penny lodging amongst beggars. I came to our little hatch this evening just as the night set in, but my heart failed me, and I had not courage to lift up the hatch, so, with my legs trembling under me, I staggered off, as well as I could, to the barn, where I fell down fainting with cold and hunger; not being able to stir a step farther, I hoped I should die soon, for I was certain I should break my poor mother's heart, when she found me asking charity at her door: but I feel it is all over with me: your blessing and forgiveness are all I have now to ask of you; and I do not despair of it, for I know that real Christians, and real Christians only, can forgive such offences as I have committed.'

'Thou hast my pardon, my poor child,' cried Mrs. Adams, 'and I trust, if thy spirit be truly humbled for thy crime, thou wilt, for Christ's sake, meet the forgiveness of God also. Take comfort in the Scripture promise, "That there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."'

Hearing these comfortable words, the poor girl lifted up her hands and eyes; her quivering lips tried to speak, but in vain; a ghastly hue overspread her features; her limbs shivered, her jaws fell, and with a deep groan, she expired.

At Mrs. Adams's request, the following Sunday the curate preached an excellent sermon, to advise all young people to take warning by poor

Betty Adams, and to learn to be content and happy in that state of life in which Providence has placed them. The sermon was so very moving, there was not a dry eye in the church.

Mrs. Adams's children, and all her grandchildren, also returned to her house when the funeral was over, and as soon as they were all met, she spoke to them in the following manner:

'My dear children,' said she, 'it may please the Almighty to take me from you as suddenly as he has done your poor sister; to God I must be accountable for all the things I have done in this life. As I shall have no great riches to leave amongst you, I wish to give you a Legacy before I die; (so saying, she gave every one of them a handsome new Bible) this is the richest treasure you can possess in this world, and if rightly used, will procure you a treasure in the world to come. Without daily studying this book, and making it's doctrines the constant rule of your lives, you will live to a woeful purpose. The Holy Bible, my children, is the only thing that can give you support under every affliction; it is our comfort in life, our hope in death, and our source of happiness to all eternity.

'But it is not enough, my dear children, that you are constantly hearing God's word, you must be constantly doing God's work. Be very careful to avoid evil company and evil words; they are the great snares which lead youth into temptation: remember, that every sin you commit, however it may escape your memory, will be noted in the book of Heaven, and produced

at the great day of account; then you will be convinced, my children, how safe it was for you to have loved godliness more than greatness. Never forget, that a contented mind is a continual feast: now, as God's love is great towards us, let our thankfulness be equally great towards him. Never be ambitious to possess what is out of your reach: it is safer striving to win a heavenly crown by prayer, than earthly riches by fraud. How often, my good children, have I seen you rejoice when you have escaped any dangerous distemper in the parish; how much more ought you to rejoice, when you have escaped any dangerous sin? Above all things, be careful that pride never enters your heart; because you will find, on your death-bed, as much satisfaction in having been low born as high born; the grand question will then be, in the midst of your prosperity, did you possess an humble, praying heart? Those only who have lived righteously can die joyfully; for he who sinks in darkness can never rise in light. All our sorrows in life, my children, are but the punishments of sin; it is a sad thing to live sinning, but it is a glorious one to die rejoicing. Above all things, remember, that every blessing you receive is an instance of God's mercy towards you. And, O! remember daily what a dreadful thing it is to die in a christian country, and yet be ignorant of the doctrines of Christ, who shed his blood upon the cross for you.— All that I shall further advise you is, to let your morning song begin with prayer, and your evening one close with thanksgiving, that under

every affliction in life you may be able to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done, O Lord!"

Here Mrs. Adams ended her little sermon, as one may call it. Her family heard it with tears, and treasured it up in their minds. After an affectionate parting they each returned home, blessing God for sending them so good a mother.

S.

THE
HISTORY
OF
CHARLES JONES,
THE FOOTMAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

MY Father, George Jones, commonly called Black George, on account of his swarthy complexion, was one of the most industrious men in the whole village. His cottage, which was his own, and partly built by his own hands, stands on the common, about a stone's cast from the road, near the great oak-tree, in the parish of King's Charlton, in Somersetshire. The lord of the manor having granted him leave to inclose a bit of the common for a garden, my father had got a thriving young orchard and a long strip of potatoes, besides his cottage, all the produce of his own industry. It used to be a favourite saying with him, that no man, to whom God had given two hands, had ever need to want. 'For my part,' says he, 'I never knew what want was. When I am sick, the club supports me; and when I am well, I warrant I'll support myself.' - My mother, besides being equally industrious, was much more religious, and therefore much happier. She

was as good and as sweet-tempered a woman as any in the world, be the next where she will. For constancy at her place of worship, civility to her neighbours, cleanliness in her own person, her house, and her children, she had not her fellow. But the most remarkable thing in her (I am afraid a very uncommon thing) was her steady and uninterrupted practice of family prayer. It must have been a hard day's work indeed that hindered her from her prayers. At six in the morning and eight in the evening, as regularly as ever the hour came, she always knelt down with her children round her, four of us, and read with great solemnity and devotion a short form given her by the clergyman, which concluded with the Lord's Prayer, in which we all joined. And she used to say after she had finished—'Now I can go to bed or to work, in peace; for now we may hope God will protect us.' I am sorry to say my father seldom joined with us. He used to pretend he was busy or tired; and yet it would not have detained him long neither, for we were never more than six minutes about it, and surely twelve minutes a day (six in the morning and six in the evening) is no great time to give to God. One thing has often struck me, that if any thing went wrong and ruffled my dear mother's temper, or made her uneasy, the prayers seemed to set it all to rights. When she had been to prayers, all her grief seemed to be fled away. And, indeed, I observed the same thing with respect to my father, if he ever did join with us, it always seemed somehow to compose and

sweeten his mind, and make him a great deal kinder to my mother and us.

As my father and mother were very industrious themselves, they were very desirous to make their children so; every child was employed as soon as he was able in something or other. At about thirteen years of age my employment had been for some time to weed in the parson's garden and run of errands for him. At fourteen he took me into his house, and not a little proud was I at obtaining the title of his 'little footman.' The morning I left my father's cottage, my dear mother, who was as kind as she was good, appeared to be very much affected; she said she could not commit me to the wide world, without first committing me to God who governed it; and then she knelt down with me by her side, and prayed, 'Gracious Lord, be pleased to have mercy on my dear boy. To thy care I commend him. Guard him, I beseech thee, in the many temptations which he is now beginning to encounter. May he, with solid piety and honest diligence, do his duty in that state of life in which it hath pleased thee to place him.' She then gave me her blessing, put a Testament into my pocket, bid me fear God, and always act for my master as I would do for myself.

In my new situation there were to be sure some few things disagreeable. My mistress was peevish and fretful; the cook violent and passionate. But what service is there, or indeed what situation in life, howsoever much above servitude, in which there is not something un-

pleasant? Every state has it's trials: servants have theirs: but if they cannot learn to put up with some little inconveniences, they may change their places every year of their lives, and never be satisfied after all. This is a lesson I have learned by long experience.

Though by God's blessing I had received a more religious education than most children, it yet soon appeared that I had many faults, which it was necessary for me to be corrected of before I could become a good servant. At first, when I was sent upon an errand, I was much given to loitering. I was then too young to consider that by loitering in errands I was wasting what was not my own, my master's time. Besides this fault, as every thing which I saw and heard in my master's house was such as I had never seen and heard before, I was too apt to talk of it to my old playfellows, or at the village shop. But as soon as ever I became a little older, I began to reflect that this was very wrong. One Sunday evening, when I had leave to go home to see my parents, I was beginning to tell my mother how there had been a great uproar at the parsonage the day before, about——. Here she put her hand upon my lips, and said 'Charles, not a word more of what has passed at the parsonage. Whatsoever happens in your master's house is never to be spoken of out of your master's doors. A tale-bearing servant is always an unfaithful servant; he betrays the trust which his master puts in him.'

My mother's vehemence surprized me a little, but it made so much impression upon me, that

I was pretty well broken of the fault from that very time. Into how many scrapes has this talkative temper brought many servants of my acquaintance! There was poor Nic. Jarret, the Squire's under footman, that lost his place, a new suit of black broad-cloth, and a legacy of 5l. which he would soon have had by reason of his master's death, only for saying at a neighbour's house, that his mistress sometimes fell asleep while the 'Squire was reading to the family on a Sunday night.

Nic. and I were at one time rather too intimate; I remember one day, when I was about sixteen, having attended my master to the 'Squire's house, Nic. prevailed on me after dinner to play with him at pitch and tofs. I was worth at that time 5s. and 2d. more money than I had ever possessed before in my life. In about two hours Nic. reduced me to my last shilling. But though it was a heavy stroke at the time, yet it proved in the end a happy event, for, by my mother's persuasions, I resolved thenceforward never to game again as long as I lived, which resolution, by God's grace, I have hitherto happily kept. I wish from my heart that all other servants would resolve the same. The practice of card-playing, so common amongst servants in large families, is the worst custom they can possibly fall into. My poor brother Tom suffered enough for it. One day, having received in the morning a quarter's wages, he lost the whole of it before night at all-fours; and what was the consequence? Why, from that very time, he took to those practices of

cheating his master which ended in his ruin. How much better would it be for all servants, if instead of wasting their leisure in card-playing, they would amuse themselves in reading some godly book, or improve themselves in writing or cyphering. It was by this means, for I was never taught to write, that I qualified myself for the place of bailiff, which I now fill.

I remember Nic. used to say, 'Whilst my master plays cards in the parlour, why shouldst thou be so squeamish as not to play in the kitchen?' But Nic. did not consider that his master being rich, and playing for small sums, his losses laid him under no temptation of dishonesty in order to repair them: besides, the 'Squire could read and write at any time, whereas this was our only leisure time, and if we did not improve ourselves then, we never could; what might be comparatively innocent in him, might be ruinous to us. And even if my master be a professed gambler, that is no reason I should be so too. A servant is to do what is right, let his master do what he will. If a master swears and gets drunk, and talks at table with indecency, or against God and religion, to God he must account for it, and a sorry account it will be I doubt; but his example will not excuse our crimes, though it will aggravate his. We must take care of our own souls, whether our masters take care of theirs or not.

But to return to my history. I am ashamed to say that I was guilty, more than once, in the earlier part of my servitude, of the shocking

and detestable crime of lying, in order to excuse or screen my faults. Happily I was cured of it in the following manner: having been one day ordered to carry a bottle of wine to a sick man, one of my master's parishioners, I accidentally broke the bottle, and of course lost the wine. What was to be done? Should I confess my misfortune and acknowledge my carelessness, or conceal it by a lie? After some deliberation, I resolved upon the lie. I therefore had made up my story, 'how the poor man sent his duty to my master and thanked him a thousand times, and that he was a little better, and that his wife said she thought this wine would save his life.' Being thus prepared, as I was returning home, I met a pedlar, of whom I bought, for a penny, a little book, containing a story of a woman at Devizes, who was struck dead on the spot for telling a lie. To be sure it was Heaven that sent the pedlar to me, to save me from the sin I was going to commit. 'If this woman was struck dead for a lie,' said I to myself, 'why may not I?' I therefore went directly home, and made a confession of my negligence and misfortune. And it is well for me that I did; for the sick man, whose duty and thanks I had wickedly intended to carry to my master, was dead, as I understood afterwards, three hours before the bottle was broken. From this time, therefore, I began to see, what I am now fully convinced of, that beside the sinfulness of lying, it was always more for the interest and lasting comfort of servants to confess the truth at once,

than to conceal a fault by falsehood. When a servant has told a lie, he is always in danger of its being found out; and sooner or later it generally is found out, and then his character is ruined: whereas, if he confesses the truth at once, he probably escapes without any anger at all, or, at worst, it is soon over, and the fault itself is forgotten.

Having now lived seven years at the parsonage, and being twenty-one years of age, my master called me one day into his study, where he spent a good deal of his time, and said to me, 'Charles, you have lived with me a considerable time; and it has been always with much pleasure that I have remarked the decency, sobriety, and diligence of your conduct. Those few faults which you have, farther experience, and the grace of God, will, I doubt not, cure. You are now qualified for a better place than mine, and are entitled to higher wages than it is in my power to give. I have, therefore, recommended you to a friend of mine in London, for which place you are to set out, if you approve it, in a month. But I should think it a crime to dismiss you to a situation so full of temptations, without giving you some little advice. Listen, therefore, my dear Charles, to what I shall say, as I mean it only for your good. In the first place, fear God; and then you will never have any occasion to be afraid of man. Act always as in his presence. Never enter or quit your bed without prayer. Do always for your master, as you would your master, if you were to change

places, should do for you. Endeavour to get a pious friend; but avoid, as you would the plague, all wicked company. Be cautious of too great familiarity with your female fellow-servants; an unlawful intercourse of this kind will ruin you, body and soul. Flee from an alehouse as you would from the Devil; if you once get into it, you will never be out of it. Keep your money, and your money will keep you. Here, Charles, is a Bible for you; the more you read it, the more you will love it; and the more you love it, the better you will be, and the happier. I have written some directions for you in the first page of it. God bless you; and when my race, which is now drawing to its end, shall finish, may we meet in heaven.'—My master's kindness so affected me, that I could not answer him for tears. I was indeed very glad of going to so fine a place as London; though, at the same time, I could not leave a house, where I had been treated more like a child than a servant, without great regret. I shall not attempt to describe my parting with my mother. No description, I am sure, could do justice to the solemn and affectionate manner in which she exhorted me to be pious and just, and recommended me to God in prayer. Her last words I shall never forget: 'I know, my dear son,' said she, 'that you love me tenderly, and that you would not give me unnecessary pain on any account. Remember, then, that whenever you do any wrong thing, you are planting a dagger in your mother's heart.' With these words, her

H

eyes brim-full of tears, and her hands lifted up in silent prayer to God, she turned away from me and went into the cottage.

And now, reader, you find me in the great and dangerous city of London, in the service of a very wealthy master, who kept twelve servants, besides myself. If country people knew London as well as I do, how cautious they would be of exchanging their safe and peaceful situations in the country for the perils and temptations of a great city. How many young fellows have I known, who lived honestly and happily in their native place, come up to London in the hope of higher wages, and there forfeit their integrity, their peace of mind, their health, their character, and souls. Workmen, in particular, are very fond of getting into large cities, because they think their labour will turn to better account there than in their own villages. They do not consider, that in a city they must give as much for a filthy room in a filthy house, inhabited by half a dozen families, situated in a close, smoky, dirty street, as in the country would pay the rent of a cottage and a garden. They do not consider the dearth of provisions in a city, the temptations they are under from bad women, wicked company, and the great number of alehouses. In short, I am fully persuaded that a labourer in the country, on a shilling a day, is better off than one in a city on two shillings.

When I came to my place, I found every thing for the first three or four days, very smooth and very pleasant, plenty of provisions,

plenty of drink, little work, and a very merry servants' hall. But soon the face of things, with respect to me, changed very much, and I underwent a severer temptation than I ever experienced before or since in the whole course of my life. I had always hitherto been taught to consider, that sobriety, and diligence, and piety, were virtues. I therefore never swore, I never got drunk, I never gamed, I went to church as often as I could, I said my prayers night and morning, and on Sunday, at least, if not on other days, I read a little in my good old master's Bible. But here I soon found that all this was the worst vice I could be guilty of. As soon as they found me out, it seemed to be a trial of skill amongst them who should plague me most. One called me the parson; another, methodist; a third, a conceited prig; a fourth, a canting hypocrite. If I went into any other gentleman's hall it was all the same: my character always flew before me; and many were the jests and laughs raised both at home and abroad at my expence. In short, during three months, my life was a constant state of anxiety and torment; so that at last I was almost tempted, God forgive me for the thought, to do as they did, and forfeit my everlasting soul in order to avoid the present uneasiness. But, while things were in this state, I felt myself greatly and unexpectedly relieved one Sunday morning, by a sermon which I happened to hear from our parish-minister, on the following text: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile

you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil of you *falsely* for my sake, for great is your reward in heaven." The excellent discourse which this pious man delivered on these words, was so exactly suited to my circumstances and feelings, that it seemed as if it had been addressed solely to me; and it pleased God so to apply what had been said to my heart and understanding, that I not only determined to bear in future the sneers and scoffs of my fellow-servants with patience and fortitude, but even those very sneers which I formerly considered as my heaviest calamity, were now no longer grievous. From this time, therefore, my uneasiness was pretty well at an end. And I earnestly recommend it to all other servants, who have been so happy as to acquire sober and virtuous habits, not to suffer themselves to be laughed out of their sobriety and virtue by the jests and ridicule of their fellow-servants. They may depend upon it that their cause is a good one; and though they suffer for it at first, they will finally triumph. In a short time all my persecution was at an end. 'To be sure,' said the coachman one day to the cook, 'Charles is a little too religious, but upon my word I don't think he is the worse for it. Mayhap it might be the better for us if we were more like him. I don't see but that he is as humble, friendly, and worthy a fellow as any amongst us. For my part I shall laugh at him no longer.' This speech, which I happened accidentally to overhear, gave me great pleasure; and I soon found, by the agreeable change in my fellow-servant's

conduct towards me, that the coachman had expressed the opinion of the whole hall. It is true I did every thing to obtain their good-will that lay in my power. I was as civil and obliging to every one among them as I possibly could. Was any thing to be done, if nobody else would do it, I never stopped to consider whether it belonged to my place or not, but did it out of hand. If any body took it into his head to fall out with me, I generally disarmed him of his wrath by saying nothing. If any little quarrels, or misfortunes, or misconduct, happened in the hall, I always endeavoured to hush it up, and never carried any tales to the master, unless when I saw any body wronging him, and then I thought it my duty, or unless the thing was very bad indeed. In short, by pursuing always this line of conduct, I found my situation very comfortable and agreeable. My master treated me with great confidence and kindness; my fellow-servants with great friendliness and respect.

‘In about two year’s time, the footman that used to go to market being turned away for drunkenness, which vice soon proved his ruin, my master told me, that as he believed I was an honest and careful young man, and perceiving that I could write and keep an account, he should, in future, employ me in marketing. To market, therefore, I went every day; and as I had now a good deal of my master’s money always in my hands, I prayed heartily to God that he would be pleased to preserve me under

the temptation to which this exposed me. My first exploit in this way was the purchase of ten shillings worth of fruit at the fruiterer's. When I had finished my bargain, and was coming out of the shop, the fruiterer slipped a shilling into my hand. As I had never, to the best of my recollection, seen him before, I was somewhat surprized at his generosity; but fortunately had the presence of mind to ask him whether he had charged his fruit the higher on account of this present to me. 'Why, young man,' said he, 'that is an honest question, and I will give you an honest answer. The fact is, that as we know that gentlemen of your cloth, expect some compliment from the tradesmen they deal with, we are obliged, in our own defence, to charge our articles the higher on that account to their masters.' 'And, so,' said I, 'the money you give us, comes finally from the pockets of our masters?' 'To be sure it does.' 'Why, then,' said I, 'I will take your shilling, but shall charge my master only nine shillings.' And this method I constantly pursued in the like case ever after; for I think the above-mentioned practice of footmen, which, however, I hope, is not very common with them, is just the same thing in conscience as if they should rob their master's bureau.

'One Monday morning, having settled my account for the last week with my master, I found that he had made a mistake against himself of twenty shillings. As soon as I discovered it, I said to myself, here now is an opportunity of getting twenty shillings without any risk or

detection; but God forbid that I should do it, as it would ruin my peace of mind, and destroy my soul. I, therefore, pointed out the error to my master the first opportunity.—‘Charles,’ said he, ‘you are right, the mistake is obvious. I acknowledge I made it purposely to try your honesty. You shall find that this affair will turn out, before long, to your advantage.’ Now, though I do not think it quite fair for masters to lay this kind of trap for their servants’ integrity, yet as I know, by experience, they sometimes do it, we must be doubly on our guard. Indeed, dishonesty is never safe. It always will out somehow or other. I have seen surprizing instances of the discovery of it, when it seemed to have been committed with such cunning as to be impossible to be detected.

‘One day, as I was going to market, I met Sir Robert S.’s butler, who told me, that having long observed my sobriety and diligence, he was happy to have it now in his power to offer me a place in his master’s family, where my wages would be raised two guineas a year. I thanked him, and told him he should have his answer next evening. In the mean time, I called upon a pious and worthy friend, whom I consulted in all difficulties, and asked his opinion. After mature deliberation, he said, ‘Charles, don’t go. When you are once got into a good place, stick to it like a leech. The rolling stone gets no moss. The more years you continue in one service, the more you are respected by your master and all the world. A good family considers

an old servant as one of themselves, and can no more see him want than a near relation. Whereas servants that are continually roving from place to place, have no friend in distress, and seldom get a provision for old age.' Happy it was for me that I followed this good advice. If I had not, I should probably have been nothing more than a poor footman all my life.

' But before I bring my own story to an end, I must beg my reader's patience, to listen to the sad fate of my poor brother Tom. Alas! poor Tom, he was a great favourite in our kitchen, because he sung the best song, and told the merriest tale, and paid his card-money the most freely of any gentleman footman about town. And then he swore so much like a gentleman, and was so complaisant to the ladies, and pushed about the strong beer so merrily, that he was, said our servants, the most agreeable company in the world. And yet all these entertaining qualities did not preserve my poor brother from the most dreadful state of distress and ruin. One morning he came to me about ten o'clock with a very woeful face, which was a thing very unusual for him, and told me, that he had just been turned away from his place without a character; that he had no money, many debts, and no *real* friends, and what was worse than all, that he was labouring under disease.

' Tom grew worse every day, and was at length given over. In the morning of that day, while I was sitting at his bedside, who should come in but my dear mother! She had walked 130 miles, except now and then a list

in the waggon, to attend upon and comfort her undeserving son. When she saw him, pale and emaciated, and his face half consumed by disease, it so thocked her, that she fainted away. As soon as she recovered, and was a little relieved by a plentiful flood of tears, she said, 'My dear Tom, I am come to take care of thee, and make thee better, if I can.' 'Alas! mother,' answered he, putting his clay-cold hand into her's, 'it is all too late. I have but a few hours to live. It is by neglecting your advice that I am brought to this. Gaming and drink, and bad company, and bad women have been my ruin. O! what will become of my soul! If I could but live my life over again'——Here he was seized with a sudden fit, and though he lived some hours, he never spoke after, and died that evening in my mother's arms.

'After recounting the sorrowful history of my unhappy brother, I must now hasten to conclude my own. About a twelvemonth after the offer of a place in Sir Robert S—'s family, my master, in consideration, as he said, of my faithful services, made me his butler. He was indeed so kind and friendly to me on all occasions, that I found it necessary to be extremely cautious lest I should grow proud, or saucy, or familiar, which some servants, when they have lived long in a place, and find themselves in favour, are apt to do. After enjoying this post about six years, our family being now removed into the country, I made acquaintance with a farmer's daughter living near the great house, whom,

on account of her religious and industrious principles, and her amiable and cheerful temper, I wished to make my wife. She was no flaunter in fine clothes, none of your dancing, flirting, forward lasses, that run about to christenings, and revels, and hops, that will ruin a man before he knows where he is ; but a pious, sober, stay-at-home, modest young woman ; else I am sure any body might have had her for me. As I had never been guilty of any unnecessary expence, (for nobody will call that unnecessary which I sent yearly to my parents), my savings, the interest being added yearly to the principal in the hands of my master, amounted to two hundred pounds. And, as Fanny's father promised to give her another hundred, I thought we might with this take a small farm, and maintain ourselves comfortably and decently. I therefore communicated the affair to my master. ' Charles,' said he, ' though I am loth to part with so good a servant, yet I think it an act of gratitude due to you for your long and faithful services, to consent readily to any thing which may be for your welfare. But I do not think it necessary for us to part at all. I am at present in want of a bailiff ; you may, if you approve it, undertake that office, and still retain your present wages. Your father-in-law, who is an experienced farmer, will instruct and assist you in the duties of it. I will, besides, let you a small farm on an advantageous lease, which you may make the most of for yourself.'

' To this kind and generous offer I joyfully assented. And Fanny and myself have now

lived together six years in the farm-house near the park gate, happy and prosperous. My father being dead, and my brother and sister settled, my mother, who is now very old, lives with me; and by her example and exhortation, I find a sense of religion sink deeper and deeper into my soul every day; and, indeed, I am firmly convinced by long experience, that there is nothing in this world can make us truly happy but that.'

I address this little book, which I wrote by little and little in the long evenings of the last hard winter, to all footmen. I hope they will not be angry with my well-meant endeavours, but take kindly what is intended only for their good.

THE
HISTORY
OF
MARY WOOD,
THE HOUSEMAID;

Or, The Danger of False Excuses.



MR. HEARTWELL, the worthy clergyman of a country parish, was sitting in the porch of his little parsonage, when he saw a figure rather flying than running down a hill near his house, the swiftness of whose motion made it hard to discern *what* she was, much less could he guess *who* she was. She fled directly towards

him, and flung herself at his feet almost breathless; with difficulty she pronounced the words, 'O, Sir, save me! for pity's sake hide me in your house—they will be here in a moment—hide me this instant!—indeed I am innocent!' then, without waiting for his answer, she jumped up and rushed by him into the house; the good man ran after her, and catching her hand led her up stairs into his bed-room, and putting her into a closet within it, told her, no one should come there to hurt her. Then hearing a noise he looked out of his window and saw several men and women running almost as fast as the young woman had done before, and his maid Bridget (who had seen them sooner from her own window) running to meet them, and to ask what was the matter. He had forgotten to bid her be silent about the young woman, indeed he did not know that she had seen her; but the truth is, she was amusing herself in a very idle manner, with looking at the road out of her garret window, and had seen with great surprise, the wild behaviour of the poor girl, which raised her curiosity. This she now hoped to satisfy by stopping the posse that was running by; instead of answering her questions, they asked if she had seen a girl about seventeen, that was running from justice, pass that way? What in a linen gown and green petticoat, said she, without a bonnet, and her hair and her cap flying? 'the same, the same,' they cried; 'which way did she go?'—'Why, what do you want to do with her,' says Bridget; 'for I should be loth to betray the poor thing

to any harm.'—'Why you would not conceal a thief, would you?' said they. 'She is a thief, and has robbed her master.'—'Nay if she be a thief, she may rob my master too,' says Bridget, 'for she is gone up stairs with him.' Upon this they all turned towards the house, and were coming in when Mr. Heartwell met them. He heard the last words, and was not a little disturbed at the idea of having the girl found in his house, for as she knelt at his feet he thought he knew her face, and had by degrees recollected that, though much grown since he saw her, she must certainly be the daughter of Matthew Wood, an honest labourer, who had lived some years in his parish, and died three or four years before. The long illness before his death had reduced his wife to such poverty, that she and her child would have perished had not the good Vicar's charity helped out the scantiness of the parish relief. Mr. Heartwell, after having buried the poor man, tried to find a place for the girl and some help for her mother, who being in years, and her health much injured by fatigue and grief, in nursing and losing her husband, was quite unable to work. By applying to Lady Worthy, whose seat was a few miles distant, he had the good fortune to get her into one of the almshouses which that good lady had built and endowed; here she was comfortably supported, and her daughter permitted to be with her 'till she could find a service. As by these means Goody Wood and her daughter were placed at a distance from him, Mr. Heartwell had not

since seen them; but was satisfied that under Lady Worthy's protection they would be taken care of.

The people who were now rushing into Mr. Heartwell's house, stopped on seeing him; and on his asking what they wanted there, one of the most decent looking men stepped forward, and pushing the rest a little back, said, 'I ax pardon, Sir, for our bouldness in coming into your Worship's house, but we have got a warrant here for a young person that we be tould ran in here.'—'A warrant,' said Mr. Heartwell, 'why, what is the matter? What has she done?—' Please your Worship she's a thief, and has robbed her master's house. We have had sad doings at our village—Squire Banks's house has been robbed too by his gardener and dairy maid, and they are both gone off. This poor girl, I suppose, learnt their wicked ways (for she would keep company with them) and the same night that they made off, 'tis thought she had let them into Farmer Boutcher's house; and in the morning as sure as can be, he found his bureau broke open and his money gone.'—'But what proof is there that this girl was concerned in the robbery, or that she let in the robbers?'—'Why, Sir, she had been telling a mort of lies about them, and that made them suspect her. So they searched her box, and as sure as can be, there they found sealed up in a paper, six silver tea spoons of the farmer's, with an E and a B upon them as his are marked with. She pertested they were none of his'n, but were given by a

friend to keep for her, but alack a day! there's no believing a word that comes out of her mouth; so nobody minded her; and when we ax'd her who this friend was that gave them to her to keep, she was all as red as fire, and would not speak. So the farmer left us to take care of her whilst he went to Justice Gallway's for a warrant. We had shut her up safe as we thought in a chamber, whilst we eat a bit of dinner and drank a little of neighbour Boucher's ale, but when he came back and we went thither to take her, lo and behold she was not to be found. The window was open, and as it was not very high from the ground, we guess she let herself down from it. We now set off in pursuit of her, all but the farmer, who being pretty fat and purfy was not for running a race—So he gave us the warrant, and a boy telling us as how she took this way, we ran 'till we saw a woman running, about half a mile before us, but afterwards we lost sight of her; and please your Worship, your maid tells us as how she made into this very house.—‘It is true,’ said Mr. Heartwell, ‘that she is in my house, and if you will consent to let her remain here a day or two, I will be answerable for her appearance when called upon. In the mean time I will endeavour to find out the truth; for it would be a sad thing to ruin such a young creature, by hurrying her to prison before we were sure of her guilt. Farmer Boucher is an honest humane man, he knows my character, and I dare say will oblige me by stopping all further proceedings against Mary Wood, and leaving her

in my care 'till I can talk to her and bring her to declare the truth.'—'That's what she is not much used to, I am afraid Sir,' said the man, 'howsoever, I will tell neighbour Boucher what your worship says, and you'll be pleased to take care that she does not get out of the window.'—'Boucher's wife is living, is she not (said Mr. Heartwell) what does she say of the girl? She must know more of her character than her master can.'—'Yes, yes! she be living and looking, and a good kind of body she is, but at present she is from home and knows nothing of all this bustle; for she went two days ago to visit her father at Stoke. She is expected home to night, and then your worship may have the speech of her if you like.' They then pulled off their hats and civilly turned back to their village. Mr. Heartwell immediately went up to his prisoner, whom he found sunk on the ground in his closet and half dead with terror; for she had heard a good deal of what had passed, and feared every moment that Mr. Heartwell would give her up to be dragged to prison. She knew she had been detected in some falsehoods, that would make against her; and though she was not guilty of the robbery, she had enough to reproach herself with, to take from her all the comfort and confidence of innocence; she had therefore nothing less than the terrors of hanging, or being sent to Botany Bay, before her eyes.

But we must go back, and tell by what deceit poor Mary was first brought into trouble.

When first Lady Worthy took her up, she

got her a place at Mrs. Trueby's, a widow lady of great piety and worth, who lived in the neighbouring town. She had a little boy about six years old, her two maids were growing old in her service; she took this girl to help them. The next day after she came, she bid her own maid shew her how to sweep and dust the best parlour. The maid, after shewing her what she was to do, and giving her a great charge not to touch the pier glass which she herself would clean, gave her a long broom and left her to her sweeping. The little boy who had not seen any thing so young and lively in the house, took a great fancy to Mary, who was no less fond of him; he staid in the room to see her sweep it, and she to amuse him at the same time, gave him an account of the wonders she had seen performed in the streets the day before, by a balance master, who poized a long pole on the palm of his hand, and even upon his nose, with other performances, which, though not very wonderful in their kind, appeared so to her, who had never seen any thing like it. To make little Edward comprehend what she meant by this balancing, she attempted to poize the long broom, setting the small end on the palm of her hand, but not succeeding, it fell on one side, and unfortunately struck the pier glass and broke it. Poor Mary cried out she was undone, and begged Edward, if he had any pity, not to say she did it. 'Who then?' said he, 'you will not say it was I?' 'No indeed,' said she, 'I will not lay it upon any body; only don't you contradict what I shall say.' By this time, Mrs. Trueby, who heard

the smash of the glass, had hastened down stairs and came into the room, 'What glass did I hear crack?' said she—'O Mary! my precious pier glass, the best piece of furniture in my house, and a present from a dear friend who is now no more, quite spoilt! I valued it above ten times its price! Is this your awkwardness, Mary?' Poor Mary stood pale and trembling; but answered, 'No indeed, madam.' 'Who did it then?' said she, raising her voice. 'A great bird, madam, (I don't know whether it was a pigeon) flew in at the window. I tried to drive it out, and it dashed against the glass with it's bill, and cracked it as you see.' Little Edward, who was astonished at her invention and assurance, looked amazed, shrugged up his shoulders, and could scarce help laughing; his mother observed it, and so did Mary, who giving him a wink, said, 'Master Edward knows it is true, for he saw it as well as I.' 'O fye, Mary,' said the boy—'that's too much—I would not have told of you, but when you say I know it to be true, you make me a liar, as well as yourself, and my mamma says, if I tell lies God Almighty will not love me.' 'Wicked girl,' said the lady, 'would you teach my child to lie? pack up and begone out of my house; and you Edward, I charge you, tell me the truth.' Upon this the child related the fact, and added—pray mamma forgive her, it was in trying to divert *me*, that she came by the accident.' 'No, my dear,' said his mother, 'I cannot forgive her; foolish and careless as it was, and grieved as I am for my favourite glass,

I could have forgiven her my loss; and though I spoke hastily at first, I should soon have considered her awkwardness and passed it over; but a girl that can so readily invent a lie, and try to draw *you* into it, I cannot possibly suffer to stay a day in my house; if you learn to tell lies, it would break my heart.' The good lady, however, fearing the girl might get into mischief, after much kind exhortation, determined herself to carry her back to Lady Worthy, assuring her that she would not have parted with the girl on account of the accident, had it not been for the daring falsehood with which she attempted to excuse it. Lady Worthy equally shocked, sent for Goody Wood, and told her what had been her daughter's behaviour; adding, that she had put it out of *her* power to serve her, for she could never again venture to recommend her. The poor woman was quite overcome with grief, and did not dare attempt to excuse Mary's faults, but took her home in an agony of sorrow, where the girl had the mortification to see that she had not only ruined herself, but made her mother completely miserable. And indeed the poor woman became so ill, that she began to fear that she should be the cause of her death; this affected her very much, and for a time she was truly penitent, and resolved never again to speak falsely; but so strong is custom, and so weak was the principle on which she acted, in her mind, that when she saw her mother recover, she soon returned to her little tricks and false excuses. It was no wonder she did not reform, for she had no fear of offending God.

Nobody took any notice of her, and the burden of maintaining her fell heavy on her mother, and kept them both in extreme poverty.' At length, a gentlewoman who knew the story, and was concerned that so young a creature should be ruined, was prevailed upon, as she had no children, to send for her. She asked the girl why she was dismissed from Mrs. Trueby's, to which she replied, 'it was for breaking a pier glass.' 'And was that the only reason of her turning you away so suddenly?' The girl looked sullen, held down her head, and said, 'I believe so.' 'Go,' said the lady, 'you will not do for me. I see you are not cured of your vile fault, and I will not take one whose word I can never depend on.' So home went Mary with a heavy heart, and after trying to evade her mother's questions, was at last obliged to confess what had passed; this renewed all the grief of this poor parent, and Mary was again in disgrace, and again promised to speak truth for the future, but never begged of God for his grace, to enable her so to do. Mary grew tall and strong, and was a well-looking good-humoured girl, and lively, though kept down by poverty and disgrace. At last a farmer's wife, who lived about two miles from her mother's, took her as her servant, and was for some time well pleased with her. In the same village lived a gentleman whose name was Banks; he was gone on a tour, and left his gardener and dairy maid to take care of the house; these servants, who made very free with their master's property in every way, used to call in Mary when she went

by on an errand. The gardener gave her fruit, and the dairy maid treated her with cream, and sometimes a syllabub. These calls required excuses from her, for staying on her errands. One day that they saw her passing by, they told her they were going in the evening to the fair, and asked her to go with them. She replied, she was sure she could not get leave to go that evening, for they were going to finish their great wash—‘Pooh! Pooh!’ said they, ‘you *must* go—’tis the last day of the fair, and there is a tall woman and a dwarf, and I know not what to be seen.’ Mary’s curiosity was strongly tempted, and she said she would try what she could do. So she went to her mistress and told her she had a message from her mother, to let her know she was very ill, and begged she would, if possible, get leave to come to her. Mrs. Boucher (her mistress) was very good natured, and said she was loth to keep her from her mother on such an occasion, but did not know how to spare her, they were so very busy. Mary said, ‘if she would be kind enough to let her go at five o’clock she would work very hard till then,’ and to this her mistress consented. Before that hour Mary ran up to her garret, dressed herself in a minute, and flew to Mr. Banks’s time enough to join her friends, setting out for the fair. When they had been gone about an hour, her mother, who unluckily had some business that way, called to ask her daughter how she did; the mistress, who herself let her in, was amazed to see her, and the poor woman was thunderstruck, when she heard that the

girl had pretended she was ill, and had sent for her—and greatly alarmed to think where she could be gone. She went about the village enquiring for her, and at last met a countryman she knew, who told her she need not fear any harm, for he was just come from the fair, where he saw her daughter with a man and woman at a booth chusing ribbons; this did not comfort the mother, who went back to implore the clemency of Mrs. Boucher towards her imprudent child. Moved by her tears, and considering the force of curiosity and vanity in a girl of seventeen, she at last promised not to turn her away, if she made proper submissions, but to try her a little longer.

As Mary was coming home in the evening she met one who told her what a search her mother had been making for her; this threw her into a terror that spoilt all the pleasure she had enjoyed at the fair. She came home half dead with fear and fatigue, and threw herself at the feet of her mistress, confessing her fault, and making solemn promises never to repeat it; after severe reprimands, her mistress at length forgave her, on condition that she should never again hold any acquaintance with that gardener and dairy maid, of whom she told her she had heard a bad character: Mary wept and promised every thing; and though the cream and the fruit were strong allurements, added to the civil things the gardener used to say to her, yet for some time she forbore her visits at Mr. Banks's, but by degrees, the acquaintance was secretly renewed, which cost Mary a falsehood every

time she was with these people, whose company her mistress had so positively forbidden. One day Mrs. Boucher went to pay a visit of two or three days at her father's, a few miles off. The farmer could not go with her, for he was busy selling his grain, and getting his rent ready for his landlord; and had got the money in the house on the Saturday, which he meant to pay away on the Monday.

On Sunday after church he went out; charging Mary to stay at home and be careful of the house: her two friends from Mr. Banks's took the opportunity of her being alone, to come and drink tea with her; they had got notice of the farmer's having sold his grain, and as they intended to rob their master's house and go off with the spoil the next night, the gardener thought he might as well take the farmer's money with him; he remembered he had once bought some dung for his garden of him, and that he saw him put the money in a bureau, in a little parlour.

While Mary was getting tea, the gardener pushed open the parlour door, and said, O here is a clever little cool room, let us remove the things in here. When they had got into that room, he saw the bureau, considered the lock, and then looking out at the window, he took occasion, unobserved by Mary, to examine the fastenings, and how he could easily get in at night. Whilst he was thus employed, one of the farmer's ploughboys passing by observed this man looking out at his master's window! He wondered at it, because he knew the farmer was not at home.

Mary took care to dismiss her guests before her master's return; and on his asking her if any one had been there, she replied *nobody*. The next morning when Boucher came down into the little room, he saw his bureau broken open, and the cash that had been in it taken away.

The farmer inquired of all his people, and the ploughboy mentioned his having seen Mr. Banks's gardener looking out of the window, and said he had heard that the two servants were gone off that morning, and had robbed Mr. Banks's house of plate, and whatever they could carry off. This, compared with what the ploughboy had observed, and with Mary's having denied that any body had been there, fixed their suspicion on her as having been concerned in the robbery. She was forced to confess that Mr. Banks's servants were with her in the afternoon at tea, but strongly denied knowing any thing of the robbery; however they opened her box, there they found six new silver tea-spoons marked with the first letters of Boucher's name, sealed up in a paper. The farmer knew his wife had six new ones from London not long before, and doubted not these were the same. The girl's guilt now appeared plain.

But to return to Mr. Heartwell, whom we left entering the closet in which Mary was, as soon as her pursuers were gone. Though he by no means knew all that we have related of this unhappy girl, he saw that appearances were strong against her. Yet he was very unwilling to believe the worst, and immediately raised her

with kindness from the ground. ‘Mary,’ said he, ‘if you will now be perfectly sincere with me, I will befriend you as much as justice will permit. I find the chief cause of your being so strongly suspected is, that you have departed from the truth; this is always attended with great danger as well as guilt; you have been enough instructed in religion to know that deceit is hateful to God; that he has denounced dreadful punishment for liars—even “the lake that burneth with brimstone and fire;” that he has commanded “every one to put away lying, and to speak the truth to his neighbour from his heart; that lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but truth is his delight.” For my part, I pity your youth, and I wish to save and serve you, but unless I can hope to cure you of this fault, I must with a grieved heart give you up to your wretched fate, for it is impossible for me to do you any good.’ Whilst he spoke his eyes were filled with tears, and poor Mary cried without ceasing. She now tried to speak, but her sobs prevented her; at last, she said, ‘I see, I see that I have undone myself, that even you, who are so good, will never more believe me, but give me up to misery and despair; I would now most truly confess to you every thing, but you will not, you cannot believe me! and I shall justly suffer for what I have not done, because I have made myself unworthy of belief. O sir, what can I do? Is there no place for repentance? no good Christian who will try me once again? Will you not at least hear me if you cannot believe me, whilst I tell you of all my sins, and the sad dis-

graces they have brought upon me?' 'I will hear you,' said the good old man, 'but if you now deceive me, or hide any thing from me, I will never more concern myself about you, but must leave you to reap the bitter fruits of your baseness of heart.' Mary now threw herself at his feet—kissed his hands—and bathed them with her tears. 'O sir,' she said, 'God knows I have no wish to deceive or to hide any thing from you; if I do, I consent that you shall give me up for ever.' She then told what we have before related. When she came to the article of the teaspoons, he desired her to explain whose they were, and how she came by them. She told him that on the Sunday evening when Mr. Banks's maid and gardener drank tea with her, the former on going away took her aside, and giving her a little parcel sealed up, begged of her to put that in her box and keep it for her till she sent for it; the reason of this she would tell her when they met again. She went away without giving Mary time to ask another question. She was confused when asked about the spoons, because she thought she should betray her friend, and because she was ashamed to confess the intimacy she had kept up with her, against her mistress's orders and her own promises. How the spoons came to be marked with Boucher's letters, E. B. she could not imagine; for the woman's name who gave them to her was Sarah Fisher.

Mr. Heartwell kept Mary that night, and took pains to impress on her a deep sense of her sin.

Next day they had a visit from farmer Boucher, who told them that his wife on her return, examined her drawer, and found the spoons safe as she had left them. They were marked with the same letters as those found in Mary's box; and as the farmer had scarce looked at them since they came home, he did not observe that the others were not exactly like them. As this was the only positive proof alledged against Mary, the farmer now promised to give her no farther trouble; though he still knew she had entertained the robbers the day before; on this account he would by no means take her again into his house, but paid her the little wages due to her, and dismissed her from his service. Mr. Heartwell, who was pleased to find her account so far true, tried to persuade the Bouchers to let her stay with them a little while at least, as a justification of her character; but they were so disgusted with her having kept up the acquaintance with these bad people, in defiance of their orders and her own promises, that they could not think themselves safe with such a servant in the house. And Mr. Heartwell, with all the compassion he felt for her, could not venture to press them, nor to answer for her future conduct. However, he promised that if she kept her present resolutions, he would befriend her as much as he could. He put some proper books into her hands, and took her to her mother, whom they found almost distracted by the news which had reached her, of her daughter having been taken up for a robbery; the poor woman every day grew worse after this shock, and some weeks

after, her wretched daughter received her dying forgiveness, but could never forgive herself for the anguish she had caused her mother, which she was persuaded had hastened her end.

Poor Mary had another sorrow. In the village where she had lived with farmer Boucher, was a creditable baker; his son Thomas was bred up to the business, and was a very honest, sober, agreeable young man. He had often bestowed kind looks and kind words on Mary, but had not ventured to make her an offer, as he thought his father would never consent to his marrying so poor a girl. She, on her side, liked him well enough to wish he would speak out. A little before the unfortunate affair at Boucher's, the old Baker died, his son succeeded to his shop and all his property, and was well esteemed. Whilst poor Mary was nursing her dying mother, this young man had occasion to call at Mr. Heartwell's, who overheard him in talk with his maid Bridget about Mary; and lamenting the sad disgrace that had befallen her, he added, 'I am sure it has been a great concern to me, for I own I liked the young woman; and now that I am my own master should have tried to obtain her for my wife, had she preserved a better character.' Bridget put in a good word for her, and assured him that her master believed her entirely innocent of the robbery; to this he replied, 'whether she had any knowledge of the wicked intentions of those vile servants nobody can know, but thus much has been clearly proved, that she denied the truth of their having

been with her, and had broke her solemn promises to her mistress by keeping them company for some time, therefore she is no wife for me. I could not be happy unless I could make a friend of my wife, and depend on her truth and faithfulness. Her pretty face and good humour would be nothing to me, without truth and honesty. Next to a good conscience, the best thing is a good character. I bless God I have never forfeited my own; nor will I ever marry a woman that has lost her's.' Mr. Heartwell was much pleased with the young baker's way of thinking, and very sorry that Mary had lost such a husband. As his chief concern was to complete the poor young creature's reformation, he thought nothing would make so deep an impression on her mind as this mortifying consequence of her ill behaviour: he resolved on telling her all that the young man had said. He did so; and she took it so much to heart that she never after held up her head. Her mother's death, which happened soon after, left her without any earthly comfort. What before was liking, was now changed into a strong affection; she saw what a happy lot would have been her's had she been as true and honest as the man she liked. She lost all her spirits, and her mind was always full of bitter remorse and shame. She thought she deserved all the misery she felt, and only prayed that God would accept her sorrow for her sin. She made no complaints; but her looks shewed that health, as well as peace of mind, had forsaken her.

Her mother's death obliged her to quit the

alms-house, and she then told Mr. Heartwell, that he was unable to bear the disgrace she had brought upon herself in that neighbourhood, and was resolved to go and get bread in some distant country, where she was not known. The good man, who felt like a father for every one of his flock, when in distress, tried to sooth her and to persuade her to stay where she was, and to look to her heavenly friend, but he could not prevail. She could not bear the thoughts of living near Thomas, whom she had lost for ever. So the vicar gave her what he could spare to pay her journey, and maintain her 'till she could get an employment; he then gave her a letter to a clergyman who lived about fifty miles off, begging him to get her into some honest service. She took leave of him with an almost broken heart, and grew so ill and weak on her journey, that when she carried her letter to the clergyman, he told her she appeared too ill for service. In a few days she grew a little better, told him she thought she could now get her bread if he would have the goodness to recommend her: that she cared not how low the place or the wages were if she could but be maintained, and would do all in her power to give satisfaction. He soon got her into service, hard labour soon hastened on a decline, which her sorrows had begun, and she soon became so ill that nothing better could be done for her than to place her in an hospital.

Whilst she was there, a letter from Mr. Heartwell informed her that her vile seducers

were taken, tried, and executed. The spoons were claimed by Elizabeth Beateroff, Mr. Banks's housekeeper. Sarah Fisher had found them locked up in a cupboard after the rest of the stolen plate was packed up. She put them into her pocket as she was going to farmer Boucher's on the Sunday, but recollecting that perhaps the marks upon them might lead to her detection, in case of misfortune, she suddenly took it into her head, as she was going away, to leave them with Mary, as before related. Mr. Heartwell had taken the pains to visit these people in prison after their condemnation, and had got from the woman a confirmation of the poor girl's account. Mary languished several weeks in the hospital, and meekly applied her whole mind to obtain the forgiveness of God, through the merits of a Saviour.

The good clergyman assisted her in the great work of repentance, and pointed out to her the only true grounds on which she could hope to obtain it.

Thus death, brought on by grief and shame at eighteen years of age, was the consequence of bad company, false promises, and FALSE EXCUSES.—May all who read this story, learn to walk in the straight paths of truth. The way of duty is the way of safety. But “the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth, while the righteous is bold as a lion.”

THE
TWO SOLDIERS.

TWO Soldiers, Robert Wells and Isaac Clark, had obtained a three month's furlow from their colonel, to visit their relations and friends in a very distant part of England. On their return to join their regiment, which was quartered at Gloucester, having travelled till they were weary, they proposed lying by for the night, at a little alehouse, called the Green Dragon, near the road-side.

Wells observing the house was pretty much thronged with company, proposed to his companion to journey on to the next, where they might spend the night in more quiet, than the present prospect of things offered at the Green Dragon.

'I'll not stir a step further to-night,' said Clark, 'for where there is good company and good liquor, there I'll make my head-quarters;' so throwing his knapsack on the horse-block, down he sat himself.

The Green Dragon was famous for brewing the best ale in those parts, and, of course, became the general rendezvous of all the fives-

players and skittle-players in the country; so very famous, indeed, was the liquor, that it introduced beggary and famine amongst the wives and children in all the neighbouring cottages.

A silver-laced hat had been bowled for that evening, and the prize was won by a young farmer, who spying our travellers, swore a tremendous oath they should drink a bumper to the king's health.

After they had drunk plentifully, Wells twitch'd his comrade by the shoulder, and propos'd that they should proceed on their march, now they had been refresh'd with a friendly mug; Clark, with an oath, refus'd to comply; again repeating, 'the soldier's best head-quarters was at the head of the beer-barrel; it shall never be said, Wells, that Isaac Clark was a starter, where the liquor was found, and the company good.'

'The liquor is very good, sure enough,' said Wells, who was naturally a very sober fellow, 'but enough is as good as a feast; and as to the company, I never beheld a worse set of drunken, swearing reprobates in my life, for which reason let us on, for if we cannot make them better, they may make us worse.'

'Thou art always for preaching, Bob,' said Clark, 'as if a body were going to die; why I was never in better health in my life; and 'tis time enough to be sorry for one's sins, when the last glass is out, so halloo, tap, bring us another pot.'

Thus in spite of the persuasions of poor Wells, he went on calling for another mug, and another, till he was as drunk as a beast; and his brains whirled round like the vanes of a windmill. Unhappily, in some degree, Wells fell into the same error; but unaccustomed to take more than his pint, and being quite overcome with fatigue, he felt himself extremely disordered, and staggering into the fresh air, he fell flat on the grass-plat, where he lay in a dead sleep all night; nor did he awake till the day was pretty far advanced; when his teeth chattered in his head, and his limbs shivered with cold, for the night was damp and misty. As soon as he was able to stand, he staggered in search of Clark, whom he found in a still more deplorable state, for he had continued drinking till he was as mad as the rest of his companions: they grew quarrelsome at length, and each took offence at the other, till words proceeded to blows, and blows ended in blood; for a very profligate young butcher struck his neighbour, the shoemaker, such a violent blow across the head with a quart pot, that his skull was fractured. This unlucky circumstance brought the landlord to interfere, who was alarmed for the honour of his house, or, to speak truly, the fear of losing his licence at next sessions; so he very prudently sent for a surgeon, whilst the rest of the joyous crew made their escape for fear of falling into the hands of justice.

Our travellers left the Green Dragon.

Clark's head was still too confused with liquor to permit him to think; but Wells, who was now quite come to himself, was overcome with shame, and inwardly avowed, 'that if the entertainment he met with at the Dragon was called a merry-making, he would never desire to be merry again for the rest of his days; for what good have we obtained by it,' said he, 'but empty pockets, bloody noses, aching bones, and the rod of justice hanging over our heads? Besides, what is still worse,' muttered he to himself, 'by being overtaken in liquor, we have lost our reason, which was the gift of God, and was given man as a precious token of his favour to distinguish him from the brute-beast that perisheth.'

Clark, as they journeyed on, was spiteful, fullen, and sulky; now and then muttering, 'that spite of the past he would get good ale wherever it was to be had.'

'And I,' said Wells, 'would make a vow to drink water for the rest of my days, rather than ever make myself a beast again; for I have a character to maintain, and a soul to be saved.' 'And I'll tell thee, Bob, what is my design,' rejoined Clark, 'to swim in strong beer whenever I can find it, though poverty and death both stared me in the face.'

'Thou talkest like a bold fellow,' said Wells, 'and yet thou mayest tremble when death comes in sight: prithee, where do'st think to go when thou diest?' 'I have never once thought about dying, Bob, I assure thee.' 'Then it is best thou should'st begin, Isaac,

for, "in the midst of life we are in death," as I heard the parson say at my grandfather's funeral; time, too, is short when measured against eternity; and if we make in the spring great preparations for a summer's campaign in the army, what constant preparations ought we not to be making for death?

'We soldiers, Isaac, should be particularly careful to keep our accounts between God and our souls very short, since, at the beat of the drum on the day of battle, ten thousand may rush in a moment into eternity; and the best Christian then may be reckoned the boldest man. Why, I would rather spend the next night in battle, for there I should be performing my duty to my king and country, than in another such riot at the Green Dragon.'

'Thou art a wisby washy fellow,' replied Clark; 'thou wilt never die game, if for every little offence thou art so plagued with qualms of conscience: I am determined to live my own way, Bob, come on't what will.' 'Then take my word for it,' said Wells, 'thy ruin is not far off; for though in a fit of bravery thou mayest appear to shake off the fear of God, the devil may give up thy indentures at the last, and the law may take hold of thee in the mean time.'

Then coming to a fine stream of water, Wells stooped down, and taking up some in his hat, drank plentifully of it, saying, it cooled the fever in his stomach. Clark said he was feverish also, but he should cool his thirst with a glass of best Hollands at the next ale-house,

which they saw at some distance on the side of the hill.

There, however, they agreed to stop: after having made a plentiful breakfast, they called for their bill, when, to their great dismay, they found their pockets entirely emptied of cash, except two shillings and a few half-pence; each having lost between two and three guineas, which had been given them by their friends to defray the expences of their journey.

By what means they had been stripped of their cash, they could not imagine; whether the landlord had made free with their pockets to pay himself, or that it had slipped out in the general scuffle; they were greatly dismayed, however, by their misfortune, for they had more than fifty miles to travel, and not more than ten-pence left after the present expences were discharged, and when the night came on, they were compelled to seek the most comfortable lodging they could find, under a hay-stack.

‘We ought not to complain of our hard fate,’ said Wells, ‘since what we are about to suffer, is but part of the punishment due to our folly. With sobriety, and good management, our money would have enabled us to travel comfortably, and at the end of our journey we should have had plenty to spare to have given a treat to our comrades, who have been often kind to us on a like occasion.’

‘I’ll never return to the regiment, to be laughed at,’ said Clark, mutteringly: ‘I am almost famished to death. I’ll desert.’ ‘Pri-thee, Isaac,’ said Wells, ‘look well to thy

words, and before thou art tempted to commit a great sin, ask thyself, how thou shalt like to bear the punishment when thou art found out; and if thou shouldst escape being brought to justice while on earth, it will find thee out in the day of judgment. Take my word for it, he is the only free, and, I may add, happy man, who is always doing the work of him who made him. Talk no more of desertion then, dear Isaac, let us bear our misfortune like men, and as our catechism says, patiently resolve to do "our duty in that state of life unto which it hath pleased God to call us."

'When I was a child, Bob,' said Clark, 'I never learnt my catechism, though I have heard thee say that learning it has kept thee out of so many scrapes; but I hated learning, for I was a boy of spirit; I loved boxing, lives-playing, and robbing of orchards, a deal better than my book.'

'So much the worse for thee, Isaac; a sober education to a poor man will help him on in the world much more creditably than a little estate without it; for laziness and drunkenness will soon bring a pretty property to nothing; and thou may'st have heard, that

"When land is gone, and money spent,

"Then learning is most excellent."

'Honesty is the best policy, Isaac, and a good name is better than great riches. Think no more of deserting then; thou hast taken the king's money, and a strong oath to serve him faithfully; take care then that thy red coat be not stained with black spots. Consider, we are

all gentlemen soldiers, then let us not disgrace ourselves by carrying the bloody marks of the rod of correction on our backs; if thou art resolved to behave so as to deserve punishment, don't murmur against the laws which must inflict it. The laws, Isaac, are only made to protect honest men from the snares of villains. Courage, man, don't despair of finding a breakfast in the morning; mayhap we may meet with some good, charitable, well-disposed people, to whom we will relate our misfortune and our disgrace; for I shan't be ashamed to beg for bread, now my folly has reduced me to ask for it.'

'This is fine talking,' replied Clark; 'do as thou wilt, Bob, but my pride is above it; in this beggarly, starv'd condition, I'll never join the regiment, to be sneered and jeered at by every one; so I am resolved to have my own way for once.'

'Then remember, Isaac, 'tis a dangerous thing for a man to give himself up to the evil of his ways: I am only talking to thee for thy good, and since thou art determined to have thy own way in every thing, I will only further advise thee to think how thou canst bear punishment, before thou committest a sin, which will sooner or later bring down the vengeance of the law against thee. Have a good heart, man; pluck up, that we may be able to begin our march by break of day, and, as I said before, we may meet with some kind assistance on the road: this is a charitable land, Isaac, and there are few people in it who are not ready to relieve

distress, when it is known to be real; and if we *should* be repulsed at a surly door, we must not be angry, and unforgiving, since the kind hearts of the wealthy are so often imposed upon, by false stories of misfortunes, that it often shuts up their bowels of compassion, when real misery stands before them. Good men, Clark, become suspicious when they have often been imposed upon.

‘My wish now is to meet our regiment, before the time of our furlow is expired; it will give us great credit with our colonel, who is the very best of men, and who, seeing that we have made a generous use of the power intrusted to us, will not be afraid to indulge us again, at a fit time. For seven years that I have been in the regiment, I have never received an ill word, or an unkind look, from my officers, because I always made it my pleasure to do my duty.’

‘My pleasure then,’ replied Clark, ‘is to have my own way; I don’t care a rush for any man; I don’t care for the general; I don’t care for the colonel; nor I don’t care for the captain; so I have made up my mind as to that matter. I’ll have food whilst I can eat it, drink when I can get it, and money and pleasure wherever I can find them.’

‘Clark, thou dost make me tremble sadly,’ said Wells, ‘to hear thee talk so desperately: do turn thy thoughts towards God, for there seems to be a strong temptation upon thee: humble thyself before him, tell him thou art a miserable sinner, and beg his mercy to assist thee in thy distress; don’t go on adding sin to

sin; we have been both guilty of an heinous fault; let us take this lesson of instruction out of it, and resolve to do so no more. My father was an honest labourer, and he used to tell all his children, that drunkenness was sure to bring three evils to every labouring man, namely, sickness, hunger, and rags; besides, no sin makes the heart so hard as drunkenness: a drunkard is without pity, since he can behold his wife and children dying of famine, because his own beastly appetite must have its fill of liquor at the village ale-house.'

'Thou art preaching to a deaf man,' interrupted Clark; 'I'll have my own way, I tell thee again and again; it is time enough to rail against pleasure, when one has no power left to enjoy it.'

'Thou wilt live to repent thy sayings, take my word for it,' said Wells; 'for my part, I would rather eat a hard crust for my dinner, than dine with the officers on roast beef and plumb-pudding, if I must do dirty work to obtain it.' 'And I would dine with any man,' said Clark, 'who would give me a dinner, and drink with any man that would offer me his cup, though perhaps he *did* expect a little underhand business of me in return. I am resolved to serve myself, Bob, and there's an end of my chapter.'

'And a sorrowful ending it is,' answered Wells, 'and so good night,' drawing some of **the loose** hay about him, and placing his knapsack under his head for a pillow: 'I shall say my prayers, Isaac, for if I am taken off in my

sleep, it is a good thing for a man to have had his last waking thoughts employed on the goodness of God.'

Wells slept sweetly, till the rising sun shining on his face awakened him; he called aloud to his companion, telling him it was time to prepare for their journey; he called again and again, but still no answer was made him; he then rose to go in search of him, but he was no where to be found.

After waiting his return for near an hour, and finding he did not appear, he set forward on his journey; after travelling some miles, he began to find his hunger very keen, and seeing a low farm house at a distance, he struck across a field, and made up to it; Wells rapped at the door, which being opened by the mistress of the house, he very modestly asked her to give him a cup of whey, or a draught of small beer, for he was a good deal distressed. 'Distressed—aye to be sure,' said she, 'the times are so hard, the world is full of distress.' 'The hardness of the times, Ma'am,' said Wells, 'has nothing to do with my distress, since it is all the consequence of my own folly.'

'You must be an extraordinary man, master Soldier,' said Mrs. Jenkins, 'to confess that your own crimes have brought you to hunger.' 'I tell you nothing but the truth,' said Wells; 'and hungry as I am, I would not impose a lie upon you to obtain the best mouthful in your house: people in general rail at the badness of the times, when nine times out of ten, they owe their misery to their **own extravagance**. Two

nights ago my fellow traveller and myself accidentally fell into bad company ; we got drunk, and we lost our money ; I have a journey of more than forty miles to make, and I have not a sixpence left to furnish me with provisions.'

' Follow me to the kitchen,' said the good woman, ' and I'll give you the best my house affords ; I love a soldier to my heart, because he fights for my country ; but when I find a soldier to be a christian, I love him to my soul, because our country may stand a better chance to be preserved from the enemy in time of war, if our soldiers are christians ; and since, my honest friend, you ha'n't the courage to tell a lie to God, I'm certain sure, you'll never fail in doing your duty towards your country.'

Wells now fed heartily on some cold pork and cabbage, and drank prudently of an excellent mug of cyder that stood before him. After silently thanking the Giver of all good for a blessing he so little expected, and so little deserved, he was about to take his leave of his kind hostess, when a hustling was heard in the passage, and soon after the room was filled by a croud of people, in the midst of whom, Wells saw his unfortunate comrade Clark, with his hands tied behind him. His heart now misgave him ; and it was as clear to him as the light, before it was explained to him, that Clark had been as good as his word, and *would have his own way let come on't what would* : he was as pale as death, his jaws trembled, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

The farmer now explained to his wife, that they had taken the villain who last night would have robbed the post-chaise, but was prevented by a gentleman within it, who let fly a brace of pistols at him, which made him keep his distance; that early this morning, as he was riding to market, he himself had been attacked by him before it was light; but some of the neighbours coming to his assistance, they determined to pursue the rogue, and came up with him about two miles off, as he was entering an ale-house; I have sent to the 'squire's, added the farmer, to advertise the gentleman who is at his house, that the robber is taken, and I hope he will soon be here.

Here poor Clark wept bitterly; 'Ah, Bob, Bob,' said he, spying Wells, 'had I taken thy kind advice, I should never have been brought to this; I should have lived like a man, and died like a Christian; but Lord have mercy upon me, what I have brought myself to! I have brought my life into danger, and it may be have ruined my own soul.'

Honest Wells was grieved at heart: 'O, Isaac,' cried he, 'could I have preserved thee from such a grievous misfortune, I would have shared my last morsel with thee; my prayers are now all I can offer thee, and by prayer only thou canst serve thyself; for the prayer of a penitent, even when offered up in a prison, may be accepted. If, by timely repentance, Isaac, thou canst win the favour of Heaven, thou wilt find comfort under every affliction.'

Here the gentleman arrived whose carriage had been stopped the preceding evening: Clark no sooner caught a glimpse of him, than he knew him to be his own colonel, a man whom every person in the regiment loved and honoured as a parent. 'O my gracious father!' exclaimed Clark, seeing this honourable gentleman enter, 'my punishment is already greater than I can bear if I have offended the man I would die to serve.' He then fainted away, but a little warm ale being given him, he soon recovered; when the noble colonel spoke so mildly, and kindly to him, that Mrs. Jenkins put her apron to her eyes.

Here Wells related to the colonel what had passed: he shook like an aspen leaf when he came to relate the sorrowful adventures which befel them at the Green Dragon, and all the grief and affliction which had befallen him in consequence of it.

When Wells had finished his story, 'Your father, Clark,' said the colonel, 'could not feel more concern at your present situation than I do; I have always regarded every man in my regiment as my son; for I have always tried to win their affection by kindness, rather than enforce their obedience by severity. A man of true courage, Clark, abhors the thought of a base action, but if he lives without principle in his heart, he must not be surprised, if sooner or later he is betrayed by his passions into the blackest sins; and if he is taken in the commission of a crime, he must expect to pay the penalty of the law.'

Poor Clark groaned and wept bitterly, while the colonel thus continued; 'I am thankful that I wounded no man when I fired my pistols on being stopped last night in my carriage. As the night was much too dark for me to be able to give evidence as to the identity of the person who stopped me, you may expect, Clark, that no bill of indictment will be preferred against you by me; it is a most dreadful thing for any man to take an oath, when he is not positive as to the fact he is going to swear to: the farmer, I fear, from having secured your person, has certain evidence to bring against you; but that is a business in which I have no right to interfere, as your examination must take place before a neighbouring justice of the peace. Whether the fact be, or be not proved against you, here is a trifle to support you, in case you should get your discharge, that you may not plead your wants, as an excuse for committing such a dreadful outrage against society; after what is past, it will be highly improper to admit you again into the regiment; in future, learn to labour with diligence, live soberly, then you will live honestly; be steady and constant in attending on all the duties which your church enjoins you; learn to fear God, honour the king, and be just to your neighbour.'

Tears now filled the eyes of all present; Mrs. Jenkins sobbed aloud, and every one declared, they had never heard so moving a sermon in their born days: they all said what a fine thing scholarship was when applied to

christian uses, and what a pity it was the noble colonel could not be made a bishop.

The colonel condescended to speak to Wells, as kindly as if he had been his equal: 'As for you, honest Robert,' said he, 'your steady conduct has long been the subject of my observation, and my praise, amongst all my brother officers; the sobriety of your life, and your regularity at church, makes you always ready in the performance of your duty: I have long had it in my thoughts to procure you some promotion, without being able to obtain the means; an occasion has presented itself in your absence; Serjeant Jefferson is dead, and I have reserved his place for you; I know you can both write and cast accounts well; in this post I doubt not but you will exercise power with humility, as you have hitherto practised obedience with cheerfulness; and since this little affray has caused you much disappointment, and much delay on your journey, I will pay your fare, and your expences in the stage coach, which I find will pass this afternoon, that agreeably to your intentions, you may join the regiment before the time of your furlow is expired, in order that your conduct may stand as an example to your comrades, that having been entrusted with power, you had too high a sense of duty to abuse it.'

What makes the end of this little story very moving and very instructive is, that while Wells for his honesty and good conduct was enabled by his colonel to finish his journey by

the coach, at the very moment in which he mounted the box, he saw his unfortunate comrade Clark, with his hands tied behind him, carried off to the county jail, to take his trial at the next assizes, sorely lamenting his unhappy fate, and the wilful obstinacy that made him deaf to the excellent advice of so good a friend.

S.

SORROWFUL SAM;

OR, THE

TWO BLACKSMITHS.

MR. Stephens, a very worthy gentleman, having bought a considerable estate in Devonshire, had no sooner taken possession of the manor-house, than he began to turn in his mind, how he might prove useful to his industrious neighbours. He thought the surest means to find out the most deserving, was to observe what families were most regular at church on Sundays. The wife and children of one John Parker, a blacksmith, drew his notice above all the rest; he resolved to go and see them, which he did the first opportunity; he found Mary Parker in the best situation in which a good mother can be found, that is to say, taking care of her family; an infant lay asleep across her lap, while at the same time, she was putting a patch on her husband's waistcoat; her eldest girl was pinning; the second was learning to knit; a third was getting by heart her catechism; whilst a fine boy was unbinding a faggot to heat the oven: a lord's house could not be neater; the tables were rubbed as bright as a looking glass; and the pewter dishes on the shelf more like silver.

Mr. Stephens sat down, and kindly taking the children by the hand, gave each of them a shilling, telling them it was a little reward for their good behaviour at church; and he was so obliging as to add, he never heard little folks say their catechism better.

‘Blessed be God, Sir,’ said Mary, ‘we have both an excellent Sunday and weekly school in the parish, where every poor family may have their children instructed for nothing, would they but be at the trouble to send them in a clean decent manner; yet there is many a mother, I am sorry to say, so little thankful for it, they won’t even be at the pains to do that. A small matter of education, Sir, as I take it, is quite a little portion to a poor child, if their parents knew how to value it. My Betty, there, can make a shirt as well as her mistress; and Sally, who is but seven years old, has saved enough by spinning, at odd hours after school, to buy her a frock: bringing up children in laziness is the root of all evil; besides, Sir,’ continued she, ‘every year there are great rewards given at the school to all children who are regular in their hours and behave well; my girls have an handkerchief or white apron given them; and my boy gets a hat or a pair of shoes, besides Bibles, and many other good books proper to be had in all Christian families, which they read to me every night, and which are a great comfort to my poor heart, under very trying afflictions.’ Mr. Stephens said he was sorry to find she was not happy, and asked her what was the matter?

‘My lot, Sir,’ replied Mary, ‘is not harder than that of many others; there is an alchouse on the common called the Tennis-Court, which causes more poverty in the parish, than either dearness of provisions, or want of labour. But, children, you may go to play on the green.’ They were no sooner gone than she went on: ‘I don’t like, Sir,’ said she, ‘that my innocent babes should ever hear me talk of the vices of their father, as it may harden their little hearts, and make them undutiful to him; but, as I said before, my lot, after all, is not harder than that of many of my neighbours. There is Susan Waters, the other blacksmith’s wife, whose husband is more drunken than mine, if possible. Sam could earn his two guineas a week as well as my husband, if he would but work; but no sooner does either of them earn a few shillings, than off they are gone tippling, nor do they think of returning to their families till every farthing is spent. As to that, Susan Waters loves work as little as Sam, she is a lazy, dirty, gossiping body, and won’t even take the trouble to clean and send her children to school, only because they were properly corrected by the master for cursing and swearing, and for seldom getting to school of a morning till other children were going home to dinner; so she lets them go strolling like vagabonds all about the parish, stealing apples, breaking hedges, and committing a multitude of other little trespasses on the neighbours.’

‘I humbly thank God, Sir, no one can say my scolding temper drives my husband to the

alehouse because he can have no peace at home, which I am sorry to say is too often the case; a man that works hard all day, Sir, ought to be kindly received by his wife when his labour is done: my John is a very good natured fellow in the main, and he might have been much worse than he is, if I had provoked his temper instead of trying to mend it by gentle means. I am not without hope he will live to see the error of his ways; but all will be right in God's good time, who knows what is best for us: a life of patient suffering, I think, Sir, is a daily preparation for death to poor people.'

'Aye, and for rich people also, my good woman,' said Mr. Stephens, 'or else the Almighty sends his warnings to us in vain; believe me there is no rank of people in life free from calamity—man is born to suffer.' 'O dear Sir,' said Mary, wiping her eyes, 'why we poor folks never think rich folks can be unhappy.'

'I can prove to you the contrary,' said Mr. Stephens; 'and I can prove also, that he is the happiest of men who has the strongest faith in God, and the fewest sins to repent of, let his condition in life be what it will; yet the best people, we often see, are most grievously afflicted; the Almighty only knows what is best for us; besides, Mary, you may be sure great riches were never intended by Providence to make men wise, or good, or happy; that man is always poor who is always coveting; the only rich man is he who is content with what he hath; "for riches," says the wise Solomon, "make to

themselves wings, and fly away," that is to say, when they are not applied to the charitable purposes for which they were given. Riches, indeed, may supply a man with food, but they cannot give him an appetite to eat it: riches can't heal a broken constitution, or quiet the inward gnawings of a guilty conscience. An abundance of wealth oftener proves a snare to a man's soul, than the means of making him happy: believe me, my good woman, it is not either in the nature of wealth, titles, or power, to prevent a man from partaking of all the evils of life, which the sins of his nature have brought upon him. I have a very handsome fortune, Mary, but I much question if any labouring man in the parish would accept it, if he must take all my afflictions into the bargain.' 'Why, Sir,' said Mary, 'there is not a family in this place that does not envy your good fortune.'

'I will now shew you, Mary, whether it has made me a happy man; I will give you a short history of myself, and then leave you to judge what share of happiness has fallen to my lot. As I have said before, I have a very handsome fortune, I have a fine house in London, from which my bad spirits oblige me to fly, as my dear wife died suddenly in it; my eldest son is turned out, in spite of all my care and pains, one of the most profligate young men of his time. I had three fine daughters, who all died in the space of three years: I should have sunk under this severe stroke, had not God's goodness supported me; the shock of it destroyed my health, though it did not shake my belief,

that this great affliction was meant in mercy to my soul.'

'I have beds of down, Mary, but my physicians order me to lie on a straw mattress; and though my bed-chamber is crowded with the most costly furniture, I seldom get two hours sleep in a night. My table every day is covered with the most dainty dishes, yet I can only eat a turnip, or a potatoe: my cellars are filled with the best wines, yet I can drink only water. I have a coach, a post-chaise, and a variety of saddle-horses; yet I have an inward complaint, which prevents my making use of either, without suffering great pain: thus you see, Mary, how wrong it is to envy people for their great wealth; do you shew me a miserable poor man, and I'll shew you ten miserable rich ones.'

'What you have been saying to me, will do me more good than a sermon; and I hope it will teach me for the time to come to be quite satisfied with any station,' answered Mary.

At this moment John Parker came in; 'you have some of the loveliest children, John, I ever saw in my life,' said Mr. Stephens. 'What a pleasure it must be to you of an evening when your work is done, to sit here in your great chair, with your little prattlers on your knees, to hear them read their pretty books, and say their prayers before they go to bed.' Here John's conscience flashed in his face, which became as red as fire, so sorely did it smite him.



‘ True enough, fir, however,’ stammered he, ‘ but I suppose your worship must have heard, I am not quite as kind a husband and father as I ought to be, though I have the best wife and children in the world; I know my fault, fir, and hope in time I shall mend it.’

‘ I hope you will, John,’ said Mr. Stephens, ‘ as your own eyes must convince you, what poverty and distress a drunken tradesman brings on his family: that man has a hard heart, John, who lives upon ale, whilst his poor wife, who suckles his children, drinks nothing but water; a pint of good beer, John, makes an Englishman strong and hearty; but drunkenness makes him both a beggar and a beast.’— ‘ May God’s blessing for ever attend you, fir,’ cried Mary, ‘ for giving my dear husband such good advice; I should be the happiest woman in the world, were he to turn from his present evil courses.’

Soon after this Mr. Stephens went away, and on his road home called on Sam Waters, and though it was the middle of the day, he found him stretched at his length and fast asleep in his shop, though his yard was full of wag-gons, ploughs, &c. waiting to be repaired; but not a spark of fire was there in the forge, nor a bit of iron to work upon if there had. Several of his children, all rags and tatters, lay basking in the sun, and kicking up their heels on a bank of cinders. When Mr. Stephens peeped into the house, it stunk with filth: it shocked him to think, how people could consent to live like pigs, rather than take the

smallest pains to keep themselves fresh and clean, for though folks may be ever so poor, 'tis nothing but their own laziness need keep them dirty. The furniture of the kitchen, he observed, had all been very good, but for want of the smith's driving an occasional nail, every thing was gone to rack and ruin; a large oak table was without a flap, the clock had no pendulum; the bellows was without a nose; the skimmer without a handle; the brass pot without a hanger; the gridiron had hardly any ribs; the frying-pan was burnt through; the stairs-door hung without a hinge; the window-bench was full of the parings of potatoes, and, on a round-table in the middle of the house, stood a parcel of broken tea-dishes, and saucers, some bits of cake lying in the flop of a pewter dish, with the brim melted off.

Mr. Stephens here seeing Susan Waters, who was sitting over the fire, with her hands idling before her, told her he wished her husband would call, and look at one of his coach-horses that was sick.

'Ah sir,' said she, 'you may as well preach to a man without ears, as talk to our Sam about work, a lazy drunken dog!'

''Tis a sad thing to be sure,' said Mr Stephens, 'for a poor woman to have a drunken husband, but that need not hinder you from discharging your duties as a wife; what a pity it is you keep your house so filthy, and your children so ragged; clean water costs nothing, and needles and thread are very cheap; don't

you think your children would be much better at school, than beating about the parish all day?’

‘My children, sir,’ said Susan, ‘don’t love confinement at school, and they shan’t go any where to be put upon, nobody shall hector over them but myself.’

‘Then take my word for it,’ said Mr. Stephens, ‘you will live to see yourself the cause of their ruin; many a poor fellow, Susan, has been brought to the gallows by his mother’s folly: we are all corrupt by nature, and, therefore, if our faults are not corrected in our infancy, how can we expect to obtain favour of the Almighty, when we come to riper years?’

‘O sir,’ replied Susan, with a toss of her head, ‘’tis mighty fine talking, you don’t know how hard the times are.’—‘Yes,’ says Sam Waters, who at that moment came forward, staggering, and stretching himself, ‘times, and please your Worship are very hard, taxes are high, and work is scarce.’

‘From what I have heard, and from what I see Sam,’ said Mr. Stephens, ‘your idleness and your drink are the heaviest taxes that are laid on your family—you have a deal of work about you, and here I find you fast asleep in the middle of the day. Lazy folks, Sam, are always complaining of the hardness of the times, whilst industrious ones are striving to amend them. As I shall now reside great part of the year at the manor-house, I intend to keep a good look out amongst my tenants, and the poor, that I may have an opportunity to assist the most deserving,

but remember, Sam, there is no helping those who won't help themselves; however, as I find you are neither a dishonest, nor an ill-natured fellow, I flatter myself you will not be deaf to good advice, and as soon as I see you prefer your workshop to the ale-house, I will advance a sum of money, that you may lay in a stock of goods, and I will cloath your children if you will insist on your wife's sending them to school.'

Here Sam humbly thanked Mr. Stephens for his promised favours, saying, he hoped he should live to deserve them.

'I have told his worship already,' said Susan, 'our children don't love school, and they shan't go to be put upon, poor things! so they shan't; they shall have their own way, for they are likely to have nothing else.'

'Unhappy mistaken woman,' replied Mr. Stephens, 'I now see nothing but God's grace can turn the crooked heart to ways of righteousness; don't be surpris'd, Susan, if your own wilful obstinacy should bring your children to ruin, and you should die of a broken heart in consequence of your folly.'

One Summer's evening, as Mr. Stephens happened to pass by the Tennis court, he saw a number of jolly fellows sitting under a large tree before the door, singing and roaring as if there were neither poverty or sorrow in the world; among this merry crew he perceived Parker and Waters: the former blushed up to the ears on seeing Mr. Stephens, for Parker

was not at all disguised in liquor, but Waters was too drunk to see any thing beyond the quart pot which he held to his lips. The moment he had drank it off, he began to roar aloud, the old song of "Let us drink and drive care away:" at that instant his wife appeared with her rags flying behind her, and her face as black as a chimney-sweeper, her eyes staring with rage, and her lips white with passion, carrying one child under her arm, and leading another by the hand; after having set them both on the ground, she flew like a tiger on her husband, and so belaboured him with a clenched fist, that the blood began at length to stream from his mouth and nose, for he was so top-heavy he had not power to defend himself; she called him at the same time by names too shocking to repeat; so true it is, that bad words always follow bad actions; at length she twisted one hand in the hair of his head, snatched up her infant with the other, and in this manner she lugged him off in triumph.

The violence of her behaviour struck every one present with dismay; Parker turned as white as a sheet.—The men were all going to flink away, but Mr. Stephens desired them to stop. 'Neighbours, I hope you will not take unkindly the advice of a friend, who has both the power and will to serve you.'

The men all bowed very civilly, saying, they were very much obliged to him, for as he was to get nothing by it, they were sure he would say nothing but what was for their good. Mr. Stephens then went on. 'It is a strange thing,

my friends,' said he, 'that christian men, who have souls to be saved, should call any thing a pleasure which must certainly bring on their ruin. How frequently has it happened that men have died drunk! Consider, I beseech you, what an awful thing it is, for a being to be launched into eternity in a fit of intoxication, in which the soul cannot offer up one prayer for mercy to that great God, before whom it is about to appear.—Let me kindly advise you then to think seriously of what I have been saying; live soberly if you would live happily; drink less abroad at the ale-house, that you may eat more with your families at home.'

'O, sir,' cried Parker, looking ghastly pale with shame, 'may the blessing of heaven forsake me, if ever I am seen drunk in this house again! My poor dear wife and children, how often have I starved your bodies, to pamper my own! Merciful Father, forgive the hardness of my heart! I have not the excuse some men will make for running to ale-houses, who have scolding ill-tempered wives at home; my Mary is the best-tempered, meek creature in the world, and though I have drank gallons of liquor in a week, whilst she has been lying-in and suckling my children upon a drop of cold water, she never once said, John Parker, why do'st do so? Nothing but her trust in God, I am certain, could make her bear unkindness with so much patience: O sir, sir, I am afraid I am too wicked for heaven's pardon to reach me.'

'Never despair, John,' said Mr. Stephens;

‘the only thing we are sure of, is pardon for sin, upon our sincere repentance: practice must keep pace with prayer: yet it is only daily prayer that can keep us from the commission of bad actions.’

Here the whole company humbly thanked Mr. Stephens for having condescended to talk so kindly to them, observing at the same time, what a fine thing it was for so great and wise a gentleman to have so little pride; it was turning his learning to a fine account; and they all knew he said nothing to them, which he did not practice himself every day.—Mr. Stephens now wished them a good night, hoping they would all return home to their families, and then walked away with Parker to his house. Parker’s conscience sorely smote him, when he saw his supper neatly covered up before the fire, while his children were kneeling round their mother praying for a blessing, before they went to bed.—‘We saw no such sight as this at the Tennis-court, John,’ said Mr. Stephens. ‘No indeed, sir,’ sobbed John, ‘this is a blessed sight, which I am not worthy to behold.’—‘Have you not read in the sacred scriptures, John,’ said Mr. Stephens, ‘that the unbelieving husband shall be saved by the believing wife?’ He then told Mary what had happened, and hoped he had brought her home a penitent husband.—‘Merciful God, I thank thee,’ cried this worthy woman, clasping her hands, ‘for all thy many favours towards me, and mine; may I hope, that the father of my precious babes, has resolved to leave off his evil courses, and that,

with God's assistance, he will endeavour to lead a sober religious life; we shall then not only abound in the good things of this life, but shall have the promise also of enjoying far better things in the life to come.'

Sam Waters for some weeks kept clear of temptation, and seemed to be going on tolerably well; he looked very down and sheepish, whenever Mr. Stephens called upon him: this gentleman encouraged him, and bid him have a good heart, telling him at the same time, the surest way to avoid shame, was to flee from sin. —All the fault, I assure your worship again and again, cried Sam, is not on my side; my wife is of such a terrible temper, that the house is often too hot to hold us both. I can scarcely ever get to church on a Sunday, for want of a clean shirt, and my coat and waistcoat are gone all to rags for want of a stitch in time: whilst Mary Parker, who is a clean, neat, tidy woman, keeps her husband as well dressed as any farmer in the parish: alas! sir, the cloaths you were so kind as to give my children are all gone to tatters already, and they have never appeared at school since the first Sunday they put them on; 'tis enough to weary the great folks to see what a slight many poor folks often put upon their favours; however, sir, I hope my limbs will perish on my body if ever I am caught drunk at the Tennis-court again.'

'Take care what you say, Sam,' said Mr. Stephens; 'you have now called on your Maker to witness the oath you have made, and very dreadful to you may be the consequence

should you break it. The safest way, Sam, for the rich as well as poor, is to keep their accounts with heaven short, which should be settled daily, as merchants and tradesmen settle their books, as we may have but a short notice, to pay off a long reckoning. We can do nothing of ourselves, Sam, but God's grace accompanying us, we have every thing to hope; it is a tower of strength in the hour of danger.'

How long Waters kept his vow unbroken, will shortly be seen. In one of Mr. Stephens's evening rides, just below the Tennis-court, he spied Sam lying dead drunk across the road, when at the same instant almost, a waggon whose horses had taken fright, ran over him, the waggoner staying behind to drink. By the time Mr. Stephens reached the spot where Sam lay, they found Waters not dead indeed, yet there was little appearance of life in him, the waggon had gone over his two legs. When the waggoner came to see the woeful misery his neglect had caused, he was ready to tear his hair for vexation, for he knew he had broken the laws of God by getting drunk, and the laws of the land for leaving his waggon, and he expected every moment when Mr. Stephens would commit him to jail for his offence.

Mr. Stephens kindly gave up his carriage to carry Waters home, ordering his servant, at the same time, to gallop off for a surgeon, who, on his arrival, found it necessary to take off both Waters's legs, one above, the other a little below the knee. During his long ill-

ness, Mr. Stephens ordered every thing to be sent him, that was necessary for a man in his condition: it was observed by all about him, that the first words Sam uttered on coming to himself were, 'O my good God, my punishment is but my just reward for my sin; did I not call on thy holy name, to witness I would not get drunk, and make a beast of myself any more?' After some time, Sam and his whole family were carried to the poor-house; people flocked from all parts to hear him tell how the strength of his own wicked prayers had brought down heaven's vengeance upon him.

Mr. Stephens called in upon him one day, just as he had been telling some of his neighbours the history of his misfortunes: 'Ah Sir,' cried Sam to Mr. Stephens, 'divine vengeance has overtaken me at last; had I taken your kind advice, this misfortune would never have befallen me; my own bitter oaths and curses, have brought on my own destruction; what a poor miserable wretch have they made me? My dear friends, (said he to the by-standers,) learn wisdom from the woeful example of **SORROWFUL SAM**, and remember, the rod of the Almighty is always hanging over your heads, however his tender mercy may withhold his hand from striking; but justice often provoked, sooner or later, will overtake us. O neighbours, neighbours! let me beseech you not to put off the day of your repentance, till you are brought to a sick bed; keep holy the sabbath, and never fail of attending to your church, for if you do not hear God's word, how

can you keep his commandments? If you really pity my sufferings take warning by them, to avoid falling into my crimes; and if you wish to live and prosper in the land, O my friends, take warning by SORROWFUL SAM.'

The most hardened fellow present did not fail to shed tears at such a moving discourse. Mr. Stephens was also much affected, kindly shook him by the hand, and said, he was delighted to hear him talk so like a Christian, and hoped, if his life were spared, he should see him live like a Christian also, since that alone could prove the sincerity of his repentance. He then spoke to Susan Waters, telling her he believed no misfortunes could touch her heart, or keep her from gossiping, and idling about, and making her children more wicked by her own example. Now mark the end of this indulgent mother, who lived to experience the misery her own bad conduct had brought upon her children; before her eldest son, who was her favourite, was eighteen years of age, he was transported to Botany Bay, and the last words he said to his mother, when loaded with chains, and put on board the ship, were, 'Mother, the sight of you is hateful to my eyes, for had you kept me to my school, when I was a child, I should not have spent my days in idleness, learning all manner of wickedness, which has brought me, so early in life, to this miserable pass.' Though Susan tore her hair and wrung her hands at losing her darling son, yet no one pitied her; 'your trouble is of your own seeking, Susan,' the neighbours would say,

'for as you brew, so you must bake.' The rest of her children likewise turned out very badly.

Poor Sam Waters languished in great pain and misery about two years, but the patience with which he suffered his affliction proved the best testimony of his repentance, and made every one kind to him, for a hardened sinner under affliction is a shocking sight indeed. He spent the greater part of the day reading the Bible and other good books, which Mr. Stephens sent him. Some of the old men and women in the poor-house, would croud into Sam's room, to hear him read chapters and prayers, for in his youth he had received a pretty education, though in his riper years he had not turned it to account. 'How thankful I ought to be,' Sam would say, 'that heaven, in taking away the use of my limbs, was graciously pleased to open my mind, to receive the truths of the Gospel, for now truly I can cry out, "It is good for me I have been afflicted;" and though I cannot run a race, I can sing a psalm; and since I have left off the wicked custom of drinking and swearing, I have taken up a much better one for my soul's safety, of reading and praying.' Thus he went on, resigned to his dying hour, and his last words were, 'O neighbours, neighbours! remember to avoid the fate of SORROWFUL SAM.'

It is pleasant to observe, that John Parker, after the fray of the Tennis court, was never seen disguised in liquor; and what a shining example was his wife to those violent women,

whose quarrelsome tempers drive their husbands to public-houses, whereby their families are often brought to poverty and shame, whereas the mild manner and patient temper of Mary Parker, caused such an entire reformation in her husband, that in a short time they began to thrive prodigiously, business was more brisk than ever, because it was well followed up. His wife did her part to make the most of his earnings, for after all, a man's labours can do but little, if the kind, diligent hand of his wife, does not help him to bear the heat and burthen of the day.

Mr. Stephens no sooner saw how diligently Parker applied himself to his business, than he lent him a sum of money, that he might lay in a stock of goods at the best hand, which would greatly increase the profits of his labour; at length money came in as fast as he could wish, and Mr. Stephens was so much pleased with his eldest boy, who was an honest, sensible lad, that at his own expence, he put him two years to a creditable boarding-school, that he might be well instructed in writing and arithmetic, and afterwards had him bound out apprentice to the first tanner in the country.

It is here proper to notice a little kindness of Parker; as long as Waters lived, he sent one of his children with a plate of roast meat and pudding to him, every Sunday, for he would say, Sam Waters was the best friend he ever had in his life, since in the looking-glass of Sam's vices, he had been able to see the ugliness of his own.

When the fat landlord of the Tennis-court died of a dropfy, brought on him by hard drinking, the justices would never grant the house another licence, as it stood in the village far from the road side, and could be of no service to travellers. 'Tis surprising to tell, how much, in the course of a few years, this lessened the poor rates, there being no temptation at hand, to draw labouring men from their families, insomuch that by not drinking the earnings of a week in an evening at the public house, they were soon enabled to brew a cask of good beer at home.

In the course of a few years, the whole parish had reason to bless God, for sending so good a gentleman as Mr. Stephens amongst them, whose hand and heart were ever open to succour the distressed, and to help forward the industrious; but he would never waste his substance to pamper laziness, or to succour vice; he looked upon the industrious poor, as his children and friends, but from the drunkard, the liar, the swearer, and the thief, his bounty was withheld. And what is very extraordinary, there never was a reprobate in the parish, but all the little children would run after him, and tell him to take warning by SORROWFUL SAM.

S.

HAPPY WATERMAN.

A GENTLEMAN and lady walking on the banks of the river Thames, spied a small ferry-boat with a neatly dressed waterman rowing towards them; on his nearer approach, they read on the stern of his boat, these words, THE HAPPY WATERMAN. Without taking any notice of it, they determined to enter into conversation with him, and inquiring into his situation in life, they found that he had a wife and five children, and supported also an old father and mother-in-law by his own labour. The gentleman and lady were upon this still more surprised, at the title he had given himself, and said, 'my friend, if this is your situation, how is it that you call yourself the happy waterman?' 'I can easily explain this to your satisfaction,' answered the young man, 'if you will give me leave;' and they desiring him to proceed, he spoke as follows: 'I have observed that our greatest blessings in life are often looked upon as the greatest distresses, and are, in fact, made such by means of imprudent conduct. My father and mother died a few years ago, and left a large family; my father was a waterman, and I was his assistant

in the management of a ferry-boat, by which he supported his family; on his death, it was necessary (in order to pay his just debts) to sell our boat! I parted from it—even with tears—but the distress that I felt, spurred me on to industry, for I said, I will use every kind of diligence to purchase my boat back again. I went to the person who had bought it, and told him my design; he had given five *guineas* for it, but told me, as I was once the owner, that I should have it whenever I could raise five *pounds*. ‘Shall the boat be mine again!’ said I; my heart bounded at the thought!

‘I was at this time married to a good young woman, and we lived at a neighbouring cottage; she was young, healthy, and industrious, and so was I, and we loved one another.—What might we not undertake? My father used to say to me, ‘Always do what is right; labour diligently, and spend your money carefully; and God will bless your store.’ We treasured up these rules, and determined to try the truth of them. My wife had long chiefly supported two aged parents: I loved them as my own—and the desire of contributing to their support, was an additional spur to my endeavours to repurchase the boat. I entered myself as a day-labourer, in the garden of our ‘squire: and my wife was called occasionally to perform some services at the house, and employed herself in needle work, spinning or knitting at home; not a moment in the day was suffered to pass unemployed—we spared for ourselves, and furnished all the comforts we

could to the poor about us—and every week we dropped a little overplus into a fairing-box—to buy the BOAT. If any accident or charity brought us an additional shilling, we did not enlarge our expence but kept it for the BOAT! The more care we took, the more comfortable we felt, for we were the nearer the possession of our little BOAT. Our labour was lightened, by our looking forward to the attainment of our wishes. Our family indeed increased, but with it our friends increased also, for the cleanliness and frugality which furnished our cottage, and the content and cheerfulness that appeared in it, drew the notice of our rich neighbours; of my master and mistress particularly, whose rule was to assist the industrious, but not to encourage the idle. They did not approve of giving money to the poor; but in cold winters, or dear times, allowed us to buy things at a cheaper rate: this was *money to us*, for when we counted our little cash for the week's marketing, all that was saved to us by our tickets to purchase things at reduced prices, went into our 'little box.' If my children got a penny at school for a reward, to buy gingerbread, they brought it home, they said, to help to buy the BOAT—for they would have no gingerbread till daddy has got his boat again! Thus from time to time our little store insensibly increased, till one pound only was wanting of the five, when the following accident happened.

'Coming home one evening from my work,

I saw in the road a small pocket-book: on opening it, I found a bank note of 10l. which plainly enough belonged to my master, for his name was upon it, and I had also seen him passing that way in the evening: it being too late, however, to return to the house, I went on my way. When I told my family of the accident, the little ones were thrown into a transport of joy. 'My dears, said I, what is the matter?' 'Oh daddy, the BOAT! the BOAT! we may now have two or three boats!' I checked them by my looks, and asked them if they recollected whose money that was? they said, 'yours, as you found it.' I reminded them that I was not the real owner, and bid them think how they would all feel, supposing a stranger was to take our box of money, if I should happen to drop it on the day I went to buy back the boat. This thought had the effect on their young minds that I desired: they were silent and pale with the representation of such a disaster, and I begged it might be a lesson to them never to forget the golden rule of "doing as they would wish others to do by them;" for by attention to this certain guide, no one would ever do wrong to another. I also took this opportunity to explain to them, that the possession of the BOAT by dishonest means would never answer, since we could not expect the blessing of God upon *bad deeds*.

'To go on with my story:—the next morning I put the pocket-book into my bosom, and went to my work, intending as soon as the family

rose to give it to my master, but what were my feelings, when, on searching in my bosom, it was no where to be found! I hastened back along the road I came, looking diligently all the way, but in vain! there were no traces of any such thing.—I would not return into my cottage because I wished to save my family the pain I felt; and in the hope of still recovering the book, I went to my work, following another path which I recollected I had also gone by; on my return to the garden gate, I was accosted by the gardener, who, in a threatening tone, told me I was suspected; that our master had lost a pocket-book, describing what I had found, and that I being the only man absent from the garden at the hour of work, the rest of the men also denying that they had seen any such thing, there was every reason to conclude that I must have got it. Before I could answer, my distressed countenance confirmed the suspicion; and another servant coming up, said I was detected, for that a person had been sent to my house, and that my wife and family had owned it all, and had described the pocket-book. I told them the real fact, but it seemed to every one unlikely to be true; every circumstance was against me, and (my heart trembles to look back upon it) I was arrested, and hurried away to prison! I protested my innocence, but I did not wonder that I gained no credit. Great grief now oppressed my heart; my poor wife, my dear children, and my grey-headed parents, were all at once plunged into want and misery, instead of the ease and happiness which

we were expecting; for we were just arriving at the height of our earthly wishes. I had, however, one consolation left—that I knew *I was innocent*; and I trusted that by “persevering in honesty,” all might come right at last. My resolution was, as I had certainly been the cause, though without any design of the second loss of the property, that I would offer (alas!) the whole of our little store, to make it good as far as in my power! and I sent for my wife to give her this sad commission, but she informed me that even this sacrifice could be of no avail, ‘for,’ said she, ‘my master has been at the cottage, when I told him freely how you had found the note, but unfortunately had lost it again; and I added, that I was sure both I and my husband would make the best return in our power; after which I produced our little fairing-box, and begged him to accept the contents, which had been so long raising, as all we had to offer:’ but, Sir, said the waterman, conceive my agony, when she added, that my master angrily refused, saying, that our being in possession of all that money, was of itself the clearest proof of my guilt; for it was impossible, with my large family, and no greater opportunities than my neighbours, that I could come honestly by such a sum; therefore he was determined to keep me in gaol till I should pay the whole. My unhappiness was very great; however, my mind by degrees began to be more easy, for I grew confident that I should not trust in *God* and my own innocence in vain:

—and so it happened; one of my fellow-labourers proved to be the person who had picked up the note after I had dropt it, having come a few minutes after me along the same road to his work, and hearing that the suspicion had fallen altogether upon me, he was tempted to turn the accident to his own advantage, and conceal the property; which having kept in his own box for a few weeks, till he thought no suspicion would rest upon him, he went and offered the note for change, and being then suspected, my master had him taken up, and I was released.

The second change from so much misery to happiness was almost too much for us. My master sent for me, and with many expressions of concern for what had passed, made me give him an account of the means by which I had collected the little fund, that fixed his suspicions so strongly upon me. I accordingly related the history of it as I have now done; and when I came to that part, where I checked my children for their inconsiderate joy, on their finding the note, he rose, with much kindness in his looks, and putting the bank bill into my hand, he said, ‘Take it!—the bank note shall be theirs. It is the best and only return I can make you, as well as a just reward of your honesty: and it will be a substantial proof to your children of the goodness of your instructions, for they will thus early see, and feel the benefit of honesty and virtue!’

This kind and worthy gentleman interested himself much in the purchase of my boat, which,

in less than a week, I was in full possession of. The remainder of my master's bounty, and the additional advantage of the ferry, has placed me in comfortable circumstances, which I humbly trust God will continue to us, as long as we continue our labour and honest diligence; and I can say from my long experience, that the fruit of our own industry is always sweetest. I have now also the pleasure of being able to help others, for when a rich passenger takes my ferry, as my story is well known in the neighbourhood, he often gives me more than my fare, which enables me to let the next poor person go over for half price.'

The lady and gentleman were extremely pleased with the waterman's story, and willingly joined in calling him the **HAPPY WATERMAN**. They passed over in his ferry-boat for the sake of making him an handsome present. And from this time, becoming acquainted with his family, they did them every service in their power, giving books and schooling to the little ones, and every comfort to the old father and mother-in-law as long as they survived. They were very desirous of knowing what became of the unfortunate fellow-labourer, who had so dreadfully gone aside from the principles of honesty, and they learnt that he was, after a short imprisonment, set at liberty by his master, at the earnest entreaty of the honest waterman, as he said it was partly through the carelessness in losing the note that the temptation had fallen in his fellow labourer's way; he had moreover a very large family, his master also was so good

as to consider that he was a man who had not been blessed with a good education in his youth, so that having little fear of God before his eyes, and having a great temptation in his way, he had been the more easily led to commit this very wicked action, by which he would have enriched himself at the expence of an innocent man. I have a great pleasure in adding, that the thought of what he had done, together with the generosity of the waterman, had so strong an effect upon this poor fellow, that he afterwards had it written upon his cottage door,—
DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO. And he hath resolved to follow this rule himself in future, and also taught it to all his children: indeed it became a rule well known over the whole parish, for every little child having been informed of this story, was told that he ought to consider before he did any action, whether he would like his brother, or sister, or school-fellow, to do the same by him; and if not, that the action was wrong, and not to be done let the profit be ever so great. Surely then, those who have lived long, and seen much of life, and have had much religious instruction also, should never depart from this simple and certain rule. And it is the same to all ranks—it requires neither learning nor abilities to “do as you would be done unto,” nor can any station, however great, nor any circumstances, however trying, excuse men from giving their constant attention to this **GOLDEN RULE.**

PARLEY THE PORTER,

AN ALLEGORY:

*Shewing how Robbers without can never get into
an House unless there are Traitors within.*



THERE was once a certain gentleman who had a house or castle situated in the midst of a great wilderness, but inclosed in a garden. Now there was a band of robbers in the wilderness, who had a great mind to plunder and destroy the castle, but they had not succeeded in their endeavours, because the master had given

strict orders to "*watch without ceasing.*" To quicken their vigilance, he used to tell them, that their care would soon have an end; that though the nights they had to watch were dark and stormy, yet they were but few; the period of resistance was short, that of rest, eternal.

The robbers, however, attacked the castle in various ways. They tried at every avenue; watched to take advantage of every careless moment; looked for an open door or a neglected window. But though they often made the bolts shake and the windows rattle, they could never greatly hurt the house, much less get into it. Do you know the reason? It was, because the servants were never off their guard. They heard the noises plain enough, and used to be not a little frightened, for they were aware both of the strength and perseverance of the enemies. But what seemed rather odd to some of these servants, the gentleman used to tell them, that while they continued to be afraid they would be safe; and it passed into a sort of proverb in that family, "*happy is he that feareth always.*" Some of the servants, however, thought this a contradiction.

One day, when the master was going from home, he called his servants all together, and spoke to them as follows: 'I will not repeat to you the directions I have so often given you; they are all written down in *THE BOOK OF LAWS*, of which every one of you have a copy. Remember, it is a very short time that you are to remain in this castle; you will soon remove to my more settled habitation, to a more dura-

ble house, not made with hands. As those houses are never exposed to any attack, so they never stand in need of any repair, for that country is never infested by any sons of violence. Here you are servants; there you will be princes. But mark my words, and you will find the same truth in THE BOOK OF MY LAWS, whether you will ever attain to *that* house, will depend on the manner in which you defend yourselves in *this*. A stout vigilance for a short time will secure your certain happiness for ever. But every thing depends on your present exertions. Don't complain and take advantage of my absence, and call me a hard master, and grumble that you are placed in the midst of an howling wilderness without peace or security. Say not, that you are exposed to temptations without any power to resist them. You have some difficulties, it is true, but you have many helps and many comforts to make this house tolerable, even before you get to the other. Yours is not a hard service, and if it were "the time is short." You have arms if you will use them, and doors if you will bar them, and strength if you will use it. I would defy all the attacks of the robbers without, if I could depend on the fidelity of the people within. If the thieves ever get in and destroy the house, it must be by the connivance of one of the family. *For it is a standing law of this castle, that mere outward attack can never destroy it, if there be no traitor within.* You will stand or fall as you observe this rule. If you are finally

happy, it will be by my grace and favour; if you are ruined it will be your own fault.'

When the gentleman had done speaking, every servant repeated his assurance of attachment and firm allegiance to his master. But among them all, not one was so vehement and loud in his professions as old Parley the porter. Parley, indeed, it was well known, was always talking, which exposed him to no small danger; for as he was the foremost to promise, so he was the slackest to perform. And to speak the truth, though he was a civil spoken fellow, his master was more afraid of him, with all his professions, than he was of the rest, who protested less. He knew that Parley was vain, credulous, and self-sufficient; and he always apprehended more danger from Parley's impertinence, curiosity, and love of novelty, than even from the stronger vices of some of his other servants. The rest, indeed, seldom got into any scrape of which Parley was not the cause in some shape or other.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that though Parley was allowed every refreshment, and all the needful rest which the nature of his place permitted, yet he thought it very hard to be forced to be so constantly on duty. 'Nothing but watching,' said Parley; 'I have to be sure many pleasures, and meat sufficient; and plenty of chat in virtue of my office, and I pick up a good deal of news of the comers and goers by day, but it is hard that at night I must watch as narrowly as a house dog, and yet let in no company without orders, only because

there is said to be a few straggling *robbers* here in the wilderness, with whom my master does not care to let us be acquainted. He pretends to make us vigilant through fear of the robbers, but I suspect it is only to make us mope alone. A merry companion, and a mug of beer, would make the night pass cheerily.' Parley, however, kept all these thoughts to himself, or uttered them only when no one heard, for talk he must. He began to listen to the nightly whistling of the robbers under the windows with rather less alarm than formerly, and was sometimes so tired of watching, that he thought it was even better to run the risk of being robbed once, than to live always in fear of robbers.

There were certain bounds in which the gentleman allowed his servants to walk and divert themselves at all proper seasons. A pleasant garden surrounded the castle, and a thick hedge separated this garden from the wilderness, which was infested by the robbers, in which they were permitted to amuse themselves. The master advised them always to keep within these bounds. 'While you observe this rule,' said he, 'you will be safe and well; and you will consult your own safety, as well as shew your love to me by not venturing ever to the extremity of your bounds: he who goes as far as he dares, always shews a wish to go farther than he ought, and commonly does so.'

It was remarkable, that the nearer these servants kept to the castle, and the farther from

the *hedge*, the more ugly the wilderness appeared. And the nearer they approached the forbidden bounds, their own home appeared more dull, and the wilderness more delightful. And this the master knew when he gave his orders; for he never either did or said any thing without a good reason. And when his servants sometimes desired an explanation of the reason, he used to tell them they would understand it when they came to *the other house*; for it was one of the pleasures of that house, that it would explain all the mysteries of this, and any little obscurities in the master's conduct would be then made quite plain.

Parley was the first who promised to keep clear of the *hedge*, and yet was often seen looking as near as he durst. One day he ventured close up to the hedge, put two or three stones one on another, and tried to peep over. He saw one of the robbers strolling as near as could be on the forbidden side. This man's name was Mr. Flatterwell, a smooth civil man, "whose words were softer than butter, having war in his heart." He made several low bows to Parley.

Now Parley knew so little of the world that he actually concluded all robbers must have an ugly look, which should frighten you at once, and coarse brutal manners, which would, at first sight, shew they were enemies. He thought, like a poor ignorant fellow as he was, that this mild specious person could never be one of the band. Flatterwell accosted Parley with the utmost civility, which put him quite off his

guard, for Parley had no notion that he could be an enemy who was so soft and civil. For an open foe he would have been prepared. Parley, however, after a little discourse, drew this conclusion, that either Mr. Flatterwell could not be one of the gang, or that if he was, the robbers themselves could not be such monsters as his master had described, and therefore it was a folly to be afraid of them.

Flatterwell began, like a true adept in his art, by lulling all Parley's suspicions asleep, and instead of openly abusing his master, which would have opened Parley's eyes at once, he pretended rather to commend him in a general way, as a person who meant well himself, but was too apt to suspect others. To this Parley assented. The other then ventured to hint by degrees, that though the gentleman might be a good master in the main, yet he must say he was a little strict, and a little stingy, and not a little censorious. That he was blamed by the *gentlemen in the wilderness* for shutting his house against good company, and his servants were laughed at by people of spirit for submitting to the gloomy life of the castle, and the insipid pleasures of the garden, instead of ranging in the wilderness at large.

'It is true enough,' said Parley, who was generally of the opinion of the person he was talking with, 'my master is rather harsh and close. But, to own the truth, all the barring, and locking, and bolting, is to keep out a set of gentlemen, who he assures us are *robbers*, and who are waiting for an opportunity to destroy

us. I hope no offence, sir, but by your livery I suspect you, sir, are one of the gang he is so much afraid of.'

Flatterwell. Afraid of me! Impossible, dear Mr. Parley. You see I do not look like an enemy. I am unarmed, what harm can a plain man like me do?

Parley. Why that is true enough. Yet my master says, that if we were once to let you into the house, we should be ruined soul and body.

Flatterwell. I am sorry, Mr. Parley, to hear so sensible a man as you are so deceived. This is mere prejudice. He knows we are chearful, entertaining people, foes to gloom and superstition, and therefore he is so morose he will not let you get acquainted with us.

Parley. Well: he says you are a band of thieves, gamblers, murderers, drunkards, and atheists.

Flatterwell. Don't believe him, the worst we should do, perhaps, is, we might drink a friendly glass with you to your master's health, or play an innocent game of cards just to keep you awake, or sing a cheerful song with the maids: now is there any harm in all this?

Parley. Not the least in the world. And I begin to think there is not a word of truth in all my master says.

Flatterwell. The more you know us, the more you will like us. But I wish there was not this ugly hedge between us. I have a great deal to say, and I am afraid of being overheard.

Parley was now just going to give a spring over the hedge, but checked himself, saying,

‘I dare not come on your side, there are people about and every thing is carried to my master.’ Flatterwell saw by this that his new friend was kept on his own side of the hedge by fear rather than by principle, and from that moment he made sure of him. ‘Dear Mr. Parley,’ said he, ‘if you will allow me the honour of a little conversation with you, I will call under the window of your lodge this evening. I have something to tell you greatly to your advantage. I admire you exceedingly. I long for your friendship; our whole brotherhood is ambitious of being known to so amiable a person.’—‘O dear,’ said Parley, ‘I shall be afraid of talking to you at night. It is so against my master’s orders. But did you say you had something to tell me to my advantage?’

Flatterwell. Yes, I can point out to you how you may be a richer, a merrier, and a happier man. If you will admit me to-night under the window, I will convince you, that ‘tis prejudice, and not wisdom, which makes your master bar his door against us; I will convince you, that the mischief of a *robber*, as your master scurrilously calls us, is only in the name, that we are your true friends, and only mean to promote your happiness.

‘Don’t say *we*,’ said Parley, ‘pray come alone. I would not see the rest of the gang for the world, but I think there can be no great harm in talking to *you* through the bars if you come alone; but I am determined not to let you in. Yet I can’t say but I wish to know what you can tell me so much to my advantage; indeed, if it is for my good, I ought to know it.

Flatterwell. (*Going out, turns back.*) Dear Mr. Parley, there is one thing I had forgot. I cannot get over the hedge at night without assistance. You know there is a secret in the nature of that hedge; you in the house may get over to us in the wilderness of your own accord, but we cannot get to your side by our own strength. You must look about to see where the hedge is thinnest, and then set to work to clear away here and there a little bough for me, it won't be missed, and if there is but the smallest hole made on your side, those on ours can get through; otherwise, we do but labour in vain. To this Parley made some objection through the fear of being seen. Flatterwell replied, that the smallest hole from within would be sufficient, for he could then work his own way. 'Well,' said Parley, 'I will consider of it. To be sure I shall even then be equally safe in the castle, as I shall have all the bolts, bars, and locks between us, so it will make but little difference.'

'Certainly not,' said Flatterwell, who knew it would make all the difference in the world. So they parted with mutual protestations of regard. Parley went home charmed with his new friend. His eyes were now clearly opened as to his master's prejudices against the *robbers*, and he was convinced there was more in the name than in the thing. 'But,' said he, 'though Mr. Flatterwell is certainly an agreeable companion, he may not be so safe an inmate. There can, however, be no harm in talking at a distance, and I certainly won't let him in.'

Parley, in the course of the day, did not forget his promise to thin the hedge of separation a little. At first he only tore off a handful of leaves, then a little sprig, then he broke away a bough or two. It was observable, the larger the breach became, the worse he began to think of his master, and the better of himself. Every peep he took through the broken hedge increased his desire to get out into the wilderness, and made the thoughts of the castle more irksome to him.

He was continually repeating to himself, 'I wonder what Mr. Flatterwell can have to say so much to my advantage! I see he does not wish to hurt my master, he only wishes to serve me.' As the hour of meeting, however, drew near, the master's orders now and then came across Parley's thoughts: so to divert them, he took THE BOOK. He happened to open it at these words: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." For a moment his heart failed him. 'If this admonition should be sent on purpose,' said he, 'but no, 'tis a bugbear. My master told me that if I went to the bounds, I should get over the hedge. Now I went to the utmost limits, and did not get over.' Here conscience put in, 'Yes, but it was because you were watched.'—'I am sure,' continued Parley, 'one may always stop where one will, and this is only a trick of my master's to spoil sport: so I will even hear what Mr. Flatterwell has to say so much to my advantage. I am not obliged to follow his counsels, but there can be no harm in hearing them.'

Flatterwell prevailed on the rest of the robbers to make no public attack on the castle that night. 'My brethren,' said he, 'you now and then fail in your schemes, because you are for violent beginnings, while my soothing insinuating measures hardly ever miss. You come blustering and roaring, and frighten people, and set them on their guard. You inspire them with terror of *you*, while my whole scheme is to make them think well of *themselves*, and ill of their master. If I once get them to entertain hard thoughts of him, and high thoughts of themselves, my business is done, and they fall plump into my snares. So let this delicate affair alone to me. Parley is a softy fellow: he must not be frightened, but cajoled. He is the very sort of man to succeed with; and worth a hundred of your sturdy sensible fellows. With them we want strong arguments, and strong temptations; but with such fellows as Parley, in whom vanity and sensuality are the leading qualities; (as let me tell you, is the case with far the greater part) flattery, and a promise of ease and pleasure, will do more than your whole battle array. If you will let me manage, I will get you all into the castle before midnight.'

At night the castle was barricadoed as usual, and no one had observed the hole which Parley had made in the hedge. This oversight arose that night from the servants neglecting one of the master's standing orders—to make a nightly *examination* of the state of the castle. The neglect did not proceed so much from wilful disobedience, as from having passed the evening in

cloth and diversion, which often amounts to nearly the same.

As all was very cheerful within, so all was very quiet without. And before they went to bed some of the servants observed to the rest, that as they heard no robbers that night, they thought they might soon begin to remit something of their diligence in bolting and barring. That all this fastening and locking was very troublesome, and they hoped the danger was now pretty well over. It was rather remarkable, that they never made these sort of observations, but after an evening of some excess, and when they had neglected their private business with their master. All, however, except Parley, went quietly to bed, and seemed to feel uncommon security.

Parley crept down to his lodge. He had half a mind to go to bed too. Yet he was not willing to disappoint Mr. Flatterwell; so civil a gentleman. To be sure he *might* have bad designs. Yet what right had he to suspect any body who made such professions, and who was so very civil. ‘Besides, it is something for my advantage,’ added Parley; ‘I will not open the door, that is certain, but as he is to come alone, he can do me no harm through the bars of the windows. And he will think I am a coward if I don’t keep my word; no I will let him see that I am not afraid of my own strength; I will shew him I can go what length I please, and stop short *when* I please.’ Had Flatterwell heard this boastful speech, he would have been quite sure of his man.

About eleven Parley heard the signal agreed upon. It was so gentle as to cause little alarm. So much the worse. Flatterwell never frightened any one, and therefore seldom failed of any one. Parley stole softly down, planted himself at his little window, opened the casement, and spied his new friend. It was pale star-light. Parley was a little frightened, for he thought he perceived one or two persons behind Flatterwell; but the other assured him it was only his own shadow, which his fears had magnified into a company. 'Though I assure you,' said he, 'I have not a friend but what is as harmless as myself.'

They now entered into earnest discourse in which Flatterwell shewed himself a deep politician. He skilfully mixed up in his conversation a proper proportion of praise on the pleasures of the wilderness, of compliments to Parley, of ridicule on his master, and of abusive sneers on the book in which the master's laws were written. Against this last he had always a particular spite, for he considered it as the grand instrument by which the master maintained his servants in allegiance, and when they could be once brought to sneer at the book, there was an end of submission to the master. Parley had not penetration enough to see his drift. 'As to the book, Mr. Flatterwell,' said he, 'I do not know whether it be true or false, I rather neglect than disbelieve it. I am forced indeed to hear it read once a week, but I never look into it myself if I can help it.' 'Excellent,' said Flatterwell to himself, 'that is just

the same thing. This is safe ground for me. For whether a man does not believe in THE BOOK, or does not attend to it, it comes pretty much to the same, and I generally get him at last.'

'Why cannot we be a little nearer, Mr. Parley,' said Flatterwell; 'I am afraid of being overheard by some of your master's spies. The window from which you speak is so high; I wish you would come down to the door.'— 'Well,' said Parley, 'I see no great harm in that. There is a little wicket in the door through which we can converse with more ease and equal safety. The same fastenings will be still between us.' So down he went, but not without a degree of fear and trembling.

The little wicket being now opened, and Flatterwell standing close on the outside of the door, they conversed with great ease. 'Mr. Parley,' said Flatterwell, 'I should not have pressed you so much to admit me into the castle, but out of pure disinterested regard to your own happiness. I shall get nothing by it, but I cannot bear to think that a person so wise and amiable should be shut up in this gloomy dungeon, under a hard master, and a slave to the unreasonable tyranny of his BOOK OF LAWS. If you admit me you need have no more waking, no more watching.' Here Parley involuntarily slipped back the bolt of the door. 'To convince you of my true love,' continued Flatterwell, 'I have brought a bottle of the most delicious wine that grows in the wilderness. You shall taste it, but you must put a glass

through the wicket to receive it, for it is a singular property in this wine, that we of the wilderness cannot succeed in conveying it to you of the castle, without you hold out a vessel to receive it.—‘O here is a glass,’ said Parley, holding out a large goblet, which he always kept ready to be filled by any chance comer. The other immediately poured into the capacious goblet a large draught of that delicious intoxicating liquor with which the family of the Flatterwell’s have for near 6000 years gained the hearts and destroyed the souls of all the inhabitants of the castle, whenever they have been able to prevail on them to hold out a hand to receive it. This the wise master of the castle well knew would be the case, for he knew what was in men, he knew their propensity to receive the delicious poison of the Flatterwell’s, and it was for this reason that he gave them **THE** BOOK of his laws, and planted the hedge, and invented the bolts, and doubled the locks.

As soon as poor Parley had swallowed the fatal draught, it acted like enchantment. He at once lost all power of resistance. He had no sense of fear left. He despised his own safety, forgot his master, lost all sight of the house in the other country, and reached out for another draught as eagerly as Flatterwell held out the bottle to administer it. ‘What a fool have I been,’ said Parley, ‘to deny myself so long.’—‘Will you now let me in?’ said Flatterwell. ‘Aye, that I will,’ said the deluded Parley. Though the train was now increased to near a hundred robbers, yet so intoxicated

was Parley, that he did not see one of them, except his new friend. Parley eagerly pulled down the bars, drew back the bolts, and forced open the locks, thinking he could never let in his friend soon enough. He had, however, just presence of mind to say, 'My dear friend, I hope you are alone.' Flatterwell swore he was. Parley opened the door—in rushed, not Flatterwell only, but the whole banditti, who always lurk behind in train. The moment they had got sure possession, Flatterwell changed his soft tone, and cried out in a voice of thunder, 'Down with the castle. Kill, burn, and destroy.'

Rapine, murder, and conflagration, by turns took place. Parley was the very first whom they attacked. He was overpowered with wounds. As he fell, he cried out, 'O my master, I die a victim to my unbelief in thee, and to my own vanity and imprudence. O that the guardians of all other castles would hear me with my dying breath repeat my master's admonition, that *all attacks from without will not destroy unless there is some confederate within*. O that the keepers of all other castles would learn from my ruin, that he who parleys with temptation is already undone. That he who allows himself to go to the very bounds, will soon jump over the hedge; that he who talks out of the window with the enemy, will soon open the door to him; that he who holds out his hand for the cup of sinful flattery, loses all power of resisting; that when he opens the door to one sin, all the rest fly in upon him, and the man perishes as I now do.'

Z.

THE
WONDERFUL ADVANTAGES
OF
ADVENTURING
IN THE
LOTTERY!!!

JOHN BROWN was servant in the family of a respectable merchant in the city. He had lived there for several years; and from his regular honesty, sobriety, and diligence, possessed the confidence and affection of his master. While in that family, he married a fellow-servant, a young woman, whose name was Mary Coates, and they lived for more than seven years very happily together. They had one child living, a fine little boy about six years old, whom they maintained at a school, kept some miles from town by Mary's father. This was thought better than putting him to school in London, as he was under an affectionate relation, and less exposed to the company of wicked children. John and his wife got leave from time to time to visit their child, and were always able to take him one little article or other of clothes, as well as a small present to the grandfather.

Thus comfortable were John and Mary, and had John been religious, like his wife, they would have had a fair prospect of continuing so. He, like many others, thought religion rather an unnecessary thing for a man who made it a rule to be sober, and honest, and diligent, and kind. Besides the other very important considerations against which he shut his heart, he did not reflect that without religion his good conduct to his family and his master stood on no solid foundation.

One unfortunate day as he was going on a message, he received a hand-bill from a man standing at the door of a Lottery Office. This hand-bill set forth many wonders, and invited all who had a mind to be rich in a hurry, to seize the lucky hour of adventuring in the wheel of fortune; shewing them how many thousand pounds they would be sure to get for one guinea! Casting his eye over the advertisement, the thought struck him that he would *try his fortune*. 'Why may not I get a prize as well as another?' said he to himself; 'and if I get the twenty thousand pound prize, or even one of the ten thousands, I shall be as great a man as my master.' It was a woeful moment for poor John, when this imagination fastened on his mind. Full of the notion of getting rich, John returned home, and appeared all that day unusually thoughtful. At night, as he was not used to conceal any thing from his wife, he told her his intention. 'Molly,' said he, 'we have just got our wages, and the

drawing begins to-morrow ; suppose *we try our fortune* in the Lottery ?' ' Not with my consent,' she replied ; ' I think we are rich enough as we are, and ought to be thankful to God that we want for nothing.' John was obliged to acknowledge this ; but observed that it would do them no *harm* to have something more. ' Indeed, but it might, (said Molly ;) for you know, John, God is the best judge of what is good for us, and it is his Providence that has placed us in our present situation. If he saw that more riches would do us good, I believe he would send them to us in an honest way : but I am sure you and I know some people that are not at all the better for their riches, no nor the happier either.'—' But what harm (said he) can there be in *trying our fortune* ?'—' I know there is harm, (replied his wife, who was well read in the Bible,) I know there is harm in covetousness ; for the word of God says, " Be content with such things as you have ; and he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent ; and the love of money is the root of all evil." For my part I am well satisfied as I am, and when I think of the poverty and distress our blessed Saviour submitted to, I find great reason to praise him for the abundance we enjoy. Besides, trying our fortune, as you call it, is no better than tempting God, who is the real giver of what men say fortune gives them. Our blessed Saviour refused, you know, when he fasted in the wilderness, to act in an extraordinary manner, in order that God might give him riches and other things, for he said

that would be tempting God : and what would going into the Lottery be but tempting God ; for would it not be taking an extraordinary course in order to try whether God would make us rich ? But, my dear, what has put this matter into your head ?' John pulled the hand-bill out of his pocket, and explained to her, as well as he could, all the wonderful advantages which it promised. This did not satisfy his wife : and she wisely observed, that if there were so much to be got by these same tickets, it was strange that the people who sold them would not rather keep them for themselves. ' But do you not see there before your eyes (said John) the number of prizes that were sold last year at the *Lion's Office* ?' — ' Well, (replied his wife) I wish they had published the number of *blanks* that were sold too.'

' But, ah ! John, there are a great many lies in print : and to tell you the truth, I fancy it is all a gambling trick, and that the people who sell these tickets are little better than *knaves*, and the folks who buy them no better than *fools*. And you know, my dear, our little boy wants clothes, and this is the time that you generally take something to his old grandfather. Sure, (said she, while a tear stole down her cheek) you will not forget our dear Johnny.' But all her arguments were in vain ; and he concluded the conversation rather peevishly, with declaring, ' It is a folly to talk ; I am resolved to try.' His wife wiped her eyes, and only said with a sigh, ' I am sorry for it.' He had never grieved her so much before.

That night John slept little; he was anxiously debating which of the various modes of adventuring was to be preferred, and laying a thousand plans as to what he would do upon getting his expected riches. Early next day he got from his wife some money which he had given her to keep; and making a false excuse of business for leaving home, he hurried to the Lottery Office. There, looking at various tickets and shares, and policies that were shewn, out of several numbers that he was informed were peculiarly *lucky*, he selected one ticket. But as he was returning with it home, beginning to think that it was foolish to spend *all his luck* (as he called it) upon *one* number, he went back and changed the ticket for six policies, which he got at a guinea a piece. 'Well, (said he) as he put them in his pocket, they can never be all drawn blanks.' Upon hearing that the ticket he had taken first was drawn the next day a prize of ten pounds, he thanked his *stars* that he had parted with it, as he should by no means be satisfied with gaining so little as two or three pounds by his venture.

John now became hourly anxious to know whether his numbers were drawn or not, and often neglected his business to enquire after them. He appeared thoughtful and gloomy in the house, and sometimes gave his master a very short answer if he found fault with him. All in the family wondered at the entire change in his conduct:—his poor wife alone guessed at the cause. To her he now observed an entire

silence upon the subject, as he had found her so decided against his venturing in the Lottery. But one day, when he had come home after hearing that two of his numbers were drawn blanks, and a third drawn a 10l. prize, (from which he of course got nothing,) she affectionately seized his hand, and with a flood of tears asked him why he had been for some days so peevish to her? 'My dearest husband, (said she) it was never so with you before since our marriage. If I have done any thing lately to offend you, I am ready to go on my knees to ask your pardon. Only do not break my heart by behaving as if you did not love me.'—'Pugh! Woman! (replied he sullenly)—don't make a fool of yourself.'—'Alas! (said she) is it folly to be grieved at seeing you unhappy, or at the fear of having displeased you? But, ah! I fear the Lottery is the cause. I thought no good would come of it.' Molly perceived that his mind was in a state of vexation; and therefore did not press the subject then. But in the evening she took an opportunity of tenderly entreating him to rest satisfied under any loss he had already suffered, without venturing farther; observing that he might thus learn a lesson which might be useful to him all his life; but that in the course in which he was going on, he could not expect the blessing of God.—'And surely (added she) we shall be richer with that blessing, and a few worldly comforts, than if we had all the world without it. Ah! John! there is indeed, as our Saviour says, but

“one thing needful.” What matter whether we be rich or poor in this life, if we get to heaven at last? And truly God is so gracious a master, that his service brings peace and comfort with it even here: while, on the contrary, those who set their hearts upon the world, do not even find in it *now* the enjoyment which they seek; not to say, “that if they gained the whole world, and lost their own souls,” they would make a fool’s bargain.

Though John seldom read his Bible, yet he knew enough of it to be satisfied, that what she said was all very true; and she spoke with so much gentleness and affection, that he could not take it amiss. He then promised her, that he would not throw away any more money in the Lottery. She thanked God for her husband’s resolution, and prayed that he might have grace to keep it. But wishing to withdraw him from the scene of temptation, she proposed that he should ask leave of his master to visit their little child in the country. To this John consented, and easily obtained permission. It was with joy that Molly saw him set off next morning; but she little thought how soon her joy was to be succeeded by the bitterest sorrow. Her husband’s heart was still hankering after his three numbers that remained in the wheel; and as the drawing was pretty far advanced, he became every day more anxious and impatient. He therefore resolved, instead of leaving town that day, to spend it in the place where the drawing was going on. ‘Who knows (said he to himself) but I may

return to my wife this evening, with news that will make her own, that I did right in *trying my fortune*?' As he was on his way, he came to a famous office for insuring numbers. John had often heard of *insuring*, but did not well know what it meant. Having however become a gambler, he had an itch after *trying his fortune* in this way also. He therefore stepped into the office. 'I want (said he) to *insure*; but I don't know how to do it, nor indeed what it is.'—'Sir, (replied a well-drest man behind the counter) you are perfectly right. Insuring, sir, is the only way to make money; and I will explain it all to you in a moment with the greatest pleasure.' John thanked his honour. 'Only give me (continued the other) the trifling premium of 6s. 10d. on any number you choose, and if it be drawn either blank or prize in the course of the day, you may call on me for Five Guineas, and they will be paid you down upon the nail: hard guineas, Sir, hard and heavy. There is no office in the city that pays *bills* with so much honour as this. I had demands on me yesterday to the tune of 300l. and all were answered as soon as called for.'—'Well, (said John, who had not the wit to ask himself how the gentleman came to be so finely drest while he was losing so much money,) 'Well, and if the number be not drawn to-day at all, will you give me *any thing*?'—'O! sir, (replied the office keeper) as to that it is very unlikely. And really, it is not any interest I have in this, that makes me

carry on the business; but a pleasure I have in offering better terms to my customers than any other office in London can boast of. And I would recommend it to you, as a friend, to insure at least ten or twelve numbers, that you may be *certain* of winning. Take my word for it that is playing a sure game. Five Guineas, Sir, for 6s. 10d. ! think of that.' The cunning office-keeper was so friendly and so obliging, that he easily prevailed on John to insure his three remaining numbers, besides several others, for that day. The poor man now thought it was hardly possible but that he must put something in his pocket. 'Whether the numbers (thought he) be drawn blanks or prizes I get money: and if any of my three remaining policies turn up the 10,000l. prize, my fortune is made. It is yet in the wheel; and why may not I get it as well as another?' Full of this thought he hastened to watch the drawing; while the office-keeper, as he went out, put the money in his pocket and his tongue in his cheek, sneering at John's simplicity. John found at the place of drawing a number of drunken, ragged, blaspheming wretches. Their appearance and language at first shocked him; especially when he heard one and another cursing themselves for their folly in *trying their fortune*. But he now became all attention to the numbers that were declared as soon as drawn; and his heart beat, whenever any one near his own was mentioned. In a little time, wearied with expectation, he began to imitate the example of others around

him in laying wagers whether the number next drawn would be a blank or prize: and a decent looking man, who sat near, soon engaged with him in the business. The stranger, who knew better than John how to reckon chances, let him win a few shillings at first; but soon stript him of every farthing in his pocket. He was ashamed to confess that he had no more money, and the spirit of gaming having now completely seized him, he hurried back to his master's house; and when his wife with surprize asked the cause of his sudden appearance, he pretended that he recollected on his way to their little boy some article which he had forgotten to take with him, and returned for it. He had not been used to lying; but having now commenced gamester, he was going on step by step in wickedness. His poor wife perceived confusion and distress in his countenance, but believing what he said, she made no farther enquiries, and only urged him to hasten his departure. She knew not that he took away with him a silver goblet and some spoons, which belonged to his master, and were under his care. These he immediately pawned, expecting that he should be able to release them before they would be missed. But sooner or later the devil always leaves his servants in the lurch: and so he now served John.

With the money thus wickedly obtained he returned to the place of drawing, and arrived just time enough to lose it all, except a few shillings, before that day's drawing ended.

Stung with vexation he came out into the street cursing himself, and cursing others; and hurried along with some of his new companions to a public house. Public houses, in his better days, he had not been accustomed to frequent. The liquor which he drank to drown care soon enflamed him to madness, and prepared him for every thing that was bad. At one moment he thought of putting an end to his own life, which had now become a burden. Alas! had he followed the advice of his wife, or taken the word of God for his direction, how different would his situation have been! He knew not now what to do. Return home he durst not, for he dreaded the thought of its being discovered that he had embezzled his master's property. And to continue adventuring in the Lottery he had not the means. His mind was torn by various passions; it was a kind of hell. But he was not truly penitent for his offence; and did not pray to God for his gracious assistance: he therefore went on from bad to worse. His companions, more hardened in wickedness, laughed at his distress. He heard them with surprise boast of the various cheats by which they supported themselves in their villainy. But one of them took him aside into an inner room, and after they had called for more drink, told him plainly that he was a blockhead for being so much cast down by his losses; and that if he had only spirit enough, he might soon have as full a purse as ever. First swearing John to secrecy, he proposed that they should join together in a scheme which he had formed

of committing a highway robbery that night. He mentioned a gentleman who was to return to town with a sum of money late in the evening by the Edgware road; and assured John of getting a rich and easy booty. 'I lived in this gentleman's family (said he) till a year ago; and a good service it was, for I had high wages and little work. But, truly, because I got drunk now and then he parted with me, and would not give me a character for sobriety, and I have been out of place ever since. But I am now my own master, get money in an easier way, and drink as much as I please. A short life and a merry one, say I.' John was at first startled by the proposal; but after a moment's pause, observed with an oath, that *he was in for it*, and would not *flinch*. He was soon furnished with pistols by his companion, whose name was Smith; but when John took them, he expressed a hope that there might be no blood shed.

They sallied forth together, and lay concealed in a field near the road. A few days before, John would have startled with horror at the thought of being engaged in such a business; but when a man once gives way to what is evil, it is impossible to say where he will stop. The expected gentleman soon arrived; when, rushing out, one of them seized the reins of his horse, while the other held a pistol to his breast, and with horrid oaths demanded his money. The gentleman, a Mr. Stewart, immediately snapped a pistol, which

missed fire; and both the robbers discharging theirs, shot him dead on the spot. They had hardly time to rifle his pockets, when the neighbourhood was alarmed by the report of all the pistols, and they were obliged to fly with all speed; but, being favoured by the darkness of the night, they got clear off from their pursuers. After hastily sharing the spoils, and again swearing each other to secrecy (as if oaths could bind villains) they separated for greater safety, and spent the remainder of the night at different houses of ill-fame. But John's mind was now racked with remorse, and guilt was visible in his countenance. When daylight came, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, but in vain; the image of the person whom he had murdered haunted his imagination; and the torment of his conscience was almost more grievous than the punishment of the law which he dreaded. He had intended to employ his ill-gotten gain in trying his fortune farther in the lottery, that cursed lottery which had brought on all his misery; and had he done so, it is most probable that he would have been stripped as he was the day before. But all courage now failed him; and being afraid to appear in public, he slunk to his master's house at an early hour, and indulged the hope, that as there was no witness of the horrid deed but himself and his companion, it would remain undiscovered for ever. He little remembered that God's eye saw it; and that his providence seldom (if ever) suffers such wickedness to pass unpunished, even in this world.

His wife, though surprised at her husband's speedy arrival, welcomed him with affection; and tenderly enquired after the welfare of their little boy. 'Ask no questions, woman!' was his only reply. She was struck dumb with astonishment: but when she perceived a pistol under his coat, she clasped her hands in an agony of horror; and not daring to ask a question, she sunk on the chair, and trembled like an aspen leaf.

The robbery and murder now became the talk of the town; and John's master asked him whether he had heard any thing of the circumstances. He had only power to answer, 'No, Sir,' with a faltering voice. But how did his heart sink within him, when he heard soon after that his companion (who had been a notorious offender) was taken up on suspicion of having committed the fact! yet he still thought there was no evidence that could prove the charge. Every rap at the door startled him. Every person that looked at him seemed to know his guilt. He sometimes thought of flying; but again determined to stand his ground, lest his absconding should occasion an immediate pursuit. Some days passed thus, and he began to flatter himself that all was safe. But as he lay one night sleepless and tossing, his afflicted wife weeping by his side and afraid to enquire into the cause of his situation, a noise was heard at the door; and on its opening, the officers of justice entered to apprehend him. Smith *had turned king's evidence* to secure his own life: so little confi-

dence can villains place in each other. John was now dragged, pale and trembling, to Newgate, while poor Molly clung to him shrieking, and fainted away as soon as they entered the prison. When she came to herself, she felt that her heart was broken. She never raised her head again. Yet she attended him closely for a while; but pined, and soon sunk beneath the weight of her affliction. With her dying breath she prayed that her husband might be brought to repentance, and might yet obtain mercy at the hands of God. When brought to the bar, he cast a look of indignation and reproach at his accomplice, who now appeared as evidence against him; which the other returned with a malicious sneer. His guilt was clearly proved; all circumstances confirmed it. When the Judge was going to pass sentence, he cried out for a *long day*. O that a *long day* were granted to every man sentenced to suffer death; even to a murderer! But in the case of murderers the law determines otherwise, and it was not the business of the Judge to give his opinion of the law, but to pass its sentence. He addressed John as follows: 'Unhappy man! you seem to have forgotten that in the murder of Mr. Stewart you allowed him no time. In a moment, and without provocation, you sent a worthy person, who had never harmed you, into Eternity. The laws of God and man demand your forfeited life. You must prepare for almost immediate execution. Your fate will, I trust, be an awful warning to many. You might have lived long, useful, and re-

spected, had you been content with what you acquired by honest industry ; had not the desire of hasty and unrighteous gain taken possession of your heart. I mourn over the existence of such a public nuisance as appears to have been the first occasion of your fall : and I cannot help declaring, that I have never sat upon this bench after the drawing of the Lottery, but I had reason to think it had proved the ruin of many of the unhappy culprits who appeared before me. I would earnestly exhort the crowds that hear me to abhor the thoughts of adventuring in it, and to fly from it as from a plague, which will destroy domestic happiness and inward peace, and bring upon them every kind of distress. Prisoner ! I mourn that others should be involved in your calamity, who have not been partners in your guilt ; that an amiable and virtuous woman (as I am informed) should have died broken-hearted on your account ; [here the prisoner groaned]—and that your infant child must be left an orphan in the world, which will be too forward to reproach him with his father's crime. But your doom in *this* world is sealed. Your state in the *next* now calls loudly for all your attention, and I most earnestly exhort you to call upon Him for repentance and pardon, who came into the world to save even the chief of sinners. May you have grace therefore to employ the little time remaining for you in this world, in imploring His mercy ! As to the wretch before me, who has been an accomplice with you in your crime, and upon whose

evidence you have been convicted, he will not escape justice. I must remand him back to Newgate, that he may stand his trial upon the charge of two other robberies. It is a painful but necessary part of my office to which I now proceed. It is with a bleeding heart I pronounce your sentence, which is, that you be *hanged, drawn, and quartered*, on Saturday next, the 15th instant, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul !'

He was executed according to his sentence; and would to God that this history might prove a warning to all, against *trying their fortune in the LOTTERY !*

THE LIFE OF
WILLIAM BAKER:
A TRUE HISTORY.

WILLIAM BAKER was born in the year 1710, in the parish of Boldre, near Lymington, in Hampshire. His father dying when he was two years old, left him and a sister to the care of his widow; who by taking in washing, maintained her two children without any relief from the parish. In these days such industry would exceed belief.

At seven years of age, young Baker began that life of labour which he continued through the space of seventy years afterwards. He worked first for a penny a day in the vicarage-garden; but soon thought himself equal to more profitable labour. He used to say, he always considered himself as a poor friendless lad; and from the beginning depended only on himself.

In the mean time his mother grew old, and infirm. Her legs swelled, and she could no longer stand at her wash-tub. But nothing hurt her like the thoughts of going to the poor-house, or living on alms.

Her son was now about eighteen. He was healthy and strong; and assured his mother, that

while he was able to work for her, she should be obliged to nobody. He took a little cottage, therefore, on the edge of the forest; carried her to it; and got into the service of a farmer in the neighbourhood, as a day-labourer. His mother lived nine years after this; during which time he maintained her with great cheerfulness and kindness: nor had she ever assistance from any other person. He denied himself every little indulgence, which young fellows of that age often take, that he might maintain his mother. We do not often see such an instance of goodness in a poor lad. It marked his character as something uncommon. He might, if he had pleased, have had her maintained by the parish.

About the time of his mother's death he thought of marrying. At a little distance from him, under the hill, lived a labourer of the name of Brooks. His daughter Joanna was the person whom Baker fixed on for a wife; and no objection being made, he married her, and brought her to his cottage. Joanna had lived under a careful mother, just in the way in which he himself had always lived; and with the same notions of industry and frugality. She entered, therefore, into all her husband's intentions. What he gained, she put to the best use. 'We both pulled the rope,' he used to say, 'by the same end; and so we compassed many things, which they cannot do, who pull it at different ends.'

In the mean time, his family increased: and his industry increased with it. He now never

worked by the day, if he could help it; but took the hardest task-work he could get, by which the most money was to be earned. And that he might never be idle, he took, at a small rent, of Mrs. John Burrard, of Lymington, a piece of rough ground, about nine or ten acres, on which he might employ his leisure. Many a time he was seen working in it before sun-rise; and if his day's work had not been hard, in an evening by moon-light. In a few years he made it worth much more than when he took it; and he found it of great use to his family in furnishing him sometimes with a crop of potatoes—or a little corn—or a few loads of hay; which enabled him to keep two or three cows, and as many forest-colts. Some years after, his good landlady died; and this piece of land fell into the hands of Mr. Brailsfield, of Kentish Town; who finding it was tenanted by a man who had taken so much pains to improve it, promised neither to raise his rent, nor to take it from him; which I mention to his honour—Thus a kind Providence blessed all Baker's designs; and he was richer than many a man who is born to thousands. There are few men, who may not live comfortably, if they live according to their station: and if they do not, the highest stations will not secure them from difficulties. I have often heard Baker say, he never knew what want was: but then he never relaxed his usual frugality. When wheat was dear, to make all ends meet, he lived on barley; and when he could not with convenience compass a bushel of malt, he contented himself with milk or water.

He had now five children, who were a constant claim upon all his industry and frugality. But he had other claims. He had been kind to his sister, though her behaviour did not entirely please him; and he was now called on from a quarter he did not expect. His wife's father, grown old, applied to him for assistance. Of this man he never had a high opinion; but for his mother-in-law he had always the greatest esteem. 'She was as good a woman,' he used to say, 'as his wife; and he could not say more for any woman on earth.' However, though he could not pretend, with the incumbrance of so large a family, to maintain them entirely, he agreed with the overseers of the parish, that if they would pay them a shilling a week, he would do the rest. Accordingly, he built them a little cottage; and was as kind to them as he could. Soon after, on the old man's death, he took his mother-in-law into his house, and kept her till she died; though she lived till she was upwards of ninety; and was blind many years.

About the time that his children were pretty well grown up, a fortunate circumstance happened. He received a legacy of seventy pounds, and a clock. This money came very happily to settle some of his children.—'They had it all,' he said, 'among them;' he never had a belly-full of meat out of it himself. The clock alone he kept. A clock was the only piece of furniture he ever coveted; and he always intended, if it should be in his power, to have purchased one: though it is probable, if a clock had not been thus thrown in his way, he would always

have found something more useful for the employment of his money.

Nor was he kind only to his relations ; as he got forward in the world, he was very friendly among his neighbours, and lent many a little sum to assist them in their distresses. But as he was a very shrewd, intelligent man, he lent only where he saw his money could be of use : to the spendthrift he would lend nothing ; nor to any man who frequented an ale-house. So judicious was he in these loans, that although he helped many a man out of a difficulty, I have heard him say, he never lost a farthing by lending money in his life. Often, indeed, he received the worth of what he had lent in a little corn, a pig, a calf, or something that was more convenient for the borrower to pay with, than money.

He was now advancing into years, and his good Joanna began to feel the effects of age more than he did. Her ailment was a mere decay of nature ; but she was so entirely weakened, that she could do nothing for herself. Her husband hired a woman into the house to attend her near seven years, in which she continued in this helpless state. Every thing he could do, he did for a woman, ' who,' he said, ' had been kinder to every body than herself.' In the year 1776, she died ; and left him greatly afflicted for the loss of a faithful friend, who had followed close by his side, through all his laborious life, for the space of forty years. I have seen him speak of her with tears in his eyes, and agitation in all he said, at the age of eighty.

He had now the world, in a manner to begin again. His children were all married, or dispersed: and he had nobody with him, on whose arm he could lean in descending the hill. He thought the wisest thing he could do, was to draw his little matters into as small a compass as he could; and rid himself, as much as possible, of the cares of the world. Accordingly, he sold his cows, and horses, and a little tenement or two which he had purchased, and brought one hundred and ten pounds to a friend to put to some use: 'For as I cannot now,' said he, 'work myself, I must make my money,' as he phrased it, 'work for me.' His friend made him understand, as well as he could, what was meant by the funds; and advised him to put his money into consolidated annuities for twenty-eight years from January 1780. As this transaction was in the year 1782, when the funds were low, he was made to understand, that the interest would be considerable (about eight pounds a year) but that the whole would be lost, if he should live twenty-six years. However, as he did not look forward to that time, he took his friend's advice. Besides this property, he had two or three other little sums put out to interest in private hands; and a little tenement, which he reserved for himself to live in; with two or three patches of ground, which lay near him, and served to employ him.

He had a good opinion of the charitable societies, or clubs, as they are called, in the several parishes around him; but he thought them useful chiefly to those who could not depend upon themselves. If young fellows could de-

pend upon themselves, and lay the same money by, without breaking into it, he thought it might generally be more useful to them. Four-pence a week would amount to near a pound in the year. At harvest some little matter might be added to it. And if this practice were begun early in life, in a few years it might amount to a comfortable support in sickness or old age. 'But few young fellows,' he said, 'looked forward to those times: they never thought of more than of living from hand to mouth.'

His manner now of spending his time was somewhat different to what it used to be. He worked only a little, every morning, in his grounds, or in his garden, or in procuring fuel. The rest of his time he spent in reading and in devotion. He had always been a serious man; but a busy life had never allowed him much time for any thing but business. He had now gotten above the world—had his time much to himself—and spent a great part of it in reading the Bible, which was the only book he did read. He had the use of his eyes to the last; and generally, though by himself, read out; which he thought made the more impression on his memory. Oftener than once, as I have approached his lonely cottage, I have thought I heard voices; but when I entered, the old man was sitting alone, with his Bible before him. He had as strong natural parts as I almost ever met with; and easily understood, not only the general meaning, and intention of the Gospel; but many of the most difficult passages in it. What our Saviour said, he thought, was very easy; and

much of what St. Paul said. And he told me, he had a very good book of prayers, (in his phrase) 'for all intents and purposes.'

As he grew more and more infirm, his friends thought it comfortless for him to live entirely by himself; and endeavoured to persuade him to get some good old woman to live with him; who might take care of his house, and likewise of him, if any thing should ail him. 'Aye,' said he, 'if I could get some good old woman: but where is she to be found?' He had tried the experiment, he said, but had no encouragement to try it again. People would not, he added, live now as he lived. Perhaps he had bad luck in his choice; but he found that a woman now would spend as much in junketting in one day, as would serve him for two. Then, he said, there was such constant gossiping, and noise in his house, that he never could have his time at his own disposal. In short, he was obliged to live as they chose, not as he chose himself. Then, fetching a deep sigh, he would say, 'his good Joanna had spoiled him for living with any other woman.'

It was then proposed to him to live with one of his daughters, who was married in the neighbourhood. He had thought of that, he said; but an old man was always giving offence to one or another; and one or another was always giving offence to him. Besides, he said, his daughter had several children; and so much noise did not suit his quiet way of living; he could now, at his own ease, follow his own inclination. In short, it appeared, that while he lived, he

wished to live entirely to himself; and that it was very indifferent to him when, and where, and how he died.

The destitute condition, however, in which he lived, laid him open to the depredations of a dishonest neighbourhood. Many little thefts, when he was watched out of his house, were committed. Among other things, his pewter-flaggon was stolen. It hung over his dresser, and contained all his little securities and promissory notes. He had, however, with his usual sagacity, placed his money in such safe hands, that he had on this occasion no loss.

But among the petty thefts which were committed in his house, was a robbery of a very serious nature. On the day before Lymington fair, the old man had received some interest money (about five guineas) to purchase a few necessaries. This being, probably, known, two men, at midnight, broke into his house. His fastening, indeed, was only such as a good shake might easily dislodge. They soon entered; and one of them pressing a bolster over his face, pinned him down with his knee; while the other sought for the money, which was presently found. I heard him speak of the transaction the next day; and his behaviour raised him in my opinion. He spoke with the caution of an honest man: 'The thieves had a dark lantern,' he said, 'with them; and he thought he could swear to one of them; but he durst not venture it, where a man's life and character were concerned.'

From several circumstances, however, it became more probable that the man whom Baker suspected was guilty. And, indeed, he himself soon after confirmed the suspicion; for as the neighbours began to talk more of the thing, and to lay facts together, he thought it prudent to leave the country.—Indeed, if wicked men would only consider before hand the many circumstances that lead to discovery; and the almost impossibility of providing against them all, they would be more cautious, on the mere principles of prudence, in committing any desperate wickedness. One circumstance which tended to fix the suspicion of the fact was, that a child accidentally mentioned having seen a cut-cheese in his house the day after the robbery. Baker had lost a cut-cheese: and it was well-known the man had no cheese in his house before. The other person too was suspected: but if either of them had been taken up, it would most probably have discovered both; for a knave cannot be depended on. And, indeed, it is probable, that both would have been discovered, had it not been for the old man's scruples. I mention all these circumstances to shew, that, in fact, it requires more care and caution to commit a wicked action than most men possess. It is, indeed, less difficult to be industrious, and by that means to make a wicked action unnecessary.

Notwithstanding, however, the old man was thus so frequently preyed on by wicked people, he still continued to live alone. As to any farther losses, he had one way, he said, of preventing them; and that was, to keep nothing about

him that was worth stealing. He fastened, therefore, the old bolt upon his door; and went to sleep in his lonely cottage as quietly as if he had been in a castle.

Though he had now enough before him, he continued still to live with his usual frugality. Many of his neighbours thought he might have indulged his age a little more, as he had the means to do it, and as they themselves probably would have done in the same circumstances; by which they might have spent all they had laid up for their old age, not knowing how long God might have lengthened out their lives. He lived, however, as he had been accustomed to live, in the best of his days; for in many parts of his life he had been put to shifts. He had always good cheese in his house, and good bread, which was his common food. He used to brew also now and then a bushel of malt; so that he was seldom without a little cask of beer. His garden produced him plenty of cabbages, which was the only plant he reared: and every year he bought at Lymington fair, a side of bacon; a bit of which he would, now and then, put into his pot with a cabbage. Fresh meat he never tasted: nor were butter and tea among his necessities. On this provision he never had a day's sickness; and even at those times, when his food was less nourishing, he was able to do every thing to which the strength of man is equal.—What can the art of *cookery* do more?

He was now near eighty; his *limbs* began to fail; and he was subject to rheumatic pains,

which seized his right leg; and made exercise very troublesome to him. Notwithstanding, however, this infirmity, and his living a mile from the church, he rarely missed taking a painful walk to it every Sunday. The weather must have been very bad to prevent him. And though he was now become very deaf, he did not think even that a reason for keeping from church.—What an example did he set to those, who, though in perfect health, instead of making the Sabbath a day for obtaining instruction, and begging God's blessing on the week, profane it by making it a day of pastime, and often a day of drinking and other wickedness. He was constant also at the sacrament; which he always esteemed a part of his duty.

He was confined to his house about six weeks before he died. His illness was a mere decay of nature. His legs swelled; and his constitution was broken up. He now submitted to have somebody live in his cottage with him. He was pressed to send for a physician, as he had the means to pay him: but he was resolute against it. 'If you could find me a doctor,' said he, 'who would tell me at once, I can do you good—or I cannot do you good—I would send for him; but else, why should I send for a man to be paid for giving me physic, when I cannot take victuals?' In short, he knew he was dying, and wished to die with as little molestation as he could.

He kept his bed about three days, and was sensible to the last. He was in considerable pain, but he bore it with that firmness and

manliness with which he had supported all the hard duties of a constant life of industry. He died on the 15th day of May, 1791; and desired that the fifty-first Psalm might be sung before his corpse as he was carried through the church-yard to his grave. The thought was new: and the decency, and propriety of it, had a good effect.

At his death, he was found worth an hundred pounds. That a man in the lowest station, with a constant attention to money, should in the course of a long life, raise that sum, or a greater, is not wonderful: but that a man in the lowest station should leave such a sum behind him, after discharging all the offices of life with uprightness and propriety, is such an example of an independent spirit, and of the force of industry and frugality, as deserves to be recorded for the benefit of others,

The following inscription stands over his grave in Boldre church yard:—

Here
Rests from his labour
William Baker;
Whose industry and frugality,
Whose honesty and piety,
Were long an example
To this parish.
He was born in 1710;
And died in 1791.

G.

THE
HISTORY
OF
DILIGENT DICK;
OR,

Truth will out though it be hid in a Well.

A false witness shall not go unpunished, and he who speaketh lies shall perish.

DON'T be frightened, Reader! Although I set out with a text, I am not going to preach a sermon, but to tell a story. On the right side of Marsh-moor common, and not more than five hundred yards out of the turnpike road, stood a lone cottage inhabited by one Richard Rogers, a day labourer, commonly called **DILIGENT DICK**. Though poor, he was as much noted for his honesty as for the care and industry with which he had brought up a large family in a very decent manner. About fifteen years ago, in the month of January, there suddenly fell a deep snow, attended by such a high wind, that many travellers lost their lives in it. When all on a sudden, as Rogers and his family

were crowding round a handful of fire, to catch a last heat before they went to bed, they heard a doleful cry of 'Help! help! for God's sake help!'—Up started Rogers in an instant, when clapping the end of a farthing candle into a broken horn lanthorn, and catching up his staff, out he sallied, directing his steps towards the spot from whence the cries came. In one of the sand-pits he found a gentleman who had fallen from his horse, and was nearly buried in the snow. Rogers, though with much difficulty, at length dragged him out, and after securing the horse, conveyed them both home.

The gentleman appeared elderly, and seemed almost perished with cold; for a long time he was quite speechless, his jaws appeared locked, and it was only by inward groans they could perceive he had any remains of life in him, so benumbed and stiffened was he with cold. After they had rubbed his limbs for some time before the fire, the gentleman by degrees recovered himself, and began to thank Rogers and his wife, whom he saw busied about him, as well as his children. 'Sir,' said Betty Rogers, 'although we be poor in pocket, we may nevertheless be kind in heart.' Here the stranger, after fetching a deep sigh, said, 'if his life were granted him, he hoped it would be in his power to reward them for their kindness.' Rogers replied, 'that what he had done for him, he would have done for his worst enemy.' Here the gentleman groaned heavily, saying, he had been long sick himself, and that

he could not enough admire the healthy looks of Rogers's children.

'Blessed be God, sir,' said Rogers, 'although my family is numerous, I never paid a shilling for doctor's stuff in my life, nor do I even know the price of a coffin; if my wealth is small, my wants are few, and though I know I am a sinner, and need daily repentance; yet my conscience is quiet, for I have knowingly done wrong to no man, nor would I forfeit my peace of mind, sir, to become the richest man in Old England. I am not covetous of wealth, sir, since I have seen how little comfort they often enjoy who possess it; the honest man, sir, sleeps soundly on the hardest bed, whilst he who has "made too much haste to be rich," may lie down on the softest bed with an aching heart, but shall not be able to find rest.' All this while Betty Rogers sat puffing and blowing the fire with a pair of broken-nosed bellows in order to boil her kettle, to make the gentleman a dish of her coarse bohea tea, as she had no spirits or liquor of any kind, except spring water, to offer him: she also toasted a bit of bread, though she had no butter to rub over it; this she hoped the gentleman would excuse, since many of the farmers were so extortionate in their price of butter and cheese, that some of their labourers live, for the greater part of their time, on bread only, or a few potatoes.

Here the gentleman attempted to partake of Betty's tea and toast, when all at once he began to tremble all over so exceedingly, that he

begged she would set it down for the present, for if he was to attempt to swallow it, he was certain it would choak him. 'It is but cold comfort to be sure,' sir,' said Rogers, 'we have to offer you; but nevertheless we must hope you will take the will for the deed. I suppose, sir, you are very rich, and yet you now see, that all the wealth in the world cannot help a man in certain situations. I had a pretty education, sir, and I remember when I was a boy at school to have read the history of a great king, who, when harrassed by the enemy, and being overcome with thirst, was thankful to a poor soldier who brought him a draught of cold water in his helmet, which he drank off greedily, saying, that amidst all his pomp he had never tasted such luxury as that cup of water yielded him. So you see, sir, what strange ups-and-downs there are in life; therefore people of all degrees should be careful to keep pride out of their hearts, since the most prosperous man to-day, may be thankful for the poor man's assistance to-morrow.' 'And after all,' cried Betty Rogers, 'high and low, rich and poor, should pray daily for God's grace, since that alone can give peace to their poor souls when the hour of affliction cometh. But, bless me,' cried she, clasping her hands, 'what shall we do, our last inch of candle is burnt out.' 'Then,' said Rogers, 'we must content ourselves, my Betty, with passing the rest of the night in the dark.' The gentleman said he must be content to do as they did. 'Many is the dark night sir,' said

Richard, 'have I sat by my dame's bed-side when she has been sick or lying-in, endeavouring to make up to her in kindness what I could not provide for her in comforts, when I have not had the least glimmering of light, but what came from the twinkling stars through our tattered casement.'

'Amidst all our poverty, sir, we have ever been the happiest pair in each other. It is a brave thing, sir, to be able, by the grace of God, to drive pride out of the cottage when poverty enters in; for sin is the father of shame. A man, sir, amidst the extremest poverty, yet may stand high in the favour of God, by patience, prayer, and a hearty faith in his Redeemer.'

Here the stranger appeared under very great distress both of body and mind; he shivered all over as if he had an ague fit upon him, and by a little blast, which was just then lighted up, they perceived he looked as pale as death; they begged him to lie down on their bed, saying, 'it was very clean though it was ill provided with sheets and blankets.' 'O my good people,' cried the gentleman, 'your goodness will be the death of me; the kindness of your hearts proves to me the unkindness of my own: No, go you to bed, and let me sit here till morning.' 'That,' Rogers said, 'they could not do.' The gentleman then replied, he should be glad if Rogers would give him a little history of himself and family to beguile the time.

'That I will do most readily, sir,' said he, 'if *so be* it will oblige you in the least.—My

name is Rogers, although my neighbours are pleased to call me DILIGENT DICK. I have a wife and seven children; I rise with the lark, and lie down with the lamb. I never spend an idle penny or an idle moment; though my family is numerous, my children were never a burden to me. That good woman there, sir,' pointing to his wife, 'puts her hand to the labouring oar: she brings up our children at home in such a sober, industrious manner, that our neighbours, as soon as they are capable of earning a penny, are glad to take them off our hands. I am proud to say, sir, they have no little pilfering tricks, as many children have. "Train up a child in the way he should go," is our way, sir, and I am certain both my wife and I have felt the benefit of the text, for our children are kind and affectionate towards each other, dutiful to us their parents, and obliging and civil to their employers. Ah, sir, the richest man in England is not happier than I am, when I return home of an evening, wearied by the heat and labour of the day, to be received with looks of kindness by my wife, as she is preparing our frugal supper, whilst two or three of my little babies climb my knees to fondle me round the neck.' Again the traveller groaned piteously! but Rogers went on. 'I was born to a pretty fortune, sir; but by the villainy of my father's brother I lost my inheritance. My uncle, Charles Rogers, through the indulgence of his mother, proved to be a very malicious child, and as he

grew up to man's estate, the faults of the child became hardened vices in the man, insomuch that his wicked behaviour broke his mother's heart. My own dear mother, sir, like the parents of Samuel, taught me betimes to fear the Lord; yet my grandfather was so much offended at my father's marrying her, that he made his will and cut him off with a shilling. He and my poor mother died within a twelve-month of each other, and left me penniless by the time all their debts were paid. I was then about twelve years of age, and my Betty's father kindly took me to live with him. He soon received a message from my grandfather, with a present of twenty guineas to pay for my board, saying, he was very ill, and that he would send for me when he was better. The next news I heard of him was that he was dead; and though he had promised to make a will in my favour, yet none was to be found, although one of his old servants declared he had signed a great sheet of parchment, which a lawyer had been writing by my grandfather's bed-side. Every body now judged my uncle Charles very hardly, as having made away with this last will, because he brought forward the old one, wherein my grandfather had left his whole property to him. Some kind friends of my father wishing to see justice done by me, commenced an action against both him and the lawyer, who was known to be a rogue, and ready to do any dirty work for money.

' The trial was brought on at the next assizes, when my uncle employed such arts in securing

the witnesses, that a verdict was given against me. After some months, however, my uncle sent me twenty guineas, that I might be put apprentice to a carpenter; but desired he might never be troubled about me again. Accordingly I was bound out; but my master proved one of those negligent tradesmen who loved his ease better than his work: by neglecting his business, his business began to neglect him. He broke at length for a considerable sum of money, and was thrown into prison, where he died soon after of the jail distemper: so at the end of the third year of my apprenticeship, I was once more left to seek for bread. I returned again to my Betty's father, who got me employment under his master. I was about one and twenty when I married, and then I and my wife followed my master's son into this country, who had an estate left him, and with him I have worked ever since, and with truth I can say, I have never received an unkind word from him, for he never saw me drunk, not even at sheep-sheering or at harvest-home. My Betty's pious meekness, sir, has sweetened all my toil, whilst the dutiful behaviour of my children has fulfilled every wish of my heart. Whether my cruel uncle be dead or living, I know not; but be it as it may, I do not envy him his ill-gotten wealth, and I can only pray that he may repent him of his sins, before sickness brings him to a death-bed; for it is a horrible thing, sir, to have the conscience racked with despair when the body is afflicted with pain.'

'Look, Richard,' cried Betty Rogers, 'you

are talking on, and on, whilst I am sure the poor gentleman is going into a fit.' The gentleman at that instant gave a deep groan, and would have fallen from his chair if Rogers had not caught him in his arms; his wife snatching up the little mug of tea, which she still kept warm in the ashes, she put it to the stranger's lips, begging him to take a sip, as she was sure it would do him good; whilst her husband, on the other hand, begged him to eat a bit of the toast. The gentleman could but just make shift to say, 'my good people you are too kind to me.' 'Not at all, sir,' said Rogers, 'we do no more for you, than we would for our worst enemy.' 'O God,' cried the traveller, 'what will become of me? My sight fails me, my flesh trembles, and my joints ache; I freeze and burn at the same moment.'

'Poor dear gentleman!' said Betty Rogers, wiping her eyes, 'I am afraid he is going light-headed; do pray, sir, drink a drop more of the tea,' 'and eat a bit of the toast also,' answered Richard. 'I dare not taste it, my good friends,' replied the gentleman, 'for I feel as if it would choak me were I to attempt it; but tell me, I pray, is there not some where a text of Scripture which says, "if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for, in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head?"—O Rogers, Rogers, thou wilt say indeed thou art heaping coals of fire on my head, when thou art told I am thy wicked uncle Charles!'

Here Rogers and his wife had nearly swooned

away with astonishment. 'Then I am heartily glad to see you, uncle,' cried Rogers, 'and if you have really done me wrong I forgive you with all my soul, as I hope to be forgiven myself.' Here Mr. Rogers's grief appeared so great, he seemed almost beside himself. 'But do not be surprised,' cried he, as soon as he could speak, 'to see me here; it is not by accident; this is the second attempt I have made, Rogers, to visit thy humble dwelling; but more of that hereafter.' In about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Rogers, after shedding bitter tears, spoke as follows:

'My neighbours, Richard, has long believed me to be a very happy man, seeing that I possessed an abundance of the good things of this world, but what man ever yet was happy, who carried secret guilt in his bosom? Thy grandfather, on his death-bed, became duly sensible of his unforgiving spirit towards thy poor father, for no other crime had he committed than having married a woman who brought him no money; he therefore resolved, that the last business of his life should be doing an act of justice towards thee, his only son; accordingly he sent for his attorney, made a new will, bequeathing thee that property which he would have given thy father had he been living; he also desired much to see thee, which I took especial care to prevent, fearing thy youth and innocence would win upon his love. After his decease, by the advice, and with the assistance of his rogue of an attorney, we burnt my father's last will, and produced that which he had made many years

before, wherein he had cut thy father off with a shilling. The deed was no sooner done, than I felt, as it were, all the torments of hell raging in my soul; it was done at the very moment his people were laying my aged father's body in the coffin.' Here Mr. Rogers grew so faint he could not go on.

'Merciful Heaven,' cried Richard, with hands and eyes uplifted, 'how covetousness hardens the heart of man! what a safe-guard has my poverty been to me! riches might have ensnared my soul too.' As soon as Mr. Rogers could speak he went on. 'Thou hast just mentioned, Richard, the trial that was brought forward after my father's decease, respecting his will, when the attorney to whom I was to pay five hundred pounds for the villainous part he had acted, swore he never had made a second will for my father, and I swore to the same effect; yes, Richard, I swore upon the Holy Bible—that Bible which pronounces a deadly curse on him who swears falsely; yea, I called on that eternal God to witness a lie, before whom I must shortly be judged for it, and now my grey hairs are brought to the brink of the grave, I begin to feel, that the sting of death is sin; very miserable has been my life, and very terrible no doubt will be my death. Being now in possession of a clear 400*l.* a year, I began to fancy all things would go prosperously and swimmingly on; I bought, and I sold, and no man's traffick seemed to turn to better account; but no success in life, Richard, could blunt the sting of guilt within me; when I laid me down to rest

at night, I feared to trust myself to sleep, lest I should betray my secret; and my very dreams became so disturbed, that the servants would often hear my screams at the other end of the house. One night I dreamt I was going to be executed for destroying a will; and the next I fancied I was going to be transported for perjury. All my neighbours believed me to be a happy man, only because they saw me a prosperous one. My covetous desires were never satisfied, and whilst I went on heaping up guinea upon guinea, my mind was hourly afflicted with the dread of poverty. My wife all of a sudden grew melancholy, and by an accident she fell into the pond and was drowned; when my son came of age I settled him on the estate, which my father in his will had left to thee; he was a dissolute young man, and coming home one night very much intoxicated with liquor, he fell across the bed with a lighted candle in his hand, which instantly set fire to the curtains, and he perished in the flames; one of my daughters turned out very vicious, and the other died of a broken heart from the cruel usage of her husband. Besides all these trials, I had another very severe one from the attorney, who was always racking me for money, and telling me he would turn King's evidence, and impeach me, if ever I refused him. At length, without a moment given him for repentance, he was suddenly carried off by a paralytic stroke. My spirits began to revive after his death, as my crime now was known only to myself; but peace can never dwell in the guilty bosom. I left off

going to church, for there my condemnation stared me full in the face. The Ten Commandments were written in golden letters on each side of the Altar; then my own wicked conscience would whisper me, how many of those sacred commands I had broken, I had taken the holy name of God in vain, I had profaned the Sabbath, I had been undutiful to my parents, I HAD BORNE FALSE WITNESS AGAINST MY NEIGHBOUR. At length, however, so grievously burdened was my conscience, that I resolved occasionally to attend church, hoping it would be a kind of sponge to rub out some of my sins. One Sunday I remember our parson told us in his sermon there can be no real repentance for sin, without forsaking it; adding moreover, that if any of his congregation had defrauded his neighbour of ought, he entreated them, if ever they hoped their souls would find mercy in the day of grace, that they should make restitution, before death should cut them off from the land of the living, since there was no repentance in the grave.

‘These words so worked upon my mind, that I fell sick, and during my illness, I called on Heaven to witness, that if life were granted me, I would restore to thee what I had so unjustly kept from thee; but as my health returned, so did my good resolutions vanish away again; I cheated myself with the thought that I might yet enjoy life many years; thus I went on till the restless working of my conscience almost overpowered me, and having enquired out the place of thy abode, mounted my horse and set

out, with the resolution to discover the whole history of my villainy to thee; but when I came within sight of thy cottage, I found my principles were not strong enough to bring me to confess myself a rogue before thee; I turned my horse about, and went home again. I next took to hard drinking to stifle reflection, but all would not do, for still the gnawings of ~~the~~ guilty conscience devoured me; as my health declined, the stronger the fear of death came upon me. Again I resolved once more to go in search of thee, and earnestly did I pray to God to assist my endeavours, and the nearer I approached to thy little dwelling, the more was my courage strengthened to proceed. The sudden fall of snow coming on was the cause of my being benighted, and missing my way I fell into the pit; but ah, Richard, it seems as if Heaven had appointed thee to preserve my life in this world, and my soul from destruction in the next, by pointing out to me the only path in which a penitent sinner can tread with safety. It is not for mortal man, Richard, to tell what agony of mind I have endured this night: thy kindness and that of thy wife nearly overcame me, and I the less feared to make a discovery of myself to thee, when I found every action of thy daily life was governed by the principles of religion; I know Christianity alone can teach men heartily to forgive their enemies.

‘O Rogers! Rogers! how blest is thy condition, when compared with mine: if thou art poor, thou art honest; in addition to a quiet conscience, thou hast a healthful and happy fa-

mily smiling around thee. I abound in wealth, it is true, but my health is gone; I have lost my rest, and I carry in my bosom the sharp goadings of a wounded spirit which I am unable to bear.'

Here Mr. Rogers finished his truly melancholy history, at which both Rogers and his wife shed abundance of tears, and at the same time they did all in their power to comfort him. The next day Rogers attended his uncle home, when he sent for the clergyman of his parish, who was a very experienced Christian; Rogers made a full confession of his guilt to him, hoping he would give him his best advice how to fit and prepare himself for another world. Mr. Rogers lived but a few weeks after this, and died full of horror at the sins of his past life, and earnestly imploring mercy from the Saviour of sinners.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence, who in an instant can bring the most secret plots to light! and how does the eye of God pursue us; "if we say peradventure the darkness shall cover us, then shall our night be turned into day; the darkness and light to him are both alike."

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURTHENS;

OR, THE

VALLEY OF TEARS.

A VISION.



ONCE upon a time methought I set out upon a long journey, and the place through which I travelled appeared to be a dark valley, which was called the Valley of Tears. It had obtained this name not only on account of the many sorrowful adventures which poor pas-

sengers commonly meet with in their journey through it; but also because most of these Travellers entered it weeping and crying, and left it in very great pain and anguish. This vast valley was full of people of all colours, ages, sizes, and descriptions: but whether white or black, or tawney, all were travelling the same road; or rather they were taking different little paths which all led to the same common end.

Now it was remarkable, that notwithstanding the different complexions, ages, and tempers of this vast variety of people, yet all resembled each other in this one respect, that each had a burthen on his back, which he was destined to carry through the toil and heat of the day, until he should arrive, by a longer or shorter course, at his journey's end. These burthens would in general have made the pilgrimage quite intolerable, had not the Lord of the Valley, out of his great compassion for these poor Pilgrims, provided, among other things, the following means for their relief.

In their full view over the entrance of the Valley, there were written in great letters the following words,

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURTHENS.

Now I saw in my vision that many of the Travellers hurried on without stopping to read this inscription; and others, though they had once read it, yet paid little or no attention to it. A third sort thought it very good advice for other people, but very seldom applied it to themselves. In short, I saw that too many of

these people were of opinion that they had burthens enough of their own, and that there was therefore no occasion to take upon them those of others; so each tried to make his own load as light, and his own journey as pleasant as he could, without so much as once casting a thought on a poor over-loaded neighbour. Here, however, I have to make a rather singular remark, by which I shall plainly shew the folly of these selfish people. It was so ordered and contrived by the Lord of this Valley, that if any one stretched out his hand to lighten a neighbour's burthen, in fact he never failed to find that he at that moment also lightened his own. Besides, the obligation to help each other, and the benefit of doing so, were mutual. If a man helped his neighbour, it commonly happened that some other neighbour came by-and-by and helped him in his turn; for there was no such thing as what we call *independence* in the whole Valley. Not one of all these travellers, however stout and strong, could move on comfortably without assistance, for so the Lord of the Valley, whose laws were all of them kind and good, had expressly ordained.

I stood still to watch the progress of these poor way-faring people, who moved slowly on, like so many Ticket porters, with burthens of various kinds on their backs; of which some were heavier, and some were lighter, but from a burthen of one kind or other, not one Traveller was entirely free.

The Widow.

A sorrowful Widow, oppressed with the burthen of grief for the loss of an affectionate husband, would have been bowed down by her heavy load, had not the surviving children with great alacrity stepped forward and supported her. Their kindness, after a while, so much lightened the load, which threatened at first to be intolerable, that she even went on her way with cheerfulness.

The Husband.

I next saw a poor old man tottering under a burthen so heavy, that I expected him every moment to sink under it. I peeped into his pack, and saw it was made up of many sad articles; there were poverty, oppression, sickness, debt, and what ~~made~~ by far the heaviest part, undutiful children. I was wondering how it was that he got on even so well as he did, till I spied his wife, a kind, meek, christian woman, who was doing her utmost to assist him. She quietly got behind, gently laid her shoulder to the burthen, and carried a much larger proportion of it than appeared to me when I was at a distance. She not only sustained him by her strength, but cheered him by her counsels. She told him that "through much tribulation we must enter into rest;" that "he that overcometh shall inherit all things." In short, she so supported his fainting spirit, that he was enabled to "run with patience the race that was set before him."

The kind Neighbour.

An infirm blind woman was creeping forward with a very heavy burthen in which were packed sickness and want, with numberless other of those raw materials, out of which human misery is worked up. She was so weak that she could not have got on at all, had it not been for the kind assistance of another woman almost as poor as herself; who, though she had no light burthen of her own, cheerfully lent an helping hand to a fellow-traveller, who was still more heavily laden. This friend had indeed little or nothing to give, but the very voice of kindness is soothing to the weary. And I remarked in many other cases, that it was not so much the degree of the help afforded, as the manner of helping, that lightened the burthens. Some had a coarse, rough, clumsy way of assisting a neighbour, which, though in fact it might be of real use, yet seemed, by galling the travellers, to add to the load it was intended to lighten; while I observed in others that so cheap a kindness as a mild word, or even an affectionate look, made a poor burthened wretch move on cheerily. The bare feeling that some human being cared for him, seemed to lighten the load. But to return to this kind neighbour. She had a little old book in her hand, the covers of which were worn out by much use. When she saw the blind woman ready to faint, she would read her a few words out of this book, such as the following—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's

is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" and one of these little promises operated like a cordial on the sufferer.

The Clergyman.

A pious Minister, sinking under the weight of a distressed parish, whose worldly wants he was totally unable to bear, was suddenly relieved by a good widow, who came up, and took all the sick and hungry on her own shoulders. The burthen of the parish thus divided became tolerable. The Minister, being no longer bowed down by the temporal distresses of his people, applied himself cheerfully to his own part of the weight. And it was pleasant to see how those two persons, neither of them very strong, or rich, or healthy, by thus kindly uniting together, were enabled to bear the weight of a whole parish; though singly, either of them must have sunk under the attempt. And I remember one great grief I felt during my whole journey was, that I did not see more of this union and concurring kindness, by which all the burthens might have been so easily divided. It troubled me to observe, that of all the laws of the Valley there was not one more frequently broken than the law of kindness.

The Negroes.

I now spied a swarm of poor black men, wo-

men, and children, a multitude which no man could number; these groaned, and toiled, and sweated, and bled under far heavier loads than I had yet seen. But for a while no man helped them; at length a few white travellers were touched with the sorrowful sighing of those millions, and very heartily did they put their hands to the burthens; but their number was not quite equal to the work they had undertaken: I perceived, however, that they never lost sight of those poor heavy-laden wretches, and as the number of these generous helpers increased, and is continually increasing, I felt a comfortable hope, that before all the blacks got out of the Valley, the whites would so apply themselves to the burthen, that the loads would be effectually lightened.

Among the travellers, I had occasion to remark, that those who most kicked and struggled under their burthens, only made them so much the heavier; for their shoulders became extremely galled by those vain struggles. The load, if borne patiently, would in the end have turned even to the advantage of the bearers (for so the Lord of the Valley had kindly decreed) but as to these grumblers they had all the smart and none of the benefit. But the thing which made all these burthens seem so very heavy was, that in every one, without exception, there was a certain inner packet, which most of the travellers took pains to conceal, and carefully wrap up; and while they were forward enough to complain of the other

part of their burthens, few said a word about this; though in truth it was the pressing weight of this secret packet which served to render the general burthen so intolerable. In spite of all their caution, I contrived to get a peep at it; I found in each that this packet had the same label; the word *sin* was written on all as a general title, and in ink so black that they could not wash it out. I observed that most of them took no small pains to hide the writing; but I was surprised to see that they did not try to get rid of their load, but the label. If any kind friend who assisted these people in bearing their burthens, did but so much as hint at the secret packet, or advise them to get rid of it, they took fire at once, and commonly denied they had any such article in their port-manteau; and it was those whose secret packet swelled to the most enormous size, who most stoutly denied they had any such packet at all.

I saw with pleasure, however, that some who had long laboured heartily to get rid of this inward packet, at length by prayers, and tears, and efforts not made in their own strength, found it much diminished, and the more this packet shrunk in size, the lighter was the other part of their burthens also.

Then, methought, all at once, I heard a voice as it had been the voice of an angel, crying out and saying, 'Ye unhappy pilgrims, why are ye troubled about the burthen which ye are doomed to bear though this Valley of Tears? Know ye not that as soon as ye shall

have escaped out of this Valley, the whole burthen shall drop off, provided ye neglect not to remove that inward weight of *sin* which principally oppresses you? Study then the whole will of the Lord of this Valley. Learn from him how the heavy part of your burthens may now be lessened, and how at last it shall be removed for ever. Be comforted. Faith and Hope may cheer you even in this Valley. The passage, though it seems long to weary travellers, is comparatively short; for beyond it there is a land of everlasting rest, "where ye shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, where ye shall be led by living fountains of waters, and all tears shall be wiped away from your eyes."

Z.

THE
Strait Gate and the Broad Way,
Being the SECOND PART of the
VALLEY OF TEARS.

NOW I had a second vision of what was passing in the Valley of Tears. Methought I saw again the same kind of travellers whom I had seen in the former part, and they were wandering at large through the same vast wilderness. At first setting out on his journey, each traveller had a small lamp so fixed in his bosom that it seemed to make a part of himself, but as this *natural light* did not prove to be sufficient to direct them in the right way, the King of the country, in pity to their wanderings and their blindness, out of his gracious condescension, promised to give these poor way-faring people an additional supply of light from his own royal treasury. But as he did not chuse to lavish his favours where there seemed no disposition to receive them, he would not bestow any of his oil on such as did not think it worth asking for. "Ask and ye shall have," was the universal rule he laid down for them. Many were prevented from asking through pride and vanity, for they thought they had light enough

already, preferring the feeble glimmerings of their own lamp, to all the offered light from the King's treasury. Yet it was observed of those who rejected it, as thinking they had enough, that hardly any acted up to what even their own natural light shewed them. Others were deterred from asking, because they were told that this light not only pointed out the dangers and difficulties of the road, but by a certain reflecting power, it turned inward on themselves, and revealed to them ugly sights in their own hearts, to which they rather chose to be blind; for those travellers "chose darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." Now it was remarkable that these two properties were inseparable, and that the lamp would be of little outward use, except to those who used it as an internal reflector. A threat and a promise also never failed to accompany the offer of this light from the King; a promise, that to those who improved what they had, more should be given; and a threat, that from those who did not use it wisely, should be taken away even what they had.

I observed that when the road was very dangerous; when terrors and difficulties and death beset the faithful traveller; then, on their fervent importunity, the King voluntarily gave large and bountiful supplies of light, such as in common seasons never could have been expected: always proportioning the quantity given to the necessity of the case, "as their day was, such was their light and strength."

Though many chose to depend entirely on their own lamp, yet it was observed that this light was apt to go out if left to itself. It was easily blown out by those violent gusts which were perpetually howling through the wilderness, and indeed it was the natural tendency of that unwholesome atmosphere to extinguish it, just as you have seen a candle go out when exposed to the vapours and foul air of a damp room. It was a melancholy sight to see multitudes of travellers heedlessly pacing on, boasting they had light enough, and despising the offer of more. But what astonished me most of all was, to see many, and some of them too accounted men of first rate wit, actually busy in blowing out their own light, because while any spark of it remained, it only served to torment them, and point out things which they did not wish to see. And having once blown out their own light, they were not easy till they had blown out that of their neighbours also; so that a good part of the wilderness seemed to exhibit a sort of universal *blind-man's buff*, each endeavouring to catch his neighbour, while his own voluntary blindness exposed him to be caught himself, so that each was actually falling into the snare he was laying for another, till at length, as selfishness is the natural consequence of blindness, 'catch he that catch can,' became the general cry throughout the wilderness.

Now I saw in my vision, that there were some others who were busy in strewing the most gaudy flowers over the numerous bogs,

precipices, and pit-falls, with which the wilderness abounded, and thus making danger and death look so gay, that poor thoughtless creatures seemed to delight in their own destruction. Those pit-falls did not appear deep or dangerous to the eye, because over them were raised gay edifices with alluring names. These were filled with singing men and singing women, and with dancing, and feasting, and gaming, and drinking, and jollity, and madness. But though the scenery was gay, the footing was unsound. The floors were full of holes, through which the unthinking merry-makers were continually sinking. Some tumbled through in the middle of a song, many at the end of a feast; and though there was many a cup of intoxication wreathed with flowers, yet there was always poison at the bottom. But what most surprised me was, that though no day past over their heads in which some of those merry-makers did not drop through, yet their loss made little impression on those who were left. Nay, instead of being awakened to more circumspection and self-denial by the continual dropping off of those about them, several of them seemed to borrow from thence an argument of a direct contrary tendency, and the very shortness of the time was only urged as a reason to use it more sedulously for the indulgence in sensual delights. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." "Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they are withered." With these, and a thousand other

such little mottos, the gay garlands of the wilderness were decorated. Some admired poets were set to work to set the most corrupt sentiments to the most harmonious tunes; these were sung without scruple, chiefly indeed by the looser sons of riot, but not seldom also by the more orderly daughters of sobriety, who were not ashamed to sing to the sound of instruments, sentiments so corrupt and immoral, that they would have blushed to speak or read them: but the music seemed to sanctify the corruption, especially such as was connected with love or drinking.

Now I observed that all the travellers who had so much as a spark of light left, seemed every now and then, as they moved onwards, to cast an eye, though with very different degrees of attention, towards the *Happy Land* which they were told lay at the end of their journey; but as they could not see very far forward, and as they knew there was a *dark and shadowy Valley* which must needs be crossed before they could attain to the *Happy Land*, they tried to turn their attention from it as much as they could. The truth is, they were not sufficiently apt to consult a map which the king had given them, and which pointed out the road to the happy land so clearly, that the "way-faring men, though simple, could not err." This map also defined very correctly the boundaries of the *Happy Land* from the *Land of Misery*, both of which lay on the other side of the dark and shadowy valley; but so many beacons and light-houses were erected, so many

clear and explicit directions furnished for avoiding the one country and attaining the other, that it was not the king's fault, if even one single traveller got wrong. But I am inclined to think that in spite of the map, and the king's word, and his offers of assistance to get them thither, that the travellers in general did not heartily and truly believe, after all, that there was any such country as the *Happy Land*; or at least the paltry and transient pleasures of the wilderness so befotted them, the thoughts of the dark and shadowy valley so frightened them, that they thought they should be more comfortable by banishing all thought and forecast.

Now I also saw in my dream, that there were two roads through the wilderness, one of which every traveller must needs take. The first was narrow, and difficult, and rough, but it was infallibly safe. It did not admit the traveller to stray either to the right hand or the left, yet it was far from being destitute of real comforts or sober pleasures. The other was a *broad and tempting way*, abounding with luxurious fruits and gaudy flowers to tempt the eye, and please the appetite. To forget this dark valley, through which every traveller was well assured he must one day pass, seemed indeed the object of general desire. To this grand end, all that human ingenuity could invent was industriously set to work. The travellers read, and they wrote, and they painted, and they sung, and they danced, and they drank as they went along, not so much because they

all cared for these things, or had any real joy in them, as because this restless activity served to divert their attention from ever being fixed on the *dark and shadowy valley*.

The king, who knew the thoughtless temper of the travellers, and how apt they were to forget their journey's end, had thought of a thousand little kind attentions to warn them of their dangers. And as we sometimes see in our gardens written on a board in great letters, BEWARE OF SPRING GUNS—MAN TRAPS ARE SET HERE; so had this king caused to be written and stuck up before the eyes of the travellers, several little notices and cautions, such as, "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction."—"Take heed, lest ye also perish."—"Woe to them that rise up early to drink wine."—"The pleasures of sin are but for a season," &c. Such were the notices directed to the *broad-way* travellers; but they were so busily engaged in plucking the flowers, sometimes before they were blown, and in devouring the fruits, often before they were ripe, and in loading themselves with *yellow clay*, under the weight of which millions perished, that they had no time so much as to look at the king's directions. Many went wrong because they preferred a merry journey to a safe one, and because they were terrified by certain notices chiefly intended for the *narrow way* travellers, such as, "ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice:" but had these foolish people allowed themselves time or patience to read to the end, which they seldom

would do, they would have seen these comfortable words added, "but your sorrow shall be turned into joy;" also, "your joy no man taketh from you;" and "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Now I also saw in my dream, that many travellers who had a strong dread of ending at the *Land of Misery*, walked up to the *Strait Gate*, hoping that though the entrance was narrow, yet if they could once get in, the road would widen; but what was their grief, when on looking more closely they saw written on the inside, "narrow is the way;" this made them take fright; they compared the inscriptions with which the whole way was lined, such as, "be ye not-conformed to this world—deny yourselves, take up your crosses," with all the tempting pleasures of the wilderness. Some indeed recollected the fine descriptions they had read of the *Happy Land*, the *Golden City*, and the *River of Pleasures*, and they sighed: but then, those joys were distant, and from the faintness of their light they soon got to think that what was remote might be uncertain, and while the present good increased in bulk by its nearness, the distant good receded, diminished, disappeared. Their faith failed; they would trust no farther than they could see; they drew back and got into the *Broad Way*, taking a common but sad refuge in the number and gaiety of their companions. When these faint-hearted people, who yet had set out well, turned back, their light was quite put out, and then they became worse than those who

had made no attempt to get in. "For it is impossible, that is, it is next to impossible, for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they fall away, to renew them again to repentance."

A few honest humble travellers not naturally stronger than the rest, but strengthened by their trust in the king's word, came up by the light of their lamps, and meekly entered in at the *Strait Gate*. As they advanced farther they felt less heavy, and though the way did not in reality grow wider, yet they grew reconciled to the narrowness of it, especially when they saw the walls here and there studded with certain jewels called *promises*, such as, "he that endureth to the end shall be saved." And "my grace is sufficient for you." Some, when they were almost ready to faint, were encouraged by seeing that many niches in the *Narrow Way* were filled with statues and pictures of saints and martyrs, who had borne their testimony at the stake, that the *Narrow Way* was the safe way; and these travellers, instead of sinking at the sight of the painted wheel and gibbet, the sword and the furnace, were animated by these words written under them, "those that wear white robes came out of great tribulation," and, "be ye followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

In the mean time there came a great multitude of travellers, all from *Laodicea*; this

was the largest party I had yet seen; these were *neither hot nor cold*; they would not give up future hope, they could not endure present pain; so they contrived to deceive themselves, by fancying that though they resolved to keep the *Happy Land* in view, yet there must needs be many different ways which led to it, no doubt all equally sure, without being all equally rough; so they set on foot certain little contrivances to attain the end without using the means, and softened down the spirit of the king's directions to fit them to their own practice. Sometimes they would split a direction in two, and only use that half which suited them. For instance, when they met with the following rule, "trust in the Lord and be doing good," they would take the first half, and make themselves easy with a general sort of trust, that through the mercy of the king all would go well with them, though they themselves did nothing; and on the other hand, many made sure that a few good works of their own would do their business, and carry them safely to the *Happy Land*, though they did *not* trust in the Lord, nor place any faith in his word. Thus some perished by a lazy faith, and others by a working pride. A large party of Pharisees now appeared, who had so neglected their lamp that they did not see their way at all, though they fancied themselves to be full of light; they kept up appearances so well as to delude others, and most effectually to delude themselves with a notion that they might be found in the right way at last. In

this dreadful delusion they went on to the end, and till they were finally plunged in the dark valley, never discovered the horrors which awaited them on the dismal shore. It was remarkable that whilst these Pharisees were often boasting how bright their light burnt, in order to get the praise of men, the humble travellers, whose steady light showed their good works to others, refused all commendation, and the brighter their light shined before men, so much the more they insisted that they ought to glory not in themselves, but their Father which is in heaven.

I now set myself to observe what was the particular lett, molestation, and hindrance, which obstructed particular travellers in their endeavours to enter in at the Strait Gate. I remarked a huge portly man who seemed desirous of getting in, but he carried about him such a vast provision of bags full of gold, and had on so many rich garments, which stuffed him out so wide, that though he pushed and squeezed, like one who had really a mind to get in, yet he could not possibly do so. Then I heard a voice crying, "woe to him that loadeth himself with thick clay." The poor man felt something was wrong, and even went so far as to change some of his more cumbersome vanities into others which seemed less bulky, but still he and his pack were much too wide for the gate. He would not however give up the matter so easily, but began to throw away a little of the coarser part of his baggage, but still I remarked that he threw away none of the vanities which lay

near his heart. He tried again, but it would not do; still his dimensions were too large. He now looked up and read these words, "how hardly shall those who have riches enter into the kingdom of God." The poor man sighed to find that it was impossible to enjoy his fill of both worlds, and "went away sorrowing." If he ever afterwards cast a thought towards the *Happy Land*, it was only to regret that the road which led to it was too narrow to admit any but the meagre children of want, who were not so encumbered by wealth as to be too big for the passage. Had he read on, he would have seen that "with God all things are possible."

Another advanced with much confidence of success, for having little worldly riches or honours, the gate did not seem so strait to him. He got to the threshold triumphantly, and seemed to look back with disdain on all that he was quitting. He soon found, however, that he was so bloated with pride, and stuffed out with self-sufficiency, that he could not get in. Nay, he was in a worse way than the rich man just named; for *he* was willing to throw away some of his outward luggage, whereas this man refused to part with a grain of that vanity and self-applause which made him too big for the way. The sense of his own worth so swelled him out, that he stuck fast in the gateway, and could neither get in nor out. Finding now that he must cut off all those big thoughts of himself, if he wished to be reduced to such a size

as to pass the gate, he gave up all thoughts of it. He scorned that humility and self-denial which might have shrunk him down to the proper dimensions; the more he insisted on his own qualifications for entrance, the more impossible it became, for the bigger he grew. Finding that he must become quite another manner of man before he could hope to get in, he gave up the desire; and I now saw that though when he set his face towards the *Happy Land* he could not get an inch forward, yet the instant he made a motion to turn back into the world, his speed became rapid enough, and he got back into the *Broad Way* much sooner than he had got out of it.

Many, who for a time were brought down from their usual bulk by some affliction, seemed to get in with ease. They now thought all their difficulties over, for having been surfeited with the world during their late disappointment, they turned their backs upon it willingly enough. A fit of sickness perhaps, which is very apt to *reduce*, had for a time brought their bodies into subjection, so that they were enabled just to get in at the gateway; but as soon as health and spirits returned, the way grew narrower and narrower to them; they could not get on, but turned short, and got back into the world. I saw many attempt to enter who were stopped short by a large burden of worldly cares; others by a load of idolatrous attachments; but I observed that nothing proved a more complete bar than that vast bundle of

prejudices with which multitudes were loaded. Others were fatally obstructed by loads of bad habits which they would not lay down, though they knew it prevented their entrance. Some few, however, of most descriptions, who had kept their *light* alive by craving constant supplies from the king's treasury, got through at last by a strength which they felt not to be their own. One poor man, who carried the largest bundle of bad habits I had seen, could not get on a step; he never ceased, however, to implore for light enough to see where his misery lay; he threw down one of his bundles, then another, but all to little purpose, still he could not stir. At last, *striving as if in agony*, (which is the true way of entering) he threw down the heaviest article in his pack; this was *selfishness*: the poor fellow felt relieved at once, his light burnt brightly, and the rest of his pack was as nothing.

Then I heard a great noise as of carpenters at work. I looked what this might be, and saw many sturdy travellers, who finding they were too bulky to get through, took it into their heads not to reduce themselves, but to widen the gate; they hacked on this side, and hewed on that; but all their hacking, and hewing, and hammering, was to no purpose, they got only their labour for their pains: it would have been possible for them to have reduced themselves, but to widen the narrow way was impossible.

What grieved me most was, to observe that

many who had got on successfully a good way, now stopped to rest, and to admire their own progress. While they were thus valuing themselves on their attainments, their light diminished. While these were boasting how far they had left others behind, who had set out much earlier, some slower travellers, whose beginning had not been so promising, but who had walked circumspectly, now outstripped them. These last walked, "not as though they had already attained," but this one thing they did, "forgetting the things which were behind, they pushed forward toward the mark for the prize of their high calling." These, though naturally weak, yet *by laying aside every weight, finished the race that was before them.* Those who had kept their "light burning," who were not "wise in their own conceit," who "laid their help on one that is mighty," who had "chosen to suffer affliction rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," came at length to the *Happy Land*. They had indeed the *Dark and Shadowy Valley* to cross; but even there they found a *rod and a staff* to comfort them. Their light, instead of being put out by the damps of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, often burnt with added brightness. Some indeed suffered the terrors of a short eclipse; but even then their light, like that of a dark lanthorn, was not put out, it was only hid for a while; and even these often finished their course with joy. But be that as it might, the instant they reached the

Happy Land, all tears were wiped from their eyes, and the king himself came forth and welcomed them into his presence, and put a crown upon their heads, with these words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy LORD."

Z.

THE
H U B B U B;
OR, THE
HISTORY OF FARMER RUSSEL,
THE HARD-HEARTED OVERSEER.

THE oldest man living at Compton-Ashby, cannot call to mind such another Hubbub as that which happened there some months ago, on the common, just before the poor-house door. A number of men, women, and children, had formed a ring round one farmer Ruffel, a fullen, down-looking fellow, whom no one loved, and every one feared; for his love of money had led him to be hard-hearted; and his power over the poor had made him indulge his natural insolence. Never was there such a hissing and hooting, and hallooing heard. Many of these people had been grievously oppressed by the farmer, and now they had him in their power, they seemed resolved to shew him little mercy.

Betty Jobbins beat the frying-pan with the key of the door, Sally Gore pounded the pestle and mortar, Nelly Shepston rung the warming-pan, Dick Devonshire blew the ram's-horn,

whilst Nick Stafford, and others, jingled the sheeps' bells.

It so happened that one Mr. Britton rode up at the instant, to enquire what was the matter, of two poor women who were sitting in the porch of the poor-house. One of them, Amy Talbot, seemed to be about sixty years of age, but time had not cured Amy of gossiping, or taught her to mend her cloaths. As she had no turn for industry in her youth, she soon eat and drank up the little property left her by her parents, which might now have afforded her a comfortable maintenance; but no, Amy's tongue was always abusive and always busy; if her fingers had been as active, she would have been the most notable body in the country. Wherever there was a gossiping in the parish, thither ran Amy, with her rags flying about her like a scare-crow in a cherry-tree. Her skin, which was quite tawny, was never washed; her hair had worked itself through the holes of her mob, half the border of which was lost, and the flaps of her old cloak were always flying behind her; the pigs had one day eaten a hole through her hat as it lay on the ground, and a piece which was left, now hung over her eye like a black patch; her petticoats were all tatters, and her gown reached but little below her knees; it had been torn away bit by bit, till it was ravelled out to the above dimensions; her stockings had no feet, and her feet were slipped into a miserable pair of shoes, which she had not taken the trouble to draw up at heel, even when they were new; in one hand she clenched her rags together,

whilst with the other she held a short pipe in her mouth, resting her elbow on her knee, as she sat cross-legged.

The other poor woman, whose name was Apsley, was of a very different cast from Amy; she was the picture of cleanliness, and good housewifery; she was mending her apron, which, though very coarse, was as white as the driven snow. This good woman never sat at the door to take the air but she was doing something; 'it is a duty' she would say, 'to turn our time to the best account we can;' and when her other employment was over, she would read a chapter in the Bible. Mr. Britton asked her what occasioned the uproar, and at the same time slipped half a crown into her hand, giving afterwards only a few halfpence to Amy, which he thought was more than such a dirty woman deserved.

'Why, sir,' cried Amy, pocketing her pence, 'I'll tell you all how and about it: don't you see that sulky ill-looking fellow of a farmer, so hooted at by the people? he is a fine rare crusty old blade, and has hector'd over the parish at a fine rate; he is always at law with the Parson about tithes, and with his neighbours upon the slightest provocation; besides, sir, he is Overseer of the poor, and a poor time we have had on't, but, thanks be praised, 'tis come home to the wretch at last.' Then she fell to hooting and hissing, till she foamed at the mouth again; which having wiped off with the corner of her gown, she said, 'Now, sir, I'll tell you; that fellow's stomach has been well filled with

every thing of the best, whilst he has starved poor we almost to death; but 'tis likely to come home to him at last, and he may chance to swing for it, and then we shall all be revenged of him;' and again she fell to clapping her hands.

'Prithee, Amy,' replied dame Apsley very calmly, 'don't give way to such evil tempers; we have been hardly used by the farmer to be sure, but if we are Christians, we must learn to forget and forgive.' 'If ever I forgive the villain,' cried Amy, knocking the dust out of her pipe, 'may I never get another quartern of tobacco; revenge is sweet, sir, revenge is sweet.'

'To an unchristian temper I grant it is,' said Mr. Britton, 'but revenge is the worst passion that can enter the human breast; it is the very spirit of Satan. We are taught to "pray for them which despitefully use us."'

'It is a very fine remark truly, sir,' said dame Apsley; 'for, to my thinking, a man who is always nursing up an evil passion in his bosom, is as if he cherished a serpent there, which must sting him to death at last; yet, sir, I must be bold to say, much as I want money, I would not accept of farmer Russel's fortune, if I must take up the heavy burden of his crimes into the bargain.' 'Ah! dame, dame,' interrupted Amy, 'preach as you please, I am glad at heart 'tis come home to the villain at last; things can't go on worse with us.'

'Nor perhaps much better,' answered dame

Apſley, ' for, after all, 'tis a very unthankful office to have much to do with poor people, eſpecially if they have not the fear of God before their eyes ; becauſe then they are abuſive, and ungrateful to thoſe who are guardians over them ; for the matter of that, Amy, have we not ſeveral old people in this poor-houſe, who have been drunken, idle, blaſpheming people all their lives ; and though we live ſo near to the church, not one of them has ſeen the inside of it for many years paſt, unleſs when there has been Chriſtmas gifts, or money, to be given away ; but I think if I were the parſon, Amy, every Lord's-day I would drive the whole poſſe into church before me, if they were able to ſet one foot before another.' ' My good woman,' ſaid Mr. Britton, ' I am mightily pleaſed to ſee how uſefully you employ your time, for you have continued your work ever ſince we have been chatting together.' ' Time, ſir, is the gift of God, and I muſt account to him for it ; beſides, ſir, often when I am buſily employed at my needle, I can ponder on ſome text of Scripture, and I can ſay with king David, " As for me, when I am poor and in heavineſs, thy help, O God, ſhall liſt me up." Now, ſir, although I am very poor, that is no reaſon why I ſhould not be very clean ; if my cloathing be coarſe, that is no excuſe for its being ragged ; and if I am lame in my feet, that is no cauſe for my fingers being idle ; beſides, ſir, a ſtitch in time ſaves nine, and I frequently get a ſhilling by mending ſtays, or quilting of ſervants' petticoats, when my health will permit.'

‘ Ah! well,’ interrupted Amy, ‘ I never had the heart to work, unless I were better paid for it. But I say, dame; I will say, that I am glad at heart farmer Ruffel is in hold at last; *live*, and *let live*, is my notion of the thing; but no, he went on from day to day, cribbing and scraping something out of every body; and no sooner did he get a little uppish in the world, than he took no more account of poor we, than if we had been so many hedge-hogs, for all he was born and bred amongst us; but for the matter of that, he han’t been much kinder to his own family, for you must know, sir, his bitter temper caused his only son to run away from him, nor has any tale or tidings ever been heard of him.’ Here again Amy began hissing and hooting the farmer, insomuch that Mr. Britton began to think he should never get at the end of the story.

‘ Now, sir,’ cried Amy at last, while she filled her pipe, ‘ now I have got breath again, I’ll tell you all how and about it. You must know last hard winter, sir, when bread was so dear, and coals were so scarce, farmer Ruffel would not let the parish be at the expence of mending the thatch on this poor-house, so that when the snow melted, it ran in streams down on dame’s bed, by which she lost the use of her limbs, and she has hobbled with crutches ever since; yet she, foolish woman, seldom complains; but off she goes to her Bible for comfort, just as another body would to a glass of gin, or a pot of beer, when things go amiss.’

‘ The troubles of life,’ said dame Apſley, ‘ are but as ſhadows which paſs away ; but the Chriſtian’s reſt will be eternal ; and certain I am, ſir, my weak nature would often have given way to ſinful murmurings, but for the gracious promiſe of better things in the life to come.’ ‘ O ! ſir,’ continued ſhe, ‘ I have found it much more for my ſoul’s good to bleſs Heaven for what I have, than to murmur for what I have not ; though, to be ſure, I have ſeen better days ;’ wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

‘ Indeed has ſhe, ſir,’ cried Amy, ‘ for dame’s huſband was a man well to paſs in the world ; he rented a ſmall farm, and was accounted one of the moſt induſtrious men in the country ; and as to dame herſelf, up early and down late was her maxim ; when all of a ſudden comes that ſame knaviſh ſcoundrel there, farmer Ruſſel, and takes farmer Apſley’s eſtate over his head, who was ſoon after obliged to take up with day-labouring to maintain his family : by-and-by ſickneſs came on, want followed next, farmer Ruſſel ſeized farmer Apſley’s goods for a little debt, and at the end of a long fit of ſickneſs, he and his whole family were brought here to the poor-houſe, where the man ſoon after died of a broken heart ; and yet, ſir, dame is for forgiving the farmer all this ; more fool ſhe !’

‘ That I do,’ replied ſhe, ‘ ſince my bleſſed Saviour not only forgave his enemies, but prayed to his Heavenly Father to forgive them alſo ; and I ſhould read my Bible to little profit, Amy, if I learnt nothing from ſo bright an

example; besides, sir, it is the only condition on which I can expect the forgiveness of my own sins. But, good sir,' said she, turning to Mr. Britton, 'your patience must be quite tired not to be yet made acquainted with all the Hubbub yonder; but most folks are so fond of telling their own stories, that they do not think of other people. There is, sir, a poor soldier found dead this morning in the next parish, and it is thought that farmer Russel has had some concern in the matter, so the people are now going to carry him before a justice to be examined.'

'And I hope he will be hanged—I hope he will be hanged,' cried Amy, clapping her hands; 'and I hope he will live to repent,' cried dame Aptley, wiping her eyes. Mr. Britton's curiosity was now raised, and he attended the mob to the justice's.

Justice Carter was an upright gentleman, just such a man as a justice of the peace ought to be. Before he administered an oath to an ignorant person; 'Think a moment, my friend,' he would say, 'before you kiss this book, whether you can stand to the truth of what you are going to swear, when you are called to be judged for it before the God of heaven and earth.' No temptation could ever prevail on his worship unjustly to favour any man; the laws, he said, must take their course; if they were found severe, he did not make them: it was his duty to administer them.

'And, please your Worship,' cried one Jones,

who seemed to be the ring-leader of the mob, 'we all hope that you will now take revenge for us on the farmer, for all the spiteful tricks he has played us.'

'I should make but an ill use of power, Jones,' replied the justice, 'if I were to do any thing from heat or passion; if the law acquits farmer Russel, I shall readily dismiss him.'

'Well, to be sure,' cried the people all in a breath, 'your Worship must be a very fine Christian to forget and forgive at this rate, for to our certain knowledge the farmer has been a plague to you yourself these ten years, sneering at you many times; and saying, "that neither you nor the law could take hold of him."—'Now, do not you see,' replied the justice, 'that all that has nothing to do with the present matter?'

Then turning over a great book as big as a church Bible, the witness was called, who deposed upon oath, that the last evening just between light and dark, he saw farmer Russel dragging a poor soldier-like looking man over Compton-bridge, clear out of his own parish into the next; that he there laid him down by the side of the ditch; that at first he, the witness, believed the man to be dead; but that in a short time he found the poor fellow had only fainted through weakness; that the witness had lent the poor soldier all the assistance in his power; but that he was obliged soon after to leave him to follow his cattle.

Here the witness's evidence closed. 'And could you,' said the justice to farmer Russel, 'drag a poor dying traveller into another parish

in this barbarous manner? In order to save your own parish a trifling expence, you did not scruple to risk the life of this poor traveller. You thought, indeed, that the darkness concealed you; but remember, though it seemed dark, yet the broad eye of the Almighty, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, was upon you.'

The farmer then, in a surly tone, replied, 'that the man had no business in his parish; and that as for himself, no one could say he was unkind to the poor, for he paid three times as much to the poor-rates as any man in the parish, (the Lord of the Manor only excepted.)' 'And reason good,' cried ragged Amy, who had followed the mob; because you are the greatest renter in it; for by dishonest practices you have got all the small farms into your own hands; but, farmer, no one has heard you ever gave a penny out of your own pocket to the poor when the laws did not compel you, so no thanks to your charity. And please your Worship, every one here knows, that whenever a kind gentleman and lady sent a few shillings to be divided amongst us, if the farmer heard of it he would stop our pay till that was spent.'

Both the Justice and Mr. Britton quite shuddered at this act of cruelty, and every one present hoped his Worship would not fail to take ample revenge on the farmer.

'My friends,' said the Justice again, 'if my breast harboured revenge against any man, I should be unfit for a magistrate; did you never see the picture of Justice painted in my great

hall? she is there represented as holding a pair of scales with the balance quite even.'

The Justice, wishing to know some more circumstances about the man's death, the whole posse now moved off to the place where the corpse lay, attended by Mr. Britton; by the way they accused the farmer of every crime; some of which he had not, and others which he had, committed. 'Ah!' said one, 'Who sold cyder for the very best, when it was proved it had been half filled up with water?'—'Who,' said another, 'sold his hay-ricks, all warranted good, and when they were cut open they were found crammed with musty stuff, fit only for littering of cattle?'—'And who,' cried a third, 'carried the best samples of wheat to the market, and afterwards fobbed the buyer off with the very worst?'—'And who,' bawled out a fourth, 'turned his own child out of doors, and mayhap murdered him; for no tidings have been heard of him since?'

Much after this manner they went on; till soon after the coroner pronounced a verdict of "natural death," no marks of violence being found upon the body. The farmer now brightened up at once, and flicking his hands in his waistcoat pockets, he cast a malignant grin of triumph on all around him; 'Now touch me if you dare,' cried he, 'but if my name be Russel, I'll have my revenge on every man and woman's child of you; and I'll spend a thousand pounds at law, but I'll be a match for some of you. I'll lay an action against you, John Hoskins, for defamation; you have accused me with the

murder of my own child ; now prove your words if you can.' Poor Hoskins turned as pale as death, well knowing the farmer's unforgiving temper.

Here some one on searching the pocket of the deceased, was surprised to find in it a letter not sealed, directed to farmer Russel, of Compton Ashby. The letter was offered to the farmer, but he refused to take it, having always thought it unlucky to touch any thing belonging to the dead, for the cruel are naturally superstitious. The people then requested Mr. Britton to read it aloud, which he at length consented to do.

LETTER.

"Honoured Father,

"THIS comes to you, from your ever dutiful, but unfortunate son, James Russel."

Here the shouts of the people were so clamorous, that Mr. Britton could not go on reading ; every one pressed round the body, and after examining the face for a moment, they one and all cried out in a breath, ' 'Tis Jemmy Russel, 'tis Jemmy Russel, as sure as eggs are eggs ; we can't be mistaken by the cut across his right eye.'—'O, you hard-hearted wretch !' said Hoskins, striking his clenched fist at the farmer, (who gave a deep groan, and turned as white as a sheet,) 'will you have the law of me now, because I said you killed your son, you cruel monster?' Mr. Britton here interfered, and

said, 'let me advise you, good folks, to hear the letter read through, and stop your tongues a moment.'

"My dear father, I have faithfully served his Majesty King George in his wars for many years; but falling at length into the same disorder of which my poor mother died, the consumption, my commanding officer, who has behaved like a father to me, has kindly granted me a furlow, to try what my native air will do for me, giving me at the same time a golden guinea out of his own pocket to bear my expences on the road, he having always taken a great fancy to me, seeing as how I ever made it my delight to obey him. So I began my march homeward, although with great fear and trembling, pondering in my mind the last words I ever heard you speak; which were, "That you wished I might drop down dead if I ever dared to darken your doors again;" and calling down heavy curses on yourself if ever you forgave me; and now, as my offence, dear father, was but a slight one, and much have I repented of it, and much shall we all have to be forgiven when we shall appear before God in judgment, so I humbly trust you will receive me kindly when you see how sick, and how very weak I am. I have fallen down once or twice on the road, and having spent all my money, have been for two days living by charity. I therefore write these few lines from the Swan at Bridgewater, where I have stopped, in order that they may, in case I should not be able to reach home alive, be sent to you after

my death. Oh, my dear father! My hour glass is almost run, and death will now be welcome to me, for my life has been little else than pain and sorrow. O! father, nothing becomes a Christian-man like sorrow for sin, even when he is found in health, and his worldly concerns flourishing round him. Pray, dear father, think of these things. Although this life is nearly over with me, yet I have a comfortable hope and trust in my Saviour, that the joys of the next will soon open upon me.

“ Farewell, for ever, my dear and honoured father; should we meet no more in this world, I humbly pray we may meet in the next. I beg pardon for all my faults, and with my dying breath subscribe myself, your ever dutiful son,

JAMES RUSSEL.”

Many tears were shed whilst Mr. Britton read the letter. ‘ My good friends,’ said he, when he had finished it, ‘ let me now give you a word of advice: Whenever a sick and poor traveller, (and especially when a brave British soldier or sailor, who has shed his blood in fighting for you in foreign parts, and is, perhaps, escaped from an enemy’s prison,) knocks at your door to ask for charity, do not refuse him a cup of beer, or a plentiful slice of bread and cheese:—to you who abound it is little, to him it may be much; and henceforward let us all learn to look upon every man in distress as a child or a brother; and let us do by him as we would wish to be done by, if we were in his condition.

As for you, farmer Ruffel,' continued he, 'no reproof from me is wanting, for the event that has happened is of itself the most bitter of all reproofs.'

'O, my son! my son!' at length, cried the farmer (wringing his hands, and tearing his hair with grief,) 'my own curses have brought on my own destruction! Wretch! wretch that I am!' (here attempting to rise, he sunk down by the body of his son, and then fell into such strong convulsion fits, that six of the stoutest men present could not hold him: his limbs were distorted, his face turned black, his eyes looked as if they were bursting out of his head; so dreadful, indeed, was his situation, that those who but a moment before hated and reviled him, were now ready to pity him.) 'What an affecting sight,' said Mr. Britton, 'have we now before us! God grant that it may prove a lesson to us all. It was but a few moments ago that this miserable man, who now lies struggling in the toils of death before you, was proudly rejoicing that he had escaped the lash of the law, and threatening others with its vengeance.'

The farmer's waggon now arrived to carry him home, and it was a most moving sight to see it followed by the corpse of his son. A doctor was sent for, who the moment he saw the farmer, said he feared he could do nothing for him. Mr. Britton watched by him all night, and when the fits went off for a few minutes, he was heard thus to mutter to himself.

'Of what use to me are all the riches in the world, now the afflicting hand of Heaven is

upon me ! My punishment is great, great also has been my crime.—I suffered my own child to perish for want, whilst I was in plenty, and now my own hand has helped to kill him. How hard also have I been to the poor ; the Lord has smitten me for it ! The curses I have often uttered against them are now come upon myself. In my prosperity I forgot God, and now in my calamity he has forsaken me. I must die ! The jaws of destruction seem opening to devour me ; and hell hath no covering !

After this, the farmer uttered nothing to be understood, though he languished near three weeks in a state of misery, which excited the pity of all who saw him, and then expired, a dreadful instance of the just judgment of God.

THE
BLACK PRINCE,
A TRUE STORY;

BEING

AN ACCOUNT of the LIFE and DEATH of
NAIMBANNA, an AFRICAN KING'S SON,
Who arrived in England in the Year 1791, and set sail on
his Return in June 1793.



IN Africa, the country where the negroes live, and from which slaves are taken, there was a king who was not a Christian, but who was a better man (to their shame be it spoken) than many who call themselves Christians. Though he could neither read nor write, he had good

sense enough to grieve for the misery and ignorance of his poor countrymen, and he was desirous of doing them good if he knew but how.

At length a number of English gentlemen, who had at heart the same thing, formed themselves into a company for the purpose of putting a stop to the trade in slaves, and spreading in Africa the blessings of the gospel.

Their plan was to form a settlement in the river Sierra Leone, where the above-mentioned king lived, and they accordingly sent over an agent to talk with the king, and to procure his consent.

The good old king was very glad when he heard of their intentions; he easily saw that such a settlement would produce great benefit to his country; he therefore became the staunch friend of the Company, and also of the Settlement which was soon after formed, and he continued so to the day of his death.

The king had thought before this time that there were none but bad people in England, for to use his own words, he had *never before seen any Englishmen who were not bad people*, but he now found, that though there were many wicked people in England, there were many good people also. Being informed that what made the people in England good was the Christian Religion, he resolved to send thither his son, about twenty-three years of age, who was put under the care of the Sierra Leone Company's agent, and by him brought to England, the Company readily undertaking the charge of his education.

Naimbanna, for so he was called, arrived

in England in a vessel called the Lapwing, in the year 1791, and proper persons were chosen to instruct him in reading, writing, and other parts of education: but before we proceed to give an account of the progress he made during his stay in this country, it may be proper to make the reader acquainted with his character at the time of his landing. His person was not handsome, but his manners were extremely pleasing, and his dispositions kind and affectionate:—at the same time, his feelings were quick and jealous, and he was very violent in his temper, as well as proud and disdainful. Though he laboured under great disadvantages from the want of early education, yet he shewed signs of a good understanding, and he appeared to be very sharp-sighted in finding out people's real character.

He had not been long in England before a thirst of knowledge was found to be a leading feature in his character. His teachers have said that he would often urge them to prolong the time employed in reading, and that he was always thankful to any one who would assist him in learning any thing that was useful. He was never led into company where the time was wasted in idle talk without being sorry, and when left to himself, he would employ not less than eight or ten hours of the day in reading.

As it was the main object of the gentlemen to whose care he had been entrusted to give him right views of Christianity, pains were taken to convince him that the Bible was the word of God, and he received it as such with great reverence.

and simplicity: 'When I found,' said, he, 'all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the word of God, and all bad men disregarding it, I was then sure that the Bible must be what good men called it, the word of God.' But not content with the report of others, he read the Bible for himself. He would sometimes complain of being fatigued with other studies, but even when he was most fatigued, if asked to read a little in the Scriptures, he always expressed his readiness by some emotion of joy: he used to say, that he was sure of meeting with something in the Bible which suited every case, and shewed him what was right and what was wrong; and that he likewise found in it good examples to encourage him to do what was right, and bad examples to deter him from doing what was wrong. In short, he was not one of those who read the Bible, and think little or nothing about what they read, but he considered it as the rule of his life; and if at any time his behaviour was amiss, and a text of Scripture was mentioned, which proved it to be so, he would immediately submit to its authority. Nor was his regard for the Bible merely of an outward kind, it plainly affected his heart. He had tried, when in Africa, (to use his own words) to *make himself as proud as he could*, and he thought it great to revenge himself on any one who had done him an injury; but from the Bible he acquired such humble views of himself, that he was led to see his need of Christ as his Saviour, and the necessity of relying on him as the ground of acceptance with God. Humility was a quality

which he found it hard to attain; but before his departure from England, not only his pride, but also his revengeful spirit had become hateful to him. The progress he had made in subduing his passions, during his short stay in this country, considering the natural violence of his temper, was considerable. He always expressed sorrow when he had been hasty or passionate in his conduct: as he became more acquainted with Christian principles, he acquired more courtesy and delicacy of manners, some degree of which was indeed natural to him, and the superstitious belief in witchcraft, to which Africans are so prone, gradually left him.

He paid great respect to the teachers of Christianity, whom he wished much to invite over to his country; took great delight in the exercises of devotion, and would talk on religious subjects with much openness and simplicity, and without any mixture of enthusiasm. Love and gratitude to God, who had delivered him from the state of darkness in which, in common with millions of his countrymen, he had been lately plunged, were strongly impressed on his mind, and had a strong and abiding effect on the whole of his conduct.

His tenderness of conscience was very striking, and it seemed to have become his desire on all occasions, to know what line of conduct was most agreeable to the word of God: when he could determine that point, he would not hesitate about resolving to pursue it.

The reader will have a better view of the character of this Black Prince from the following stories of him, the truth of which is well established.

His father had seen so much drunkenness among the English slave traders on the coast of Africa, that he concluded drunkenness was very common in England, and in order to prevent his son's falling into that abominable practice, he laid a command on him, (stating at the same time the ground of his fears) that when he came to England, he should not be prevailed upon to drink spirits of any kind, nor to drink more than a glass or two of wine at a meal.

When young Naimbanna found how strongly obedience to parents is enjoined in the Bible, he regarded this command of his father as sacred, nor was he ever known to violate it.

Soon after he came to London, he was taken to see St. Paul's, the grandeur of which, it was thought, would astonish him, but to the surprize of the gentleman who went with him, on getting to the upper part of the building, terror seemed to swallow up every other feeling; he made the utmost haste to descend, nor did he stop till he found himself safely landed in the church-yard, when in a very earnest manner he thanked God for having spared him. When asked the reason of this strange conduct, he said, that on looking down from the top of St. Paul's, he was so struck with the nearness of death and judgment, that he lost sight of every other object; that he never felt before how much he deserved punishment at the hands of God, and that he only thought of escaping, lest such a signal punishment as that of falling from the top of St. Paul's should overtake him.

He was present once in the House of Com-

mons during a Debate on the Slave Trade. He there heard a gentleman, who spoke in favour of the trade, say some things very degrading to the character of his countrymen. He was so enraged at this, that on coming out of the House, he cried out with great vehemence, "I will kill that fellow wherever I meet him, for he has told lies of my country:" he was put in mind of the Christian duty of forgiving his enemies; on which he answered nearly in the following words:—"If a man should rob me of my money, I can forgive him; if a man should shoot at me, I can forgive him; if a man should sell me and all my family to a slave ship, so that we should pass all the rest of our lives in slavery in the West-Indies, I can forgive him; but, (added he with much emotion) if a man takes away the character of the people of my country, I never can forgive him.' Being asked why he would not extend his forgiveness to one who took away the character of the people of his country, he answered,—'If a man should try to kill me, or should sell my family for slaves, he would do an injury to as many as he might kill or sell, but if any one takes away the character of black people, that man injures black people all over the world; and when he has once taken away their character, there is nothing which he may not do to black people ever after. That man, for instance, will beat black men, and say, 'O, it is only a black man, why should I not beat him?' That man will make slaves of black people; for when he has taken away their character he will say, 'O, they are only black people, why should

not I make them slaves.' That man will take away all the people of Africa, if he can catch them, and if you ask him, but why do you take away all these people, he will say, 'O, they are only black people, they are not like white people, why should not I take them?' That is the reason why I cannot forgive the man who takes away the character of the people of my country.'

He was then told that it would be very wicked to kill this gentleman, or even not to forgive him, seeing the Scriptures said, "Forgive your enemies,"—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." This immediately quieted his rage, and he became as calm as a lamb, nor was used afterwards to express the least anger against the gentleman who had so much offended him.

At another time, when he saw a man beat his horse about the head, and otherwise use it ill, he became very angry, and talked of getting a gun to shoot the man, for he was sure he deserved it, and also of carrying a gun always about him to shoot such bad people. As soon, however, as a passage of Scripture which condemned such violence was mentioned to him, his anger ceased, and he became sorry for it.

The delicacy of his mind appears from the following circumstance; while reading a book to a lady, which had been recommended to him as a good book, he met with a word supposed by him to convey an impure idea, on which he instantly stopt, and shut the book without assigning any cause. The lady soon after quitted the room, when his displeasure, which her presence had kept him from expressing, broke forth; he

dashed the book, with a degree of fury which astonished the gentleman who was present, against the wall of the room, declaring that the man who wrote the book ought to be punished for deceiving people, and putting bad thoughts into their heads; and as for the book itself, that he should burn it wherever he might happen to meet with it. He was soon convinced of the impropriety of his warmth, but he continued to regard the book, and its author, as highly blameable.

He was so concerned for the credit of his country, and so fearful of the consequence of drawing contempt upon it, that, except with particular persons, he was averse from giving very minute accounts of the state of African manners, arts, cultivation, or society. On the same account, he studiously avoided strong marks of wonder at any thing he saw in England, lest an inference should be drawn from it to the disadvantage of Africa. When he chose, however, to be unreserved in talking about his country, he was never known to violate truth in the accounts he gave.

Among the difficulties which his new view of things laid upon him, one respected his wives. He had two while in Africa, but he clearly saw the New Testament allowed only one; his difficulty was, to know which of them it was right for him to keep. He thought at first it would be right to keep her whom he had first married; but then he considered that she had borne him no child, and that the second (who was besides the wife of his affections) had brought him a son;

this last circumstance seemed to have decided the question in favour of the second; he declared himself ready, however, to make a sacrifice of his feelings, should it appear right to keep the first in preference.

In about a year and a half after his arrival in England, he could read fluently, (though, at first, he knew little of the English tongue) and could write a letter. He had also made himself acquainted with common arithmetic, and the first elements of mathematics, and had besides imbibed much general knowledge.

While he thus went on improving, the news of his father's death reached England, and called him suddenly to Sierra Leone. He felt much anxiety when he was on the eve of returning, from the variety of new duties, which the deplorable state of his country seemed to lay upon him. He was very desirous that his future conduct might not discredit his new religion; and it appeared to those with whom he conversed, that there was no personal sacrifice which he was not ready to make for the sake of Christianity. To have the honour of becoming himself a teacher of it, seemed to be the summit of his wishes.

In the month of June, 1793, he embarked on board of one of the Sierra Leone Company's vessels, called from him, the Naimbanna, after having taken an affectionate leave of all his friends in England.

During the passage, his mind was almost constantly employed in pondering over those difficulties which he thought he should have to combat on his return to Africa, and in devising the

means of overcoming them. Numberless were the plans which he formed for the purpose of spreading the light of the gospel among his rude countrymen: though he seemed at the same time to suffer much uneasiness, from a fear of disappointment, which became stronger as he approached his native shores. He had left England in perfect health, but on reaching a warmer climate, he was much affected by the heat, and caught a violent cold, which began with pains in his throat and head, and ended in a fever, which the continual working of his mind had probably contributed much to produce. He was frequently light-headed, and his intervals of sense were short and few, but they afforded to those around him striking proofs of an humble trust in the mercies of God through Christ, and of a perfect resignation to his will. During one of those intervals he called to his bed-side a fellow-passenger, and observing to him, that he began to think he should be called hence, before he had an opportunity of telling his mother and friends what mercies God had shewn him, and what obligations he lay under to the Sierra Leone Company, he begged of the gentleman to write his will, the substance of which was, that his brother should take charge of his property, till his son, then a child, came of age; and, in the mean time, should reimburse the Sierra Leone Company for the sums advanced by them on his account.

To this he subjoined a strong request that his brother should, as far as in him lay, oppose the slave trade, and for the satisfaction of his friends,

he added, "That nothing may be imputed to the Sierra Leone Company by any evil-minded men, whose interest may oppose that of the worthy Company, I here declare, in the presence of that God, in whom I place my trust, that during my stay in England, I always enjoyed very good health, and received the greatest civilities from all those under whose care I was, and at my leaving England I was in perfect health."

When the vessel got to Sierra Leone, he had become insensible to every thing that passed around him, except for very short intervals. He was taken ashore to the governor's house at Freetown, where his mother, with a brother and sister of his, and some other of his relations, to whom notice of his dangerous state had been sent, soon after appeared. The distracted looks of his mother, and the wildness of his sister's grief on seeing him, affected every one; but when at length they perceived that he breathed no more, their shrieks and cries were distressing beyond measure. He died about twelve hours after coming on shore.

Thus ended the days of this amiable and enlightened African, from whose labours extensive good might have been expected. But before we proceed to make a few reflections on his story, it will be well to notice two memorandums which were found in his pocket-book after his death, and which serve to confirm what has been already said of the tenderness of his conscience, and the purity of his manners.

Q

This first was written in consequence of his falling into some company where profane and obscene conversation had passed, and was as follows: 'I shall take care of this company, which I now fall into, for they swear a good deal, and talked all manner of wickedness and filthy. All these things—can I be able to resist that temptation?—No, I cannot, but the Lord will deliver me.'

The other was written after he had been some time at sea, and had made some unavailing remonstrances to the captain on the profaneness of his crew; and in it, he declared, that, 'if the crews of other vessels should be like the crew of the *Naimbanna*, he should never think of coming to England, though he had friends there as dear to him as the last words of his father.'

May we not conclude, from the above story, that God has given to the most rude and savage people, minds capable of knowing, loving, and serving him? And may we not learn hence, to cherish sentiments of kindness and affection towards all men, whatever be their colour, or however low they may stand in the scale of human beings? Those, especially, who know how to estimate the blessings of religion, and who have a regard for the everlasting happiness of their fellow-creatures, will be encouraged by it, to promote with zeal every plan which tends to introduce Christianity among the savage nations of the earth, or to remove the hindrances to its introduction. Happy, if, through their instrumentality, those who now sit in darkness should be brought, like *Naimbanna*, to know

God and themselves, and to rejoice in hope of his glory.

Let us also learn from this story, that God's ways are not as our ways. Short-sighted as we are, we were ready to conclude, that this young man had been sent by Heaven to be a blessing to Africa, and to spread the Christian religion among his own countrymen. But God, who sees and knows all things, determined otherwise. He saw it right to take Naimbanna from the evil to come; thus disappointing our hopes, but, at the same time, teaching us to check the disposition we are too apt to indulge, of prying into the secrets of Heaven, and to conduct all our plans and inquiries, under a sense of our own ignorance, and in a full dependance on the over-ruling providence and righteous government of God.

May we not also draw a lesson from the conduct of the old king on this occasion? It was not the wealth, the grandeur, the learning, or the arts of England, which struck him as desirable, but the religion of England. He sent his son thither, not to make a fortune, not to procure an insight into trade, not to form great connexions, but to learn the Christian Religion. How many parents are there in this country, where it is so easy to attain the means of learning the Christian Religion, who take no pains to make their children acquainted with it!

But a still more instructive lesson, and one which applies more generally, may be drawn from the conduct of the Black Prince, whose

story has just been told. He comes among us rude and ignorant, with no just ideas of religion, and after having been accustomed for 23 years to indulge all his passions without any restraint. No sooner, however, is Christianity placed before him, than he is struck with its truth and beauty, and embraces it with a child-like simplicity. As he views himself in the glass of Scripture, he perceives its account of human nature to be true from his own experience. Humbled under a sense of his sins and imperfections, trembling under the apprehensions of the consequences of them, and sensible of his inability to help himself, he gladly lays hold of the hope set before him, he believes the promises of God to the penitent, and relies for salvation on Christ alone. Nor were these new views unavailing; on the contrary, they produced striking effects. In consequence of them, with the help of God's grace, he imbibes the spirit of the Gospel. His prejudices are overcome, his temper is regulated, his passions curbed, his very manners are improved by it: in short, he seemed, to use the language of Scripture, "to become a new creature." Tell me, Reader, hast thou ever experienced in thyself this change which Naimbanna underwent? Remember that our Saviour has told us, that "except we be converted, and become as little children, we shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." Has thy heart been turned to fear and to love and to serve the Lord thy God, or does thy conscience witness against thee, that thou art yet a stranger to the peace and joy, as well as the obedience of the Gospel?

If the living in a Christian land, and called by a Christian name, thou art nevertheless no Christian, repent without delay, I beseech thee. Receive, from this time, the Gospel as a little child. Put off that pride which stands in the way of thy repentance, and of thy salvation. Be humble and willing to learn like this Prince Naimbanna. Read, like him, the sacred Scriptures, with reverence and with prayer to God for his blessing. Soon thy days, like his, shall be numbered, and if thou, who art born in a Christianland, shouldst leave the world without having ever truly known the powerful influence of Christianity, the very story which thou hast just read shall hereafter rise up in judgment against thee.

THE
TROUBLES OF LIFE;
OR THE
GUINEA AND THE SHILLING.

“**MAN** is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.” It is not every one, however, that believes this melancholy truth. Young people, especially, are apt to imagine that the world is full of pleasure and enjoyment; their hearts beat high with expectation as they enter into it; they trust that all their schemes will answer, and they seldom calculate on trials, losses, and disappointments. I propose here, in the first place, to present to my young and sanguine readers the picture of a few of the chief troubles of life, which are often too much concealed from them. The view of these may serve, perhaps, to cool a little the wonted ardour of youth; and to prepare the inexperienced mind for scenes which it may by-and-by chance to see realized.

But now in what way shall I enter on the vast field that is before me? for when I take up human sorrows as my subject, methinks I

see a thousand forms of misery present themselves before me. I will begin with one of those sorts of misery which are the most common. I mean those which great poverty brings with it.

THE POOR LABOURER.

Reader, thou art one, as I will suppose, who heretofore, by dint of hard work, didst provide thyself with bread, and didst even lay up for a time some trifling store; but now thy family has grown large; thy wife, dear woman! hath brought thee twins last year: thine own health has also begun rather to decline, so that as thy charges increase, thy means of living grow smaller and smaller; thou art not yet reduced to actual want, but thou art in dread of it, for the slender stock which thou hadst got together, is now wasting day by day: already poverty begins to stare thee in the face; already thou hast pawned a spoon, or a piece of less necessary furniture, or perhaps a Sunday-coat, and in another week thou must part with thy wife's cloak, and perhaps an upper-blanket also: thou dost hope, indeed, to redeem the more needful articles, but it is very doubtful whether thou wilt ever do it; thou seemest to be descending gently, by the same way that many have trod before thee, down into the workhouse; or, if some friendly hand forbid not, perhaps into a dreadful jail.

We will now draw a picture of that distress to obtain a living, which is common in a little higher life.

THE LITTLE SHOPKEEPER.

It may be thou art one, who having married a year or two ago, didst then set out merrily in the world, in some little shop fitted up on the occasion, and every pound, as thou didst then calculate, would produce by this time another pound by due diligence in thy calling. The little substance which thy deceased father left thee, and thy wife brought thee, were put together for a capital, from which were to arise these ample profits of the shop;—but, alas! the war has happened; trade is grown dull; thou hast gone into it at a wrong time, or hast chosen a wrong branch of commerce; thou didst turn dealer in silks just when the silk trade began declining; in gauzes, which went out of fashion in the same year; or in hair-powder, and now the use of it is taxed; or thou hast hired, perhaps, a large house for the sake of having with it a better shop, meaning to let a part in lodgings, and to live with thy little family in one snug corner of it; but thou hast failed in getting lodgers; thy customers also pay but slowly, so that thou art no longer punctual in satisfying thy own engagements: thou wast obliged, the other day, to borrow a small sum of an old trusty friend: but under promise of secrecy, lest it should hurt thy credit; and yesterday thou didst apply to a second friend in like manner, but he was low in purse, he was borrowing at that time himself, or he was engaged just then; in short, he did not care to trust thee:—thou must try a

third friend to-day, and if he fails thee thou must break perhaps to-morrow : thou hast been going on for months in the same daily dread of bankruptcy, and yet thou art counted to live in comfort, for thou carriest about with thee a cheerful look ; in thy face sits smiling plenty, and ease, and comfort, and satisfaction, and thy shop shines with it's usual lustre ; for it is thus thou strivest to uphold thy credit, so that thou dost bear thy part with many others, in spreading over the world an outward shew of happiness and prosperity, but at the same time there is grief, and pain, and gnawing care, and fear and consternation in thy heart.

Nor ought we to think that all those even are free from keen anxiety about the means of living, who seem to be placed out of the reach of real poverty, and whose bread, at least, comparatively speaking, is very sure ; for let it be remembered, that imaginary wants may be the cause of real misery.

THE GREAT TRADESMAN.

Observe that great and once thriving trader : he had saved a while ago ten thousand pounds ; but in the last year he has gone a little back in the world ; some new patent has been invented ; some cheap shop has risen up ; some unexpected rival has entered the town, he has been so long used to a large income, and he has formed all his plans on so certain an expectation of it's continuance, that he feels al-

most as much at the dropping off of his trade as if he was suffering with actual hunger. To be thrown, as he calls it, out of his former bread, to see the downfall of his once reputable and thriving shop, to part also with his pleasant country box, and to sell his new horse and whisky ; at the same time to reduce his whole scale of living, and to change the plan of education also for his children, and to retire, in short, with only eight or ten thousand pounds in hand, instead of the expected twenty, is one of the most hard and trying cases, as he gravely tells you, that was ever experienced.

But let us draw another picture of human misery.

THE SICK MAN.

Thou art one, perhaps, on whom money flows in apace, but thou art of a very sickly constitution. Alas ! all thy wealth cannot purchase for thee a healthy body ; it cannot soothe thy pain, or stop the course of thy disorder ; physicians are called in, but it is in vain : they do but send thee from place to place in search of health—thy schemes in life too are all now broken, for thy life itself is in danger. Once thou didst hope to see many days, and to marry some woman of thine acquaintance, whose image is still haunting thy imagination, and to be the joyful parent of children ; but this sad disorder has dashed all thy hopes to pieces : though rolling in wealth, and in the prime of life : though blest with friends who might be very serviceable, and though secretly loved by

her on whom thy own affections have been fixed, yet all these blessings only serve to give a sharper edge to thy disappointment, for in the moment of attaining every thing which thy fond heart could wish, the cup of happiness is snatched from thy lips, and thou art driven away to an untimely grave.

But let us turn to another case of misery.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

Thou art one perhaps that is crossed in love; with warm, and eager, and impatient affections thou pursuest one who neglects, avoids, or even despises thee—perhaps she loved, or seemed to love thee once, but she has lately jilted thee; or perhaps she loves thee still, but prudence forbids the match; friends have interfered strongly with their authority; and the obedient girl has kindly, though resolutely, entreated thee to take leave of her for ever. Thou art confident nevertheless in thy own mind, that if she were partner of thy lot thou couldst bear any state of life with pleasure; poverty would be no poverty, pain itself would lose its nature in her beloved society; but without her, life is insupportable, and that death which others dread is become the very object of thy gloomy wishes and expectations.

THE UNHAPPY HUSBAND.

But now to reverse the picture: thou art one, perhaps, who, in the fondness and eagerness of youth, hast married the very object of thy

choice. O what a happy man! what an enviable lot is thine! But let us wait a year or two, and observe the issue. In a little time the charm is broken: beauty soon fades: a horrible temper, also, quite unperceived at first, is broken out.—She, whom thou didst look up to as an angel, is become a very fury: quarrels distract thy family day by day; and the very partner of thy life is become thy grief, thy shame, and thy torment; thou must now pay the forfeit of thy imprudence, by bearing this worst of burthens for all thy remaining days. Nay, thou must also bear it in silence, lest thy shame should be published so much the more, and lest thy wife's ill temper should be worked up even to frenzy, if thou shouldst make the smallest complaint.

But why will you describe human life so gloomily? perhaps some reader may reply: very great happiness is indeed uncommon, but the bulk of mankind do not meet with any such miseries as these; for instance, how comfortable am I! I am blest with a tolerable degree of health; my trade, also, on the whole, supports me decently, and I have many friends; I have at the same time a pleasing family growing up around me, and the partner of my lot, instead of being such a woman as you have painted, is most exemplary, and affectionate, and kind.

Is this then the ground on which all your happiness is rested?—We will now draw another picture of human calamity.

THE WIDOWER.

Observe that wife, so pleasing in her person, so cheerful also in her temper, so valuable as the industrious and clever parent of her many children, and so attentive and affectionate also to her husband. Early love united them, unreserved intimacy has endeared them still further, and a long connection has rendered them now quite needful to each other; the husband's life is bound up in that of his wife, in a degree of which he is hardly yet aware. See her begin to sicken and to grow a little pale.—At first the disease is trifling; she has walked out in the dewy night, and caught a cold, but the cough has increased, and it is now three months since that unlucky day. The tender husband begins to be alarmed. Love indeed is apt to be anxious, and she herself begs him therefore not to be so much afraid. Another month passes off, and the cough is not removed. Her pulse grows quick, her sleep forsakes her, and many dreadful symptoms ensue. What are now the feelings of this once happy husband? He walks with a melancholy look, and in a neglected dress, over the house, and he thinks his own life already too great a burthen to be borne. As the danger of her death begins to appear, his state of suspense also is affecting beyond measure. His hope rises high with each little favourable change, and in a day or two after he is half frantic with fear. In the mean time his own health, through long watching, begins materially to fail. And now

her end draws near. That face, once so beautiful, begins to be deformed by a ghastly hue, the lips are turned pale and quivering, the tongue is parched, the very reason fails her, so that she knows not the voice of her husband, though he calls her by her name. At last a cold sweat is observed to be passing over her limbs, her eye is fixed, the last agony arrives, and she expires in his arms. O what a dreary scene does the world now present to this husband, who a few months before was boasting of his happiness, and to this once enamoured lover!

And here let it be remarked, that this sort of event is one that is by no means uncommon. It is one which every family has to witness. Let every loving husband remember (we shall speak hereafter of the use to which the remembrance may be turned) that he has to see the day when he shall be thus separated from his wife, or else that the wife has to endure a like separation from her husband. Let him reflect, that it often happens also, that in proportion as the pleasure in each other's society has been great, and the love ardent, the parting pang is found to be severe. Scenes of a like kind are to be expected also again and again in life. At one time a beloved parent is, in the course of nature, removed; at another a much honoured uncle or patron, who had become a second father, is carried off in his turn. —Now a brother or sister, or a dear friend and companion, is torn away, and now a blooming, hopeful, and perhaps an only child, is hurried

into an untimely grave.—And so quickly does death oftentimes repeat his stroke, that perhaps the mourner has scarcely wiped away his tears for one beloved relative or child, before some other tender connection is alike torn from his embraces, and is buried in the same tomb.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

But let us speak now of those who seem to unite in themselves a vast variety of griefs, and who, therefore, may be called most emphatically. *The Children of Sorrow.* There are some persons who seem to have every thing make against them; they have had neither the success in business, nor yet the health of other men, and they have experienced also their full share of affecting deaths in their family.—Some there are also of these children of affliction, who experience in the evening of their days some additional and aggravated calamity, whereby their grey hairs are brought down in sorrow to the grave. There are some mothers also, of whom, besides all their other griefs, it may be remarked, that though they have many children, yet they never succeed in rearing them. Imagine to yourself a mother who is now poor and helpless, and a widow woman also, who has brought forth a large family of children, and has successively indulged the hope of rearing every one of them. By the time that she has reached old age she is bereft at length of them all; broken down with age and adversity, the lamp of life feebly burning, she may be likened to the shattered trunk of an

ancient tree, the root of which has still a little life in it, though the lightning has deprived it of all its once flourishing branches. But to put a still more deplorable, though not uncommon case. We sometimes hear also of the single survivor of ten or fifteen children, and, if we enquire, we perhaps find, that this extraordinary mortality is to be accounted for by there having been a taint in the blood of the family, of which taint this surviving child also has partaken, and has already suffered much pain from it, though it's death is not yet arrived. How comfortless as to this world is the condition of such a person! "an untimely birth," methinks "is better than he;" for if this life only be considered, nothing methinks can be more sorrowful as well as desperate, than the lot of such a sickly, perhaps deformed, and though in some sense pitied, yet at the same time neglected being; it seems only to have lived to bear the anguish of it's disorder, and to witness the mortality of it's family.

But it is time to break off from this melancholy subject, and to speak of the relief which Religion brings to the several calamities of life.

We have hitherto avoided introducing any thing religious into the characters we have drawn, because we wished to paint the misery strongly, which we could not have done if the comforts of Christianity had made a part of the picture. We will endeavour to explain ourselves in the first place by the following familiar story.

THE GUINEA AND THE SHILLING.

IT happened once that a person was travelling on foot a long way from home, with exactly a guinea and a shilling in his pocket; as he walked by the side of a hill, in taking out his purse one of the pieces dropt out through an unlucky hole which there was in it; it proved, however, most fortunately to be only the shilling: he looked around him for the piece which was lost, with some care, but whether it had got hid in the long grass on his right hand, or whether it had rolled off a long way down the hill to the left, or whether it had even tumbled into the river at the bottom, is what he never could discover. He spent about half an hour in looking round and round after it, till he began to think that he was losing more time and trouble than the piece of money was worth, so he proceeded on his day's journey, comforting himself as he went, that he had his guinea still safe in his pocket, and that he had lost nothing but the shilling.

Let us apply the story. Reader, thou art one that hast met with some of those losses, troubles, or disappointments which have been just described, but thou art, nevertheless, one of those happy persons who, having embraced the Gospel of Christ with their whole heart, are made partakers of its infinite and unspeakable blessings; thou hast lost, as I will suppose, thy wealth, thy health, or thy dearest earthly relatives; nay, thou hast lost every thing that can be dear to thee in this life. Be comforted, thou

hast only lost a shilling; it is merely thy temporal comforts that are gone from thee: the blessings of the Gospel still remain, Heaven is thine, eternity is thine, consolations which the world can neither give nor take away, are still in thy possession, and thou art an heir of everlasting life. These immense riches continue with thee, and are like the guinea in hand, on which thou mayest still cast an eye of complacency, when all earthly things have slipped from thee like the shilling, and are no where to be found. I grant the loss is not altogether to be made light of; it may become thee to use for a while thy best diligence to repair thy loss, just as the traveller spent half an hour in searching for his shilling, but lose not the whole day of life in looking for that which is utterly vanished, but rather pursue thy journey, comforting thyself that thou hast not lost thy guinea.

But now to be more particular; let us shew what a new character religion gives to each of the cases we were speaking of, and first let us again address

THE POOR LABOURER.

Know, then, thou that art sinking through poverty, that the greatest of all the evils that can befall thee is hardness of heart. Now it is certain, that although extreme poverty may bring many trials, yet great riches bring many more. It is riches that harden the heart. "How hardly," says Christ, "shall they that are rich, enter into the kingdom of heaven."

While on the other hand, God often "chuses the poor of this world to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of Heaven." How does this thought at once reverse all the common notions on this subject? The first Christians took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that they had in Heaven a better and more enduring substance. And the Christian of the present day, whether he be a labourer, a shop-keeper, or a more considerable trader, having the same "treasure in Heaven," will, under all his crosses, feel a measure of the same comfort. "Having food and raiment," said the apostle, "let us therewith be content." "I have learnt," said he, "every where, and in all things, both to be full and to be hungry; both to abound, and to suffer need; I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me."

THE SICK MAN.

We spoke of the case of a prosperous but dying man, who, when he is beginning to taste the cup of worldly pleasure, sees it dashed from his lips, and is hurried off to his grave. What now is wanting to comfort the mind under this sort of misery? Undoubtedly the thing that is wanting to this man, is the **view** of a nobler and better happiness in the world to which he is departing; the view of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for him." St. Paul "wished to depart and be with Christ," which he judged to be "far better" than any blessings here, and in every age there has been many a

Christian of the same stamp with the apostle, who has been willing, yea, glad to part with all his inviting prospects in this world, in order to pass into that land where there is "fulness of joy," and where it is the chief description of its pleasures, that they are "Pleasures, which are at God's right hand for evermore."

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

The man whom we described under this character was a worldly, irreligious kind of man. Take away his irreligion, and you evidently take away much of his misery also. Teach him to view the hand of Providence in his disappointment; teach him to love God, and to desire his favour above all things, and to be afraid of idolizing a fellow-creature; teach him also that general moderation about all earthly things, which the view of heavenly ones inspires, and which a recollection of the shortness of this life also tends to produce, and the lover, who before was mad with impatience and eager desires, will now have his affections regulated, and in a measure, at least, subdued. To such we add, "let your moderation be known unto all men; be careful for nothing; the Lord is at hand—finally, my brethren, the time is short, it remaineth that they that have wives were as though they had none, and they that buy as though they possessed not, for the fashion of this world passeth away."

THE UNHAPPY HUSBAND.

We put the case of a person whom we sup-

posed to be unhappily connected for life, with a most vexatious and unsuitable partner, and who had nobody to sympathize with him in his misery: there is in the world a large class of griefs of this kind, of griefs, I mean, which are most deeply felt, but which nevertheless must not be told; there are many which arise out of a variety of awkward circumstances not easy to be described, and there are many also which fall heavy on persons of particular tempers or constitutions, and the secrecy often necessary to be observed in these instances is apt to form a great aggravation of the pain. Now in all such cases, how soothing and encouraging a thing is religion; it comes in aid when human help fails; it teaches us in particular, that all that Christian patience which is exercised in secret, under awkward and trying, and perhaps discreditable circumstances, is witnessed by the eye of God, and that although no honour is connected with it in this world, yet it shall in no wise lose its reward; for "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

THE WIDOWER.

There is no case in which religion appears to more advantage than that of a husband losing a tender and valuable wife. I say this on the supposition, however, that not only the surviving husband is religious, but that he has reason to hope that so was the deceased wife also: in such case "we sorrow not as others

which have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." It is true the body must decay, and must be carried down to the tomb; "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."

But soon "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible." Soon "this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. And then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory." That mortal part of our deceased friend, which we are lodging so mournfully in the grave, is compared in Scripture to the seed which is planted in the earth, and of which the husbandman does not allow himself to regret the loss, for the joy of that future increase which is to spring from it; the seeming loss of the seed, and its burial under the earth are necessary in order to its bursting out again. "That which thou sowest," says the apostle, "is not quickened except it die, so also is the resurrection of the body." And how glorious is that change which it is to experience after death, "it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Faith then believes this testimony of God, expects the promised change, understands the use and benefit of death, and even glories in it. The Christian.

husband and his wife have many a time conversed together concerning this expected change, and it has been a chief business of their life to be prepared for it, and however favourable their lot in this world may have been, death, they know, will be their greatest gain: to die is in their case to be promoted to honour: it is as if having fared but moderately at home, a man had got some good place abroad, and the earlier death of the wife is but like the wife's setting sail to the new country in an earlier ship, knowing that her husband is soon to follow; the parting in such case may be a little melancholy, but then the separation will be short, and if the tears begin to rise, they are presently restrained again at the thought of the vast improvement which is about to be experienced in their fortune.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

And now if Christianity is so needful in the case of all these individual troubles of life, how much more so must it be when affliction is added to affliction, and when a thousand troubles meet together? Ye unbelieving men who put from you the hope of a future world, and the blessed consolations of the Gospel, come now and contemplate with me the case of that person who is oppressed with poverty, worn down at the same time with sickness, and utterly desperate as to this world. Behold that miserable object, that wretch deformed in person as well as destitute of friends, that Lazarus who lies at the gate full of sores, and is begging

a few crumbs of bread! Go now and comfort him with those consolations which Infidels have to offer to the afflicted. I suppose you will bid him hope for a little better health, and will recommend it to him to take the medicines proper for his disorder. But, alas! medicine cannot help him, for the physician has told him so. You will still, perhaps, encourage him to expect, however, in one way or other, some more happy turn in his fortune. But his case is desperate; the friends who once took care of him, and whom he tenderly loved, are dead; his pain also is daily growing upon him, and his disease is mortal. Well then, as it is a case of necessity, you advise him to be resigned; but resigned to what? Resigned to want and sickness, and to the loss of all things? Resigned to misery as long as he lives, and after this resigned to a gloomy and hopeless death? you give him no ground for resignation. Resignation, on your plan, is contrary to reason! you boast of your reason, but you are of all men most unreasonable, if you pretend you can supply the miserable with comfort. No, you must own the case is beyond you, and like the Levite, you must turn your face another way, and leave him in the ditch till some Christian comes, like the good Samaritan, and pours into his wounds the oil and wine of the Gospel. And you also, O ye gay and thoughtless! who, though ye dare not deny the truth of the Gospel, yet neglect it, and even despise the more serious followers of it, own that at least the Gospel has its uses here, and that there are some

persons in the world to whom even the most lively hope of immortality may, without offence, be declared to be a thing most ardently to be desired: for what is a mere ordinary profession of Christianity to such persons? It is only through a deep and heart-felt experience of the great doctrines of the Gospel, that any real relief under these heavy afflictions is to be in the least expected; if troubles then arise and increase upon us, it is by still more exalted views of Christianity that we must seek comfort under them.

But let us now shew how these heavy afflictions may not only be made tolerable, but how they may be made useful, and turned even into blessings. Ah! how many are there who at setting out in life have been favoured with much worldly happiness, yet during all this time no thanks have been excited to God who was the giver of it, no prayers or praises have ascended to the great Father of Mercies, and none of the wealth or talents bestowed upon them has been laid out in his service: but by-and-by troubles have come, and as these troubles have increased, the heart has begun to be softened; disappointed and desperate as to this world, they have now turned their thoughts to a better: worn down with grief, overwhelmed with losses, or tormented by keen anguish in their bodies, they have cast a longing look towards that world where "there is no more sickness, nor sorrow, nor pain, and where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes."—"Behold," says the

prophet, in the name of God to the Israelites, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;" he called these Israelites in the midst of the afflictions of Babylon, as he had their fathers in the afflictions of Egypt. St. Paul observes to the Thessalonians, "and ye became followers of us and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, and with joy of the Holy Ghost." Some there are who seem to have passed through trouble only that they may be brought to a state of "peace and joy in believing;" they owe that cheerfulness which you now see in them, to some former gloom. Once they were gay and thoughtless, as some of our readers may now be, and their joy was then as the crackling of thorns, which was soon over, but now there is a new foundation for their happiness. Now they trust not in riches or health, in wife or children, for they have found all these to be but as a broken reed, on which if a man leans it shall surely fail him. They have learnt to "trust, therefore, in the living God," and in the sure mercies of a Saviour: being weaned from the world, they now have learnt that holy art of using it so as not to abuse it, knowing that "the time is short, and that the fashion of this world passeth away." Come life, come death, come sickness, poverty or disgrace, come loss of friends, come trouble of whatever kind, they stand ready. "None of these things now move them, so that they may finish their course with joy." They are now measuring the value of every thing by its tendency to promote their eternal

good, and under whatever circumstances they may fall. They are, therefore, comforted by that all-sufficient promise, "that all things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his purpose."

What a new view then does the Gospel give us of the afflictions of life! It lessens some of them, and it turns others even into joy, and it teaches us to consider every one of them as appointed by that wise and merciful Being, who knoweth our nature, and who, while he seems to visit us in judgment, is, perhaps, only showering down his best blessings upon us.

'TIS ALL FOR THE BEST.



‘IT is all for the best,’ said Mrs. Simpson, whenever any misfortune befel her: She had got such an habit of vindicating Providence, that, instead of weeping and wailing under the most trying dispensations, her chief care was to convince herself and others, that however great might be her sufferings, and however little they could be accounted for at present, yet that the Judge of all the earth could not do but right. The honour of God was dearer to her than her own credit, and her chief desire was to turn all

events to his glory. Though she was the daughter of a clergyman, and the widow of a genteel tradesman, she had been reduced to accept of a room in an alms-house. Instead of repining at the change; instead of dwelling on her former gentility, and saying, 'How handsomely she had lived once; and how hard it was to be reduced; and she little thought ever to end her days in an alms-house;' which is the common language of those who were never so well off before; she was thankful that such an asylum was provided for want and age.

One fine evening, as she was sitting reading her Bible on the little bench shaded with honeysuckles, just before her door, who should come and sit down by her but Mrs. Betty, who had formerly been lady's maid at the great house in the village of which Mrs. Simpson's father had been minister. Betty, after a life of vanity, was, by a train of misfortunes, brought to this very alms-house; and though she had taken no care by frugality and prudence to avoid it, she thought it a hardship and disgrace, instead of being thankful, as she ought to have been, for such a retreat. At first she did not know Mrs. Simpson; her large cloak, bonnet, and brown stuff gown, (for she always made her appearance conform to her circumstances) being very different from the dress she had been used to wear when Mrs. Betty had seen her dining at the great house; and time and sorrow had much altered her countenance. But when Mrs. Simpson kindly addressed her as an old acquaintance, she

screamed with surprise—‘What! you, madam?’ cried she: ‘You in an alms-house, living on charity; you, who used to be so charitable yourself, that you never suffered any distress in the parish which you could prevent?’—‘That may be one reason, Betty,’ replied Mrs. Simpson, ‘why Providence has provided this refuge for my old age. And my heart overflows with gratitude when I look back on his goodness.’—‘No such great goodness, methinks,’ said Betty; ‘why you was born and bred a lady, and are now reduced to live in an alms-house.’—‘Betty, I was born and bred a sinner, undeserving of the mercies I have received.’—‘No such great mercies,’ said Betty. ‘Why, I heard you had been turned out of doors; that your husband had broke; and that you had been in danger of starving, though I did not know what was become of you.’—‘Betty, glory be to God, it is all true.’—‘Well,’ said Betty, you are an odd sort of a gentlewoman. If from a prosperous condition I had been made a bankrupt, a widow, and a beggar, I should have thought it no such mighty matter to be thankful for; but there is no accounting for taste. The neighbours used to say, that all your troubles must needs be a judgment upon you; but I, who knew how good you were, thought it very hard you should suffer so much; but now I see you reduced to an alms-house, I beg your pardon, madam, but I am afraid the neighbours were in the right, and that so many misfortunes could never have happened to you without you had committed a great many sins to deserve

them; for I always thought that God is so just that he punishes us for all our bad actions, and rewards us for all our good ones.'—'So he does, Betty, but he does it in his own way, and at his own time, and not according to our notions of good and evil; for his ways are not as our ways. God, indeed, punishes the bad, and rewards the good; but he does not do it fully and finally in this world. Indeed, he does not set such a value on outward things as to make riches and rank, and beauty, and health, the rewards of piety; that would be acting like weak and erring men, and not like a just and holy God. Our belief in a future state of rewards and punishments is not always so strong as it ought to be, even now; but how totally would our faith fail if we regularly saw every thing made even in this world. So far am I from thinking that God is less just, and future happiness less certain, because I see the wicked sometimes prosper, and the righteous suffer in this world, that I am rather led to believe that God is more just, and Heaven more certain. For in the first place, God will not put off his favourite children with so poor a lot as the good things of this world; and next, seeing that the best men here below do not often attain to the best things: why it only serves to strengthen my belief, that he has most assuredly reserved for those that love him, such "good things as eye hath not seen nor ear heard." God by keeping man in paradise while he was innocent, and turning him into this world as

soon as he had sinned, gave a plain proof that he never intended this world, even in its happiest state, as a place of reward. My father gave me good principles and useful knowledge; and while he taught me by a habit of constant employment, to be, if I may say so, independent on the world, yet he led me to a constant sense of dependence on God. As he could save little or nothing for me, he was very desirous of seeing me married to a young gentleman in the neighbourhood who expressed a regard for me. But while he was anxiously engaged in bringing this about, my good father died.

‘How very unlucky!’ interrupted Betty.—
‘No, Betty, it was very providential; this man, though he maintained a decent character and lived soberly, yet he would not have made me happy.’—‘Why what could you want more of a man?’ said Betty. ‘Religion,’ returned Mrs. Simpson. ‘As my father made a creditable appearance, and was very charitable, and as I was an only child, this gentleman concluded that he could give me a good fortune, for he did not know that all the poor in his parish are the children of every pious clergyman. Finding I had little or nothing left me, he withdrew his attentions.’—‘What a sad thing,’ cried Betty. ‘No, it was all for the best; Providence over-ruled his covetousness to my good. I could not have been happy with a man whose soul was set on the perishable things of this world; nor did I esteem him, though I laboured to submit my own inclinations to those of my kind father. The very circumstances of my

being left penniless produced the direct contrary effect on Mr. Simpson. He was a sensible young man, engaged in a prosperous business; we had long esteemed each other, but while my father lived, he thought me above his hopes. We were married; I found him an amiable, industrious, good tempered man; he respected religion and religious people; but I had the grief to find him less pious than I had hoped. He was ambitious, and a little too much immersed in worldly schemes; and though I know it was all done for my sake, yet that did not blind me so far as to make me think it right. He attached himself so eagerly to business, that he thought every hour lost in which he was not doing something that would tend to raise me. The more prosperous he grew the less religious he became; and I began to find that one might be unhappy with a husband one tenderly loved. One day as he was standing on some steps to reach down some goods, he fell from the top and broke his leg in two places.'

'What a dreadful misfortune!' said Mrs. Betty. 'What a signal blessing!' said Mrs. Simpson. 'Here I am sure I had reason to say all was for the best; from that very hour in which my outward troubles began, I date the beginning of my happiness. Severe suffering, a near prospect of death, absence from the world, silence, reflection, and, above all, the divine blessing on the prayers and scriptures I read to him, were the means used by our merciful Father to turn my husband's heart. During

this confinement he was awakened to a deep sense of his own sinfulness, of the vanity of all this world has to bestow, and of his great need of a Saviour. It was many months before he could leave his bed; during this time his business was neglected. His principal clerk took advantage of his absence to receive large sums of money in his name, and absconded. On hearing of this great loss, our creditors came faster upon us than we could answer their demands; they grew more impatient as we were less able to satisfy them; one misfortune followed another, till at length, Mr. Simpson became a bankrupt.—‘What an evil!’ exclaimed Mrs. Betty. ‘Yet it led in the end to much good,’ resumed Mrs. Simpson. ‘We were forced to leave the town in which we had lived with so much credit and comfort, and to betake ourselves to a mean lodging in a neighbouring village, till my husband’s strength could be recruited, and till we could have time to look about us, and see what was to be done. The first night we got to this poor dwelling my husband felt very sorrowful, not for his own sake, but that he had brought so much poverty on me, whom he had so dearly loved; I, on the contrary, was unusually chearful; for the blessed change in his mind had more than reconciled me to the sad change in his circumstances. I was contented to live with him in a poor cottage for a few years on earth, if it might contribute to our spending a blessed eternity together in heaven. I said to him, ‘instead of lamenting that we are now reduced to want all the comforts of life,

I have sometimes been almost ashamed to live in the full enjoyment of them, when I have reflected that my Saviour not only chose to deny himself all these enjoyments, but even to live a life of hardship for my sake; not one of his numerous miracles tended to his own comfort; and though we read at different times that he both hungered and thirsted, yet it was not for his own gratification that he once changed water into wine; it was for others, not for himself, that even the humble sustenance of barley bread was multiplied. See here, we have a bed left us; I had, indeed, nothing but straw to stuff it with, but "the Saviour of the world had not where to lay his head." My husband smiled through his tears, and we sat down to supper. It consisted of a roll and a bit of cheese I had brought with me, and we ate it thankfully. After we had prayed together, we read the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. When my husband had finished it, he said, 'Surely if God's chief favourites have been martyrs, is not that a sufficient proof that this world is not a place of happiness, nor earthly prosperity the reward of virtue. Shall we, after reading this chapter, complain of our petty trials? Shall we not rather be thankful that our affliction is so light?'

'Next day Mr. Simpson walked out in search of some employment, in which we might be supported. He got a recommendation to an opulent farmer and factor, who had large concerns, and wanted a skilful person to assist him

in keeping his accounts. This we thought a fortunate circumstance, for we found that the salary would serve to procure us at least all the necessaries of life. The farmer was so pleased with Mr. Simpson's quickness, regularity, and good sense, that he offered us, of his own accord, a little neat cottage of his own, which then happened to be vacant, and told us we should live rent free, and promised to be a friend to us.'—'All does seem for the best now, indeed,' interrupted Mrs. Betty. 'We shall see,' said Mrs. Simpson, and thus went on—

'I now became very easy and very happy; and was chearfully employed in putting our few things in order, and making every thing look to the best advantage. My husband, who wrote all the day for his employer, in the evenings assisted me in doing up our little garden. This was a source of much pleasure to us; we both loved a garden, and we were not only contented but chearful. Our employer had been absent some weeks on his annual journey. He came on a Saturday night, and the next morning sent for Mr. Simpson to come and settle his accounts, which were got behind hand by his long absence. We were just going to church, and Mr. Simpson sent back word, that he would call and speak to him on his way home. A second message followed, ordering him to come to the farmer's directly: he agreed that we would walk round that way, and that my husband should call and excuse his attendance. The farmer, more ignorant and worse educated than his plowmen, with all that pride and

haughtiness which wealth without knowledge or religion is apt to give, rudely asked my husband what he meant by sending him word that he could not come to him till the next day; and insisted that he should stay and settle the accounts then. 'Sir,' said my husband, in a very respectful manner, 'I am on my road to church, and am afraid I shall be too late.'—'Are you so,' said the farmer, 'Do you know who sent for you? You may however go to church, if you will, so you make haste back; and, d'ye hear, you may leave your accounts with me, as I conclude you have brought them with you; I will look them over by the time you return, and then you and I can do all I want to have done to day in about a couple of hours; and I will give you home some letters to copy for me in the evening.'—'Sir,' answered my husband, 'I dare not obey you; it is Sunday.'—'And so you refuse to settle my accounts only because it is Sunday.'—'Sir,' replied Mr. Simpson, 'if you would give me a handful of silver and gold I dare not break the commandment of my God.'—'Well,' said the farmer, 'but I don't order you to drive my cattle, or to work in my garden, or to do any thing which you might fancy would be a bad example.'—'Sir,' replied my husband, 'the example indeed goes a great way, but it is not the first object. The deed is wrong in itself.'—'Well, but I shall not keep you from church; and when you have been there, there is no harm in doing a little business, or taking a little pleasure, the rest of the day.'—'Sir,' answered my husband, 'the com-

mandment does not say, thou shalt keep holy the sabbath morning, but the sabbath day.'—
'Get out of my house you puritanical rascal, and out of my cottage too; for if you refuse to do my work, I am not bound to keep my engagement with you, as you will not obey me as a master.'—'Sir,' said Mr. Simpson, 'I would gladly obey you, but I have a master in heaven whom I dare not disobey.'—'Then let him find employment for you,' said the enraged farmer; 'for I fancy you will get but poor employment on earth with these scrupulous notions, and so send home my papers directly, and pack off out of the parish.'—'Out of your cottage,' said my husband, 'I certainly will, but as to the parish, I hope I may remain in that if I can find employment.'—'I will make it too hot to hold you,' replied the farmer, 'so you had better troop off bag and baggage, for I am overseer, and you are sickly, it is my duty not to let any vagabonds stay in this parish who are likely to become chargeable.'

'By the time my husband returned home, for he found it too late to go to church, I had got our little dinner ready; it was a better one than we had for a long while been accustomed to see, and I was unusually chearful at this improvement in our circumstances. I saw his eyes full of tears: and oh! with what pain did he bring himself to tell me that it was the last dinner we must ever eat in that house. I took his hand with a smile, and only said, "the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."—Notwithstanding this

sudden stroke, (said my husband) this is still a happy country. Our employer, it is true, may turn us out at a moment's notice, because the cottage is his own, but he has no further power over us; he cannot confine or punish us. His riches, it is true, give him power to insult, but not to oppress us. And as to our being driven out from a cottage, how many persons of the highest rank have lately been driven out from their palaces and castles; persons born in a station which we never enjoyed, and used to all the indulgences of that rank and wealth we never knew, are at this moment wandering over the face of the earth, without a house and without bread; exiles and beggars; while we, blessed be God, are in our native land; we have still our liberty, our limbs, the protection of just and equal laws, our churches, our bibles, and our sabbaths.—' This happy state of my husband's mind hushed my sorrows, and I never once murmured; nay, I sat down to dinner with a degree of chearfulness, endeavouring to cast all our care on him that careth for us. We had begged to stay till the next morning, as Sunday was not the day on which we liked to remove, but we were ordered not to sleep another night in that house; so as we had little to carry, we marched off in the evening to the poor lodging we had before occupied. The thought that my husband had chearfully renounced his little all for conscience sake gave an unspeakable serenity to my mind; and I felt thankful that though cast down we were not forsaken, nay, I felt a lively gratitude to God that, while I doubted

not he would accept this little sacrifice, he had graciously forborne to call us to greater trials.'

'And so you were turned adrift once more? Well, ma'am, saving your presence, I hope you won't be such a fool to say all was for the best now.'—'Yes, Betty, he who does all things well, now made his kind Providence more manifest than ever. That very night, while we were sweetly sleeping in our poor lodging, the pretty cottage out of which we were so unkindly driven, was burnt to the ground by a flash of lightning which caught the thatch, and so completely consumed the whole little building, that had it not been for that merciful Providence who thus over-ruled the cruelty of the farmer for the preservation of our lives, we must have been burnt to ashes with the house. "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for all the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!"

'I will not tell you all the trials and troubles which befel us afterwards, because I would spare my heart the sad story of my husband's death.'—'Well, that was another blessing too, I suppose,' said Betty. 'Oh! it was the severest trial ever sent me; I almost sunk under it at the time, and yet I now feel it to be the greatest mercy I ever experienced. He was my idol; no trouble came very near my heart while he was with me. I prayed and struggled indeed to be weaned from this world, but still my affection for him tied me down to earth with a strong cord; and though I did try to keep my eye fixed on the eternal world, yet I viewed it at too great

a distance. I had deceived myself—I fancied I bore my troubles so well from the pure love of God, but I now find that my love for my husband had too great a share in reconciling me to every trouble which I underwent for him. I lost him. The charm was broken; the cord which tied me down to earth was cut; this world had nothing left to engage me. Heaven had now no rival in my heart. Though my love of God had always been sincere, I found there wanted this blow to make it perfect. But, though all that had made life pleasant to me was gone, I did not sink as one who had no hope. I prayed that I might even now be enabled to adore the doctrine of God and my Saviour.

‘After many more hardships I at length got an asylum in this alms-house; here my cares are at an end, but not my duties. I can still read and pray with the sick. In my younger days I thought it not much to sit up late for my pleasure; shall I now think much of sitting up now, and then to watch by a dying bed? My Saviour waked and watched for me in the Garden, and on the mount. It is only by keeping his sufferings before me that I can practice true self-denial.’

Just as Mrs. Simpson was saying these words, a letter was brought her from the minister of the parish where the farmer lived by whom Mr. Simpson had been turned out of his cottage. The letter was as follows :

"MADAM,

'I write to tell you that your old oppressor, Mr. Thomas, is dead. I attended him in his last moments. O may my latter end never be like his! I shall not soon forget his despair at the approach of death. His riches, which had been his sole joy, now doubled his sorrows, for he was going where they could be of no use to him; and he found too late that he had laid up no treasure in heaven. He felt great concern at his past life, but for nothing more than his unkindness to Mr. Simpson. He charged me to find you out, and let you know, that by his will he bequeathed you five hundred pounds as some compensation. He died in great agonies, declaring with his last breath, that if he could live his life over again, he would serve God, and strictly observe the Sabbath.

'Your's,

J. JOHNSON.'

Mrs. Betty, who had listened attentively to the letter, jumped up, clapped her hands, and cried out, 'Now all is for the best, and I shall see you a lady once more.'—'I am, indeed, thankful for this mercy,' said Mrs. Simpson, 'and am glad that riches were not sent me till I had learnt, as I humbly hope, to make a right use of them. But come, let us go in, for I am very cold, and find I have sat too long in the night air.'

Betty was now ready enough to acknowledge the hand of Providence in this prosperous event, though she was blind to it when the dispensa-

tion was more dark. Next morning she went early to visit Mrs. Simpson, but not seeing her below, she went up stairs, where to her great sorrow, she found her confined to her bed by a fever, caught the night before by sitting so late on the bench reading the letter and talking it over. Betty was now more ready to cry out against Providence than ever. 'What! to catch a fever while you were reading that very letter which told you about your good fortune; which would have enabled you to live like a lady as you are. I never will believe this is for the best. I did think that Providence was at last giving you your reward.'—'Reward!' cried Mrs. Simpson. 'O, no, my merciful Father will not put me off with so poor a portion as wealth; I feel I shall die.'—'It is very hard, indeed,' said Betty, 'so good as you are, to be taken off just as your prosperity was beginning.'—'You think I am good just now,' said Mrs. Simpson, 'because I am prosperous. Success is no sure mark of God's favour; at this rate, you, who judge by outward things, would have thought Herod a better man than John the Baptist; and if I may be allowed to say so, you, on your principles, would have believed Pontius Pilate higher in God's favour than the Saviour whom he condemned to die for your sins and mine.'

In a few days Mrs. Betty found that her new friend was dying, and though she was struck at her resignation, she could not forbear murmuring that so good a woman should be taken off at the very time she came into possession of so much money. 'Betty,' said the dying woman,

‘do you really think that I am going to a place of rest and joy eternal?’ — ‘To be sure I do,’ said Betty. ‘Do you firmly believe that I am going to the assembly of the first born; to the spirits of just men made perfect; to God the Judge of all; and to Jesus the Mediator of the new Covenant?’ — ‘I am sure you are,’ said Betty. ‘And yet,’ resumed the dying woman, ‘you would detain me from all this happiness; and you think my merciful Father is using me unkindly by removing me from a world of sin, and sorrow, and temptation, to such joys as have not entered into the heart of man to conceive; while it would have better suited your notions of reward to defer the blessedness of heaven that I might have enjoyed a legacy of a few hundred pounds.’

Mrs Simpson expired soon after in a frame of mind which convinced her new friend that “God’s ways are not as our ways.”

Z.

THE
GRAND ASSIZES;
OR,
GENERAL GAOL DELIVERY.

THERE was in a certain country a great King, who was also a Judge. He was very merciful, but he was also very just; for he used to say, that justice was the foundation of all goodness. His subjects were apt enough, in a general way, to extol his merciful temper, and especially those subjects who were always committing crimes which made them liable to be punished by his justice. This last quality they constantly kept out of sight, till they had cheated themselves into a notion that he was too good to punish at all.

Now it happened a long time before, that this whole people had broken their allegiance, and had forfeited the King's favour, and had also fallen from a very prosperous state in which he had placed them, having one and all become bankrupts; but when they were over head and ears in debt, and had nothing to pay, the King's son most generously took the whole burthen of their debts on himself; and, in short, it was proposed that all their affairs should be settled,

and their very crimes forgiven, (for they were criminals as well as debtors) provided only they would shew themselves to be sorry for what they had done themselves, and be thankful for what was done for them. I should however remark, that a book was also given them, in which a true and faithful account of their own rebellion was written; and of the manner of obtaining the King's pardon, together with a variety of directions for their conduct in the time to come; and in this book it was particularly mentioned, that after having lived a certain number of years in a part of the same King's country, and under his eye and jurisdiction, there should be a Grand Assizes, when every one was to be publicly tried for his past behaviour, and after this trial was over, certain heavy punishments were to be inflicted on those who should have still persisted in their rebellion, and certain high premiums were to be bestowed as a gracious reward upon the obedient.

It may be proper here to notice, that this King's court differed in some respects from our courts of justice, being indeed a sort of court of Appeal, to which questions were carried after they had been imperfectly decided in the common courts. And although with us all criminals are tried, (and very properly in my opinion) by a jury of their peers, yet in this King's country the mode was very different; for since every one of the people had been in a certain sense criminals, the King did not think it fair to make them judges also. It would, indeed, have been impossible to follow in all respects

the customs which prevail with us, for the crimes with which men are charged in our courts are mere "overt acts," as the Lawyers call them, that is, acts which regard the outward behaviour; such as the acts of striking, maiming, stealing, and so forth. But in the King's court, it was not merely outward sins, but sins of the heart also which were to be punished. Many a crime, therefore, which was never heard of in the court of King's-bench, or at the Old Bailey, was here to be brought to light, and was reserved for this great day. Among these were pride and oppression, and envy, and malice, and revenge, and covetousness, and secret vanity of mind, and evil thoughts of all sorts, and all evil wishes and desires. When covetousness, indeed, put men on committing robbery, or when malice drove them to an act of murder, then the common courts immediately judged the criminal, without waiting for these great assizes; nevertheless, since even a thief and murderer would now and then escape in the common courts, for want of evidence, or through some fault or other of the judge or jury, the escape was of little moment to the poor criminal, for he was sure to be tried again by this great King; and even though the man should have been punished in some sense before, yet he had now a farther punishment to fear, unless, indeed, he was one of those, who had obtained, (by the means I before spoke of) this great King's pardon. The sins of the heart, however, were by far the most numerous sort of sins, which were to come before this great

tribunal; and these were to be judged by this great King in person, and by none but himself; because he possessed a certain power of getting at all secrets.

I once heard of a certain King of Sicily, who built a whispering gallery in the form of an ear, through which he could hear every word his rebellious subjects uttered, though spoken ever so low. But this secret of the King of Sicily was nothing to what this great King possessed; for he had the power of knowing every thought which was conceived in the mind, though it never broke out into words, or proceeded to actions.

Now you may be ready to think, perhaps, that these people were worse off than any others, because they were to be examined so closely, and judged so strictly. Far from it: the King was too just to expect bricks without giving them straw; he gave them, therefore, every help that they needed. He gave them a book of directions, as I before observed; and because they were naturally short-sighted, he supplied them with a glass for reading it, and thus the most dim-sighted might see, if they did not wilfully shut their eyes; but though the King *invited* them to open their eyes, he did not *compel* them; and many remained stone-blind all their lives with the book in their hand, because they would not use the glass, nor take the proper means for reading and understanding all that was written for them. The humble and sincere learnt in time to see even that part of the book which was least plainly written; and it was ob-

served that the ability to understand it depended more on the heart than the head; an evil disposition blinded the sight, while humility operated like an eye-salve.

Now it happened that those who had been so lucky as to escape the punishment of the lower courts, took it into their heads that they were all very good sort of people, and of course very safe from any danger at this *Great Assize*. This grand intended trial, indeed, had been talked of so much, and put off so long, (for it had seemed long at least to these short-sighted people) that many persuaded themselves it would never take place at all; and far the greater part were living away therefore without ever thinking about it; they went on just as if nothing at all had been done for their benefit; and as if they had no King to please, no King's son to be thankful to, no book to guide themselves by, and as if the assizes were never to come about.

But with this King "a thousand years were as one day, for he was not slack concerning his promises, as some men count slackness." So at length the solemn period approached. Still, however, the people did not prepare for the solemnity, or rather, they prepared for it much as some of the people in our towns are apt to prepare for the assize times; I mean by balls and feasting, and they saw their own trial come on, with as little concern as is felt by the people in our streets, when they see the judge's procession enter the town, who indeed comfort themselves that it is only those in the prisons who are guilty.

But when at last the day came, and every man found that he was to be judged for himself, and that some how or other, all his secrets were brought out, and that there was now no escape, things began to take a more serious turn. Some of the worst of the criminals were got together debating in an outer court of the grand hall, and there they passed their time, not in compunction and tears, not in comparing their lives with what was required in that book which had been given them, but in comparing themselves with such as had been still more notorious offenders.

One who had grown wealthy by rapine and oppression, but had contrived to keep within the letter of the law, insulted a poor fellow as a thief, because he had stolen a loaf of bread. 'You were far wickeder than I was, said a citizen to his apprentice, for you drank and swore at the ale-house, every Sunday night.' 'Yes,' said the poor fellow, 'but it was your fault that I did so, for you took no care of my soul, but spent all your Sabbaths in jaunting abroad or in rioting at home; I might have learnt, but there was no one to teach me; I might have followed a good example, but I saw only bad ones. I sinned against less light than you did.' A drunken journeyman, who had spent all his wages on gin, took comfort that he had not spent a great estate in bribery at elections, as the Lord of his manor had done, while a perjured elector boasted that he was no drunkard, like the journeyman.

I have not room to describe the awful pomp

of the court, nor the terrible sounding of the trumpet which attended the Judge's entrance, nor the sitting of the judge, nor the opening of the books, nor the crouding of the millions who stood before him. I shall pass over the multitudes who were tried and condemned to dungeons and chains, and fire, and to perpetual banishment from the presence of the King, which always seemed to be the saddest part of the sentence. I shall only notice further, a few who brought some plea of merit, and claimed a right to be rewarded by the King, and even deceived themselves so far as to think that his own book of laws would be their justification.

A thoughtless spendthrift advanced without any contrition, and said, 'that he had lived handsomely, and had hated the covetous whom God abhorreth, and that he trusted in that passage of the book which said, that "covetousness was idolatry;" and that he therefore hoped for a favourable sentence.' Now it proved that this man had not only avoided covetousness, but that he had even left his wife and children in want through his excessive prodigality. The Judge therefore immediately pointed to that place in the book where it is written, "he that provideth not for his household, is worse than an infidel." "He that liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth;" 'thou,' said he, 'in thy life-time, receivedst thy good things, and now thou must be tormented.'—Then a miser, whom hunger and hoarding had worn to skin and bone, crept forward, and praised the sentence

passed on this extravagaut youth, 'and surely,' said he, 'since he is condemned, I am the man that may make some plea to favour—I was never idle or drunk, I kept my body in subjection. I have been so self-denying that I am certainly a saint : I have loved neither father nor mother, nor wife, nor children to excess, in all this I have obeyed the book of the law.'—Then the Judge said, 'but where are thy works of mercy and thy labours of love? see that family which perished in thy sight last hard winter, while thy barns were overflowing; that poor family were my representatives, yet they were hungry, and thou gavest them no meat.' 'Go to now, thou rich man, weep and howl for the miseries that are come upon you. Your gold and your silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire.'—Then came up one with a most self-sufficient air. He walked up boldly, having in one hand the plan of an hospital which he had built, and in the other the drawing of a statue, which was erecting for him in the country that he had just left, and on his forehead appeared, in gold letters, the list of all the public charities to which he had subscribed. He seemed to take great pleasure in the condemnation of the miser, and said, 'Lord, where saw I thee hungry and fed thee not, or in prison and visited thee not? I have visited the fatherless and widow in their affliction.'—Here the Judge cut him short, by saying, 'True, thou didst visit the fatherless, but didst thou fulfil equally that other part of my command

“ to keep thyself unspotted from the world.” No, thou wert conformed to the world in many of its sinful customs, “ thou didst follow a multitude to do evil; thou didst love the world and the things of the world;” and the motive to all thy charities was not a regard to me, but to thy own credit with thy fellow men. Thou hast done every thing for the sake of reputation, and now thou art vainly trusting in thy works, instead of putting all thy trust in my son, who has offered himself to be a surety for thee. Where has been that humility and gratitude to him which was required of thee? No, thou wouldst be thine own surety: thou hast trusted in thyself: thou hast made thy boast of thine own goodness: thou hast sought after, and thou hast enjoyed, the praise of men, and verily I say unto thee, “ thou hast had thy reward.”

A poor diseased blind cripple, from the very hospital which this great man had built, then fell prostrate on his face, crying out, “ Lord be merciful to me a sinner!” on which the Judge, to the surprize of all, said, “ Well done, good and faithful servant.” The poor man replied, ‘ Lord, I have done nothing!’—‘ But thou hast *suffered well*,’ said the Judge; ‘ thou hast been an example of patience and meekness, and though thou hadst but few talents, yet thou hast well improved those few; thou hadst time, this thou didst spend in the humble duties of thy station, and also in earnest prayer, even for that proud founder of thine hospital, who never prayed for himself; thou wast indeed blind and

lame, but it is no where said, my Son give me thy feet, or thine eyes, but *give me thy heart*; and even the faculties I did grant thee, were employed to my glory; with thine ears thou didst listen to my word, with thy tongue thou didst shew forth my praise, "enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—There were several who came forward, and boasted of some single and particular virtue, in which they had been supposed to excel. One talked of his generosity, another of his courage, and a third of his fortitude; but it proved, on a close examination, that some of those supposed virtues were merely the effect of a particular constitution of body: that others proceeded from a false motive, and that not a few of them were actual vices, since they were carried to excess, and under the pretence of fulfilling one duty, some other duty was lost sight of; in short, these partial virtues were none of them done in obedience to the will of the King, but merely to please the person's own humour, and they would not, therefore, stand this day's trial, for 'he that had kept the whole law, and yet had wilfully and habitually offended in any one point, was declared guilty of breaking the whole.'

At this moment a sort of thick scales fell from the eyes of the multitude. They could now no longer take comfort by measuring their neighbour's conduct against their own. Each at once saw himself in his true light, and found, alas! when it was too late, that he should have made the book which had been given him his rule of practice before, since it now proved to be

the rule by which he was to be judged. Nay, every one now thought himself even worse than his neighbour, because, while he only *saw* and *heard* of the guilt of others, he *felt* his own in all its aggravated horror.

To complete their confusion, they were compelled to acknowledge the justice of the Judge who condemned them, and also to approve the favourable sentence by which thousands of other criminals had not only their lives saved, but were made happy and glorious beyond all imagination, and all this was in consequence of their sincere repentance, and their humble acceptance of the pardon offered to them by the King's son. One thing was remarkable, that whilst most of those who were condemned, never expected condemnation, but even claimed a reward for their supposed innocence or goodness, all who were really rewarded and forgiven were sensible that they owed every thing to a mere act of grace, and they cried out with one voice, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise!"

Z.

ROBERT AND RICHARD;

OR, THE

GHOST OF POOR MOLLY,

WHO WAS DROWNED IN RICHARD'S MILL-POND.

To the Tune of Collin's Mulberry Tree.

QUOTH Richard to Bob, "let things go as they will,

Of pleasure and fun I will still have my fill;
In frolic and mirth I see nothing amiss,
And tho' I get tipsy, *what harm is in this?*

"For e'en Solomon says, and I vow he says truth,

"Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth."

"I am glad (answered Bob) you're of Solomon's creed,
But I beg, if you quote him, you'll please to proceed:

"For God (as the wise man continues to sing)

"Thy soul into judgment for all this will bring."

Thus a man may get plung'd in a woeful abyss,
By chusing to say, *Pray what harm is in this?*

"Come, come (says gay Richard), don't grudge me a cup;

I'm resolv'd while I'm able, I'll still keep it up;
Let old greybeards deny that in frolics there's bliss;
I'll game, love, and drink—and *what harm is in this?*"

Says Robert, "I grant if you live for to day,

You may game, love, and drink, and may frolic away;

But then, my dear Dick, I again must contend,

That the Wise Man has bid us—*remember the end.*"

Says Richard, "when sickness or peevish old age
Shall advance to dismiss me from life's merry stage,
Repentance just then, boy, may not be amiss,
But while young I'll be jolly, *what harm is in this?*"

They parted; and Richard his pastimes begun,
'Twas Richard the Jovial, the soul of all fun;
Each dancing bout, drinking bout, Dick would attend,
And he sung and he swore, *nor once thought of the end.*

Young Molly he courted, the pride of the plain,
He promis'd her marriage, but promis'd in vain;
She trusted his vows, but she soon was undone,
And when she fell weeping he thought it good fun.

Thus scorn'd by her Richard sad Molly run wild,
And roam'd thro' the woods with her destitute child;
'Till poor Molly and Molly's poor Baby were found
One evening in Richard's own mill-pond both drown'd.

Then his conscience grew troubled by night and by day,
But its clamour he drown'd in more drink and more
play;

Still Robert exhorted, and like a true friend,
He warn'd him, he pray'd him, *to think on the end.*

Now disturb'd in his dreams poor Molly each night
With her babe stood before him; how sad was the
fight!

O how ghastly she look'd as she bade him attend,
And so awfully told him, "*Remember the end.*"

She talk'd of the woes and unquenchable fire
Which await the gay sinner, the drunkard, and liar;
How he ruin'd more maidens she bade him beware,
Then she wept, and she groan'd, and she vanish'd in
air.

Now beggar'd by gaming, distemper'd by drink,
Death star'd in his face, yet he dar'd not to think;
Despairing of mercy, despising all truth,
He died of old-age in the prime of his youth.

On his tomb-stone good Robert these verses engrav'd,
Which he hop'd some gay fellow might read and be
sav'd:

The E P I T A P H.

HERE lies a poor youth who call'd fing'ring his bliss,
And was ruin'd by saying, *what harm is in this?*
Let each passer-by to his error attend,
And learn of poor Dick to *remember the end.*

THE CARPENTER;

OR,

THE DANGER OF EVIL COMPANY.

THERE was a young West-country man,
A Carpenter by trade,
A skilful wheelwright too was he,
And few such waggons made.

No man a tighter barn could build
Throughout his native town;
Thro' many a village round was he
The best of workmen known.

His father left him what he had,
In sooth it was enough;
His shining pewter, pots of brass,
And all his household stuff.

A little cottage too he had,
For ease and comfort plann'd;
And that he might not lack for aught,
An acre of good land.

A pleasant orchard too there was
Before his cottage door;
Of cyder and of corn likewise
He had a little store.

Active and healthy, stout and young,
No business wanted he;
Now tell me reader, if you can,
What man more blest could be?

To make his comfort quite complete,
He had a faithful wife;
Frugal and neat and good was she,
The blessing of his life.

Where is the lord, or where the squire,
Had greater cause to praise
The goodness of that bounteous hand,
Which blest his prosp'rous days?

Each night when he return'd from work,
His wife so meek and mild,
His little supper gladly dress'd,
While he caress'd his child.

One blooming babe was all he had,
His only darling dear,
The object of their equal love,
The solace of their care.

O what could ruin such a life,
And spoil so fair a lot?
O what could change so kind a heart,
All goodness quite forgot?

With grief the cause I must relate,
The dismal cause reveal;
'Twas EVIL COMPANY and DRINK,
The source of every ill.

A Cooper came to live hard by,
Who did his fancy please ;
An idle rambling man was he,
Who oft had cross'd the seas.

This man could tell a merry tale,
And sing a merry song ;
And those who heard him sing or talk,
Ne'er thought the evening long.

But vain and vicious was the song,
And wicked was the tale ;
And every pause he always fill'd
With cyder, gin, or ale.

Our Carpenter delighted much
To hear the Cooper talk ;
And with him to the alehouse oft
Would take his evening walk.

At first he did not care to drink,
But only lik'd the fun ;
But soon he from the Cooper learn'd
The same sad course to run.

He said the Cooper's company
Was all for which he car'd ;
But soon he drank as much as he,
To swear like him soon dar'd.

His hammer now neglected lay,
For work he little car'd ;
Half finish'd wheels and broken tools
Were strew'd about his yard.

To get him to attend his work
No prayers could now prevail;
His hatchet and his plane forgot,
He never drove a nail.

His cheerful ev'nings now no more
With peace and plenty smil'd;
No more he sought his pleasing wife,
Nor hugg'd his smiling child.

For not his drunken nights alone
Were with the Cooper past;
His days were at the Angel spent,
And still he stay'd the last.

No handsome Sunday suit was left,
Nor decent Holland shirt;
No nosegay mark'd the Sabbath-day,
But all was rags and dirt.

No more his church he did frequent,
A symptom ever sad;
Where once the Sunday is mispent,
The week-days must be bad.

The cottage mortgag'd for its worth,
The favourite orchard sold;
He soon began to feel th' effects
Of hunger and of cold.

The pewter dishes, one by one,
Were pawn'd, till none was left;
And wife and babe at home remain'd
Of every help bereft.

By chance he call'd at home one night,
And in a furlly mood,
He bade his weeping wife to get
Immediately some food.

His empty cupboard well he knew
Must needs be bare of bread;
No rasher on the rack he saw,
Whence could he then be fed?

His * wife a piteous sigh did heave,
And then before him laid
A basket covered with a cloth,
But not a word she said.

Then to her husband gave a knife,
With many a silent tear;
In haste he tore the cover off,
And saw his child lie there.

"There lies thy babe, the mother said,
Oppress'd with famine sore;
O kill us both—'twere kinder far,
We could not suffer more."

The Carpenter, struck to the heart,
Fell on his knees straightway;
He wrung his hands—confess'd his sins,
And did both weep and pray.

From the same hour the Cooper more
He never would behold;
Nor would he to the alehouse go
Had it been pay'd with gold.

* See Berquin's Gardener.

His wife forgave him all the past,
And sooth'd his sorrowing mind,
And much he griev'd that e'er he wrong'd.
The worthiest of her kind.

By lab'ring hard, and working late,
By industry and pains,
His cottage was at length redeem'd,
And sav'd were all his gains.

His Sundays now at church were spent,
His home was his delight,
The following verse himself he made,
And read it every night :

*The drunkard murders child and wife,
Nor matters it a pin,
Whether he stabs them with his knife,
Or starves them with his gin.*



THE
STORY OF SINFUL SALLY,
TOLD BY HERSELF.

SHEWING

How from being SALLY of the GREEN, she was first led to become SINFUL SALLY, and afterwards DRUNKEN SAL, and how at last she came to a most melancholy, and almost hopeless, End; being therein a Warning to all young Women both in Town and Country.



COME each maiden lend an ear,
Country lasses and London belle!
Come and drop a mournful tear
O'er the tale that I shall tell.

I that ask your tender pity,
Ruin'd now and all forlorn,
Once, like you, was young and pretty,
And as chearful as the morn.

In yon distant cottage sitting,
Far away from London town,
Once you might have seen me knitting
In my simple kersey gown.

Where the little lambkins leap,
Where the meadows look so gay,
Where the drooping willows weep,
Simple Sally used to stray.

Then I tasted many a blessing,
Then I had an honest fame;
Father, mother, me caressing,
Smil'd, and thought me free from blame.

Then amid my friends so dear,
Life it speeded fast away;
O, it moves a tender tear,
To bethink me of the day!

From the villages surrounding,
Ere I well had reach'd eighteen,
Came the modest youths abounding,
All to Sally of the Green.

Courting days were thus beginning,
And I soon had prov'd a wife;
O! if I had kept from sinning,
Now how blest had been my life.

Come each maiden lend an ear,
Country lass and London belle !
Come ye now and deign to hear
How poor Sinful Sally fell.

Where the hill begins inclining,
Half a furlong from the road,
O'er the village white and shining
Stands Sir William's great abode.

Near his meadow I was tripping,
Vainly wishing to be seen,
When Sir William met me skipping,
And he spoke me on the Green.

Bid me quit my cloak of scarlet,
Blam'd my simple kersey gown ;
Ey'd me then, so like a varlet,
Such as live in London town.

With his presents I was loaded,
And bedeck'd in ribbons gay ;
Thus my ruin was foreboded,
O, how crafty was his way !

Vanish'd now from cottage lowly,
My poor parents' hearts I break ;
Enter on a state unholy,
Turn a mistress to a rake.

Now no more by morning light
Up to God my voice I raise ;
Now no shadows of the night
Call my thoughts to prayer and praise.

Hark! a well-known sound I hear!

'Tis the Church's Sunday bell;

No; I dread to venture near;

No; I'm now the child of hell.

Now I lay my Bible by,

Chuse that impious book so new,

Love the bold blaspheming lie,

And that filthy novel too.

Next to London town I pass,

(Sinful Sally is my name)

There to gain a front of brass,

And to glory in my shame.

Powder'd well, and puff'd, and painted,

Rivals all I there outline;

With skin so white and heart so tainted,

Rolling in my chariot fine.

In the Park I glitter daily,

Then I dress me for the play,

Then to masquerade so gaily,

See me, see me tear away.

When I meet some meaner lass,

Then I tofs with proud disdain;

Laugh and giggle as I pass,

Seeming not to know a pain.

Still at every hour of leisure

Something whispers me within,

'O! I hate this life of pleasure,

For it is a life of sin.'

Thus amidst my peals of laughter
Horror seizes oft my frame :
Pleasure now—Damnation after,
And a never-dying flame.

‘ Save me, save me, Lord,’ I cry,
‘ Save my soul from Satan’s chain!’
Now I see salvation nigh,
Now I turn to sin again.

Is it then some true repentance
That I feel for evil done?
No; ’tis horror of my sentence,
’Tis the pangs of hell begun.

By a thousand ills o’ertaken
See me now quite sinking down;
Till so lost and so forsaken,
Sally is cast upon the town.

At the dusk of evening grey
Forth I step from secret cell;
Roaming like a beast of prey,
Or some hateful imp of hell.

Ah! how many youths so blooming
By my wanton looks I’ve won;
Then by vices all consuming
Left them ruin’d and undone!

Thus the cruel spider stretches
Wide his web for every fly;
Then each victim that he catches
Strait he poisons till he die.

Now no more by conscience troubled,
Deep I plunge in every sin :
True ; my sorrows are redoubled,
But I drown them all in gin.

See me next with front so daring,
Band of ruffian rogues among ;
Fighting, cheating, drinking, swearing,
And the vilest of the throng.

Mark that youngest of the thieves,
Taught by Sal he ventures further ;
What he filches Sal receives,
'Tis for Sal he does the murther.

See me then attend my victim,
To the fatal gallows tree ;
Pleas'd to think how I have nick'd him,
Made him swing while I am free.

Jack I laughing see depart,
While with Dick I drink and sing ;
Soon again I'll fill the cart,
Make this present lover swing.

But while thus with guilt surprising,
Sal pursues her bold career,
See God's dreadful wrath arising,
And the day of vengeance near !

Fierce disease my body seizes,
Racking pain afflicts my bones :
Dread of death my spirit freezes,
Deep and doleful are my groans.

Here with face so shrunk and spotted
On the clay-cold ground I lie;
See how all my flesh is rotted,
Stop, O stranger, see me die!

Conscience, as my breath's departing,
Plunges too his arrow deep,
With redoubled fury starting
Like some giant from his sleep.

In this pit of ruin lying,
Once again before I die,
Fainting, trembling, weeping, sighing,
Lord, to thee I'll lift my eye.

Thou canst save the vilest harlot,
Grace, I've heard, is free and full;
Sins that once were "red as scarlet,"
Thou canst make as "white as wool."

Saviour whom I pierc'd so often,
Deeper still my guilt imprint!
Let thy mighty Spirit soften
This my harden'd heart of flint.

Vain, alas! is all my groaning,
For I fear the die is cast;
True, thy blood is all-atoning,
But my day of grace is past.

Saviour! hear me or I perish!
None who *lives* is quite undone;
Still a ray of hope I'll cherish,
'Till Eternity's begun.

PATIENT JOE;
OR THE
NEWCASTLE COLLIER.



HAVE you heard of a Collier of honest renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcastle town?
His name it was Joseph—you better may know
If I tell you he always was call'd patient JOE.

Whatever betided he thought it was right,
And Providence still he kept ever in sight;
To those who love God, let things turn as they wou'd,
He was certain that all work'd together for good.

He prais'd his Creator whatever besel ;
How thankful was Joseph when matters went well !
How sincere were his carols of praise for good health,
And how grateful for any increase in his wealth !
In trouble he bow'd him to God's holy will ;
How contented was Joseph when matters went ill !
When rich and when poor he alike understood
That all things together were working for good.
If the land was afflicted with war, he declar'd
'Twas a needful correction for sins which *he* shar'd ;
And when merciful Heaven bid slaughter to cease,
How thankful was Joe for the blessing of peace !
When taxes ran high, and provisions were dear,
Still Joseph declar'd he had nothing to fear ;
It was but a trial, he well understood,
From Him who made all work together for good.
Tho' his wife was but sickly, his gettings but small,
A mind so submissive prepar'd him for all ;
He liv'd on his gains were they greater or less,
And the Giver he ceas'd not each moment to bless.
When another child came he receiv'd him with joy,
And Providence blest who had sent him a boy ;
But when the child dy'd—said poor Joe ' I'm content,
For God hath a right to recal what he lent.'
It was Joseph's ill fortune to work in a pit
With some who believ'd that profaneness was wit ;
When disasters besel him much pleasure they shew'd,
And laugh'd and said—' Joseph, will this work for good ?'
But ever when these would profanely advance
That *this* happen'd by luck, and *that* happen'd by chance,
Still Joseph insisted no chance cou'd be found,
Not a sparrow by accident falls to the ground.
Among his companions who work'd in the pit,
And made him the butt of their profligate wit,
Was idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and who gam'd,
Who mock'd at his Bible, and was not asham'd.

410 *Patient Joe ; or the Newcastle Collier.*

One day at the pit his old comrades he found,
And they chatted, preparing to go under ground ;
Tim Jenkins, as usual, was turning to jest
Joe's notion—that all things which happen'd were best.

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His provision for dinner of bacon and bread,
A dog on the watch seiz'd the bread and the meat,
And off with his prey ran with footsteps so fleet.

Now to see the delight that Tim Jenkins express !

' Is the loss of thy dinner too, Joe, for the best ?'

' No doubt on't,' said Joe, ' but as I must eat,

' 'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat.'

So saying, he follow'd the dog a long round,

While Tim laughing and swearing, went down under
ground ;

Poor Joe soon return'd, tho' his bacon was lost,

For the dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

When Joseph came back, he expected a sneer,

But the face of each Collier spoke horror and fear ;

What a narrow escape hast thou had, they all said,

The pit has fall'n in, and Tim Jenkins is dead.

How sincere was the gratitude Joseph express'd !

How warm the compassion which glow'd in his breast !

Thus events great and small, if aright understood,

Will be found to be working together for good.

' When my meat,' Joseph cry'd, ' was just now stol'n
away,

And I had no prospect of eating to-day,

How cou'd it appear to a short-sighted sinner,

That my life wou'd be sav'd by the loss of my dinner ?'

Z.

THE
GIN-SHOP;
OR A
PEEP INTO A PRISON.

LOOK thro' the land from north to south,
And look from east to west ;
And see what is to Englishmen,
Of life the deadliest pest.

It is not want, tho' that is bad,
Nor war, tho' that is worse ;
But Britons brave endure, alas !
A self-tormenting curse.

Go where you will throughout the realm
You'll find the reigning sin,
In cities, villages, and towns ;
—The monster's name is GIN.

The prince of darkness never sent
To man a deadlier foe ;
' My name is Legion,' it may say,
The source of every woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive
The labourer of his wealth ;
That is not all, it murders too
His honest name and health.

412 *The Gin-Shop; or a Peep into a Prison.*

We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true;
But, drunkards, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is self-impos'd,
Like every other fin;
The taxes all together lay
No weight so great as GIN.

The state compels no man to drink,
Compels no man to game;
'Tis GIN and gambling sink him down
To rags, and want, and shame.

The kindest husband, chang'd by GIN,
Is for a tyrant known;
The tenderest heart that nature made,
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes
Are poorly cloth'd and fed:
Because the craving GIN-SHOP takes
The childrens daily bread.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,
Thro' many a London street;
And see the cause of penury
In hundreds we shall meet.

We shall not need to travel far—
Behold that great man's door;
He well discerns that idle crew
From the deserving poor.

He will relieve with liberal hand
The child of honest thrift ;
But where long scores at GIN-SHOPS stand,
He will with-hold his gift.

Behold that shivering female there,
Who plies her woeful trade !
'Tis ten to one you'll find that GIN
That hopeless wretch has made.

Look down those steps, and view below
Yon cellar under ground ;
There every want and every woe,
And every sin is found.

Those little wretches trembling there,
With hunger and with cold,
Were by their parents' love of GIN
To sin and misery sold.

Blest be those friends * to human kind
Who take these wretches up,
Ere they have drunk the bitter dregs
Of their sad parents' cup.

Look thro' that prison's iron bars,
Look thro' that dismal grate ;
And learn what dire misfortune brought
So terrible a fate.

The debtor and the felon too,
Tho' differing much in sin ;
Too oft you'll find were thither brought
By all-destroying GIN.

* The Philanthropic Society.

144 *The Gin-Shop ; or a Peep into a Prison.*

Yet Heaven forbid I should confound
Calamity with guilt !

Or name the debtor's lesser fault,
With blood of brother spilt.

To prison dire misfortune oft
The guiltless debtor brings ;
Yet oft'ner far it will be found
From GIN the misery springs.

See the pale manufact'rer there,
How lank and lean he lies !
How haggard is his sickly cheek !
How dim his hollow eyes !

He plied the loom with good success,
His wages still were high ;
Twice what the village lab'rer gains,
His master did supply.

No book-debts kept him from his cash,
All paid as soon as due ;
His wages on the Saturday
To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains suffic'd,
On wife and children spent !
But all must for his pleasures go ;
All to the GIN-SHOP went.

See that apprentice, young in years,
But hackney'd long in sin ;
What made him rob his master's till ?
Alas ! 'twas love of GIN.

That serving man—I knew him once
So jaunty, spruce, and smart !
Why did he steal, then pawn the plate ?
'Twas GIN ensnar'd his heart.

But hark ! what dismal sound was that ?
'Tis Saint Sepulchre's bell !
It tolls, alas, for human guilt !
Some malefactor's knell.

O ! woeful sound ! O ! what could cause
Such punishment and sin ?
Hark ! hear his words, he owns the cause—
BAD COMPANY and GIN.

And when the future lot is fix'd,
Of darkness, fire, and chains,
How can the drunkard hope to 'scape
Those everlasting pains ?

For if the murd'rer's doom'd to woe,
As holy writ declares,
The drunkard with SELF-murderers
That dreadful portion shares.

Z.

THE
EXECUTION
OF
WILD ROBERT,
BEING
A WARNING TO ALL PARENTS.

WILD ROBERT was a graceless youth,
And bold in every sin;
In early life with petty thefts
His course he did begin.

But those who deal in lesser sins,
In great will soon offend;
And petty thefts, not check'd betimes,
In murder soon may end.

And now, like any beast of prey,
Wild Robert shrunk from view,
Save when at eve on Bagshot heath
He met his harden'd crew.

With this fierce crew Wild Robert there
On plunder set his mind;
And watch'd and prowl'd the live-long night
To rob and slay mankind.

But God, whose vengeance never sleeps,
Tho' he delays the blow,
Can in a single moment lay
The prosperous villain low.

One night, a fatal night indeed !
Within a neighb'ring wood,
A harmless passenger he robb'd,
And dy'd his hands in blood.

The direful deed perform'd, he went
To shew his golden spoils,
When vengeful Justice, unawares,
Surpris'd him in her toils.

Wild Robert seiz'd, at once was known,
(No crape had hid his face)
Imprison'd; try'd, condemn'd to die !
Soon run was Robert's race !

Since short the time the laws allow
To murderers doom'd to die,
How earnest should the suppliant wretch
To Heaven for mercy cry !

But he, alas ! no mercy sought,
Tho' summon'd to his fate ;
The cart drew near the gallows tree,
Where throng'd spectators wait.

Slow as he pass'd no pious tongue
Pour'd forth a pitying pray'r ;
Abhorrence all who saw him felt,
He, horror and despair.

And now the dismal death-bell toll'd,
The fatal cord was hung,
While sudden, deep, and dreadful shrieks,
Burst forth amidst the throng.

Hark ! 'tis his mother's voice he hears !
Deep horror shakes his frame ;
'Tis rage and fury fill his breast,
Not pity, love, or shame.

" One moment hold !" the mother cries,
" His life one moment spare !
" One kiss, my miserable child,
" My Robert, once so dear !"

" Hence, cruel mother, hence," he said,
" Oh ! deaf to nature's cry ;
" Your's is the fault I liv'd abhorr'd,
" And unlamented die.

" You gave me life, but with it gave
" What made that life a curse ;
" My sins uncurb'd, my mind untaught,
" Soon grew from bad to worse.

" I thought that if I 'scaped the stroke
" Of man's avenging rod,
" All would be well, and I might mock
" The vengeful pow'r of God.

" My hands no honest trade were taught,
" My tongue no pious pray'r ;
" Uncheck'd I learnt to break the laws,
" To pilfer, lie, and swear.

- “ The Sabbath bell, that toll’d to church,
“ To me unheeded rung ;
“ God’s holy name and word I curs’d
“ With my blaspheming tongue.

“ No mercy now your ruin’d child
“ Of Heav’n can dare implore,
“ I mock’d at grace, and now I fear
“ My day of grace is o’er.

“ Blame not the law which dooms your son ;
“ Compar’d with you ’tis mild ;
“ ’Tis you have sentenc’d me to death,
“ To hell have doom’d your child.”

He spoke, and fixing fast the cord,
Resign’d his guilty breath ;
Down at his feet his mother fell,
By conscience struck with death.

Ye parents, taught by this sad tale,
Avoid the path she trod ;
And teach your sons in early years
The fear and love of God.

So shall their days, tho’ doom’d to toil,
With peace and hope be blest ;
And Heav’n, when life’s short task is o’er,
Receive their souls to rest.

THE
HONEST MILLER
OF
GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A TRUE BALLAD. •

OF all the callings and the trades
Which in our land abound,
The miller's is as useful sure
As can on earth be found.

The Lord or 'Squire of high degree
Is needful to the state,
Because he lets the land he owns
In farms both small and great.

The farmer he manures the land,
Or else what corn could grow?
The ploughman cuts the furrow deep,
Ere he begins to sow.

And tho' no wealth he has, except
The labour of his hands;
Yet honest industry's as good
As houses or as lands.

The thresher he is useful too
To all who like to eat ;
Unless he winnow'd well the corn,
The chaff wou'd spoil the wheat.

But vain the 'Squire's and farmer's care,
And vain the thresher's toil ;
And vain wou'd be the ploughman's pains
Who harrows up the foil.

In vain, without the miller's aid,
The sowing and the dressing ;
Then sure an honest miller he
Must be a public blessing.

And such a miller now I make
The subject of my song,
Which tho' it shall be very true,
Shall not be very long.

This miller lives in Glo'stershire,
I shall not tell his name ;
For those who seek the praise of God,
Desire no other fame.

In last hard winter—who forgets
The frost of ninety-five ?
Then was all dismal, scarce, and dear,
And no poor man cou'd thrive.

Then husbandry long time stood still,
And work was at a stand :
To make the matter worse, the mills
Were froze throughout the land.

422 *The Honest Miller of Gloucestershire.*

Fast by a living stream it was
Our miller's lot to dwell,
Which flow'd amain when others froze,
Nor ever stopp'd the mill.

The clamorous people came from far
This favour'd mill to find;
Both rich and poor our miller fought,
For none but he could grind.

His neighbours cried, ' Now miller seize
The time to heap up store,
Since thou of young and helpless babes
Hast got full half a score.'

For folks when tempted to grow rich
By means not over nice,
Oft make their num'rous babes a plea
To sanctify the vice.

Our miller scorn'd such counsel base,
And when he ground the grain,
With stedfast hand refus'd to touch
Beyond his lawful gain.

' When God afflicts the land,' said he,
Shall I afflict it more?
And watch for times of public woe
To wrong both rich and poor?

' Thankful to that Almighty pow'r
Who makes my river flow,
I'll use the means he gives to soothe
An hungry neighbour's woe.

‘ My river flows when others freeze,
But ’tis at his command ;
For rich and poor I’ll grind alike,
No bribe shall stain my hand.’

So all the country who had corn
Here found their wants redress’d ;
May every village in the land
Be with such millers blest !

Z.

THE
HAMPSHIRE TRAGEDY :

*Shewing how a Servant Maid first robbed her master, and
was afterwards struck dead for telling a Lie.*

A TRUE STORY.

COME all ye maidens and draw near,
A doleful song I sing;
A song that proves, as you shall hear,
A lie's a fearful thing.

In Hampshire once there chanc'd to dwell,
Near Me'onstoke's little town,
A farming man, who prosper'd well;
An honest country clown.

It was but little he possess'd,
But then he was content;
He knew no want, could treat a guest,
And paid his slender rent.

By honest industry and thrift
He sav'd a little store;
And thanking God for every gift,
He made that little more.

And now, so lofty was his state,
He hir'd a servant maid;
Who learning well on him to wait,
In truth was duly paid.

One hundred pounds, a mighty sum,
He now had sav'd in all;
And hid it, (lest some thief should come,)
Safe in his kitchen wall.

At length advancing far in years,
He calmly view'd his end;
For he need never shrink with fears
Whose Maker is his friend.

Long time a prey to dire disease,
Stretch'd on his bed he lay;
His servant saw him ill at ease,
And nurs'd him night and day.

Then Satan, who like beast of prey,
"Seeks whom he may devour,"
Did tempt this servant maid so gay
All in an evil hour.

He led her first to see the spot
Where lay this hidden pelf;
Then bid her form the wicked plot
To take it for herself.

He whisper'd in her willing ear,
'Go make it all your own;
For since your master's death is near,
It never can be known.'

At once the wicked girl obey'd,
And fear'd no future ill ;
O, stupid, sinful, silly maid !
She dreamt not of a Will.

But had she thought of HIM, whose eye
Sees all the deeds of man ;
In vain the tempter had drawn nigh,
And urg'd his wicked plan.

But love of gain had warp'd her soul,
And drawn her quite away ;
To Satan thus, that Tempter foul,
She fell an easy prey.

Her master dies ; but first he leaves
By will this hundred pound ;
Tells where 'twas hid, for fear of thieves,
And 'twould be surely found.

Then went his friends and search'd the chink,
With close and cunning eye ;
'Twas gone, but nobody could think
Which way the pelf could fly.

At length the neighbours turn'd a thought
To this unhappy maid ;
They search'd her box, the thief was caught,
For there the wealth was laid.

Then, then, alas ! she vow'd and swore,
Appealing oft to Heav'n,
That by her master long before
This sum was freely giv'n.

Dire curses oft, with forehead bold,
She call'd down on her head;
And pray'd, if any lie she told,
That God would strike her dead.

She spoke—and straight the sentence pass'd'
A sentence strange and rare;
At once the liar breath'd her last,
Heaven heard her wicked prayer.

The friends around beheld with fear
The wretched sinner fall;
Forc'd in God's presence to appear
At his most awful call.

And now let us, who still are left,
Take warning, old and young!
O, let us hate the sin of theft,
And dread a lying tongue.

THE
PLOW-BOY'S
DREAM.

I AM a Plough-boy stout and strong,
As ever drove a team ;
And three years since asleep in bed
I had a dreadful dream.

And as that dream has done me good,
I've got it put in rhyme :
That other boys may read and sing
My dream when they have time.

Methought I drove my master's team,
With Dobbin, Ball, and Star,
Before a stiff and handy plough,
As all my master's are.

But found the ground was bak'd so hard,
And more like brick than clay,
I could not cut my furrow clean,
Nor would my beasts obey.

The more I whip't, and lash'd, and swore,
The less my cattle stirr'd ;
Dobbin laid down, and Ball, and Star,
They kick'd and snorted hard :

When lo! above me a bright youth
Did seem to hang in air,
With purple wings and golden wand,
As angels painted are.

‘ Give over, cruel wretch,’ he cry’d,
‘ Nor thus thy beasts abuse ;
Think, if the ground was not too hard,
Would they their work refuse ?

Besides, I heard thee curse and swear,
As if dumb beasts could know
What all thy oaths and curses meant,
Or better for them go.

But tho’ they know not, there is One,
Who knows thy sins full well,
And what shall be thy after doom,
Another shall thee tell.’

No more he said, but light as air
He vanish’d from my sight ;
And with him went the sun’s bright beams,
And all was dark midnight.

The thunder roar’d from under ground,
The earth it seem’d to gape ;
Blue flames broke forth, and in those flames
A dire gigantic shape.

‘ Soon shall I call thee mine,’ it cry’d,
With voice so dread and deep,
That quiv’ring like an aspen leaf
I waken’d from my sleep.

And tho' I found it but a dream,
It left upon my mind
That dread of sin, that fear of God,
Which all should wish to find.

For since that hour, I've never dar'd
To use my cattle ill,
And ever fear'd to curse and swear,
And hope to do so still.

Now ponder well, ye plow-boys all,
The dream that I have told;
And if it works such change in you,
'Tis worth its weight in gold:

For should you think it false or true,
It matters not one pin,
If you but deeds of mercy shew,
And keep your souls from sin.

M:



THE

Loyal Sailor; or no Mutineering;

BEING A

SONG FIT TO BE SUNG ON BOARD OF ALL
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS.

Giving an Account of the late very awkward Affair at Portsmouth, with the Increase of Pay then agreed to on all Sides, by a Sailor supposed to be on board; and also of that most melancholy and dreadful Mutiny which happened afterwards at the Nore, and which caused so much Astonishment throughout this Loyal Nation: In which Song it is further represented how this honest Sailor was giving away half his Ration to his wife Nell, and was also promising Part of his Pay to her and the Children, when a strange Fleet hove in Sight, and he instantly prepared for Action.

To the Tune of THE HARDY TAR.

I.

YE Britons brave,
 Who ride the wave,
 And make the cannon rattle,
 When winds do roar,
 Who quit the shore,
 To fight your country's battle !
 I'll sing you now,
 If you'll allow,
 A song well worth your hearing ;
 And we'll agree,
 Each end shall be,
 Beware of Mutineering.

II.

Now should, perchance,
 The sons of France,
 Those chaps we deem so skittish,
 By day or night
 Come forth to fight
 Us seamen all so British,
 Oh ! how we'll fly,
 To fight or die,
 No French or Dutchman fearing,
 And while we sing
 God Save the King,
 Beware of Mutineering.

III.

Yet though we rush
Our foes to crush,
We're not like brutish cattle ;
Our duty's clear,
Hence, freed from fear,
We'll trust the God of battle :
'Tis for our laws,
And country's cause,
The thought, my lads, is cheering ;
'Tis for our King,
We'll fight and sing
Down, down with Mutineering.

IV.

About some pay,
I grant one day,
Our fleet did grow loquacious ;
What then befel
Methinks I'll tell,
'Twill prove our King so gracious :
'Twill prove beside,
Though some may chide,
And think perhaps of sneering ;
Yet on the whole,
I from my soul,
Do hate your Mutineering.

V.

'Twas on one night,
'Twixt dark and light,
When some you see were drinking,

434 *The Loyal Sailor; or no Mutineering.*

All down below,
While none did know,
I spy'd some fellows slinking.
Then up came Jack,
And slapt my back,
(The thump it seemed endearing)
And dropt a word,
That scarce was heard;
Could this be Mutineering?

VI.

But next of pay,
He talk'd away,
And hop'd we'd be united!
I hung my head,
And merely said,
I wish the thing was righted;
'Come, come, said he,
Since all agree,
We'll claim an instant hearing.'
'I'd like, says I,
To share your pie,
But hate your Mutineering.'—

VII.

Our noble crew
Were good and true,
Yet now they fell a prating,
And though so mild,
They all turn wild,
And got to delegating.

Now here again,
I told the men,
' Be careful how you're steering;
Avast,' I said
' You'll risk your head,
Beware of Mutineering.'

VIII.

Well, next you see,
They did agree,
To tell their whole condition:
The King he sent,
To parliament,
Who granted our petition;
'Twas promised then,
By all our men,
('Twas done within my hearing,)
We'd ask no more,
But shut the door
Against your Mutineering.

IX.

The time wou'd fail,
To tell the tale
Of all that follow'd after;
In part I'm clear,
'Twould fetch a tear;
In part 'twould raise your laughter;
For in the close
Rebellion rose
Her dreadful forehead rearing;

436 *The Loyal Sailor ; or no Mutineering.*

And oh ! how queer
Did things appear
Amidst the Mutineering !

X.

Some rais'd to power,
Were flogg'd next hour,
All which was vastly funny ;
And some, they say,
To mend their pay,
Subscribed away their money.
Then round the Nore,
To guard the shore,
What crowds came volunteering !
For like one man,
The nation ran
To crush the Mutineering.

XI.

Out burst the flame,
To blows they came,
What prospect could be darker !
' King George I say,
Huzza ! huzza !
King George, and no king Parker !'
Come take your stand,
Foul treason's plann'd,
Come, come, fir, don't be veering,
See here's the try'd
Old English fide,
And there's the Mutineering.

XII.

Fire, fire's the cry :
They fall, they die ;
The Mutineers are routed ;
Some lose their head,
Some beg their bread,
By all the nation scouted :*
Some fly to France,
Who led the dance,
Which prov'd a happy clearing :
And for their pains,
Are clapt in chains,
To cure their Mutineering.

XIII.

Now let us sing,
To George our King,
Here's health to all the nation ;
And let each wife
Now take her knife,
And share her husband's ration :
With you each day,
We'll part our pay,
Our children while you're rearing ;
But mind you, Nell,
Now don't rebel,
Beware of Mutineering.

* The merchants and ship-owners of London had a general meeting, in which it was resolved to receive no sailor into their service after the peace, unless he brought a certificate from his captain of his not having joined the mutiny.

XIV.

But while I tell,
Of gentle Nell,
And all that frightful faction,
—‘ A fleet !—a fleet ;—
O now we meet,
My lads prepare for action :
Let every ship,
Her cables slip,
And while the decks are clearing,
Sing, Britons, sing,
God save the King !
Down, down with Mutineering.’—

THE
GOOD MILITIA MAN;
OR THE
MAN THAT IS WORTH A HOST.
BEING A NEW SONG,

By HONEST DAN, the PLOUGH-BOY, turned SOLDIER.

I WAS a plough-boy tall, fir,
My name was honest Dan;
But at my country's call, fir,
I've turn'd Militia Man.

So on our little green, fir,
Away from all the mire,
I daily now am seen, fir,
To cock, present, and fire.

In regimentals bright, fir,
Of scarlet I do shine,
With hair tied up so tight, fir,
And whiten'd all so fine.

Of maidens not a few, fir,
Come crouding round the green;
And so do parents too, fir;
The children push between.

There like a Soldier prime, fir,
I march both quick and flow;
I stamp my foot in time, fir,
And then kick up my toe.

Meanwhile with sound so grand, fir,
They beat the rum—drum—drum:
Till all our valiant band, fir,
Do wish the French would come.

But stop—methinks 'tis wrong, fir,
To talk this swelling stuff;
For no true Soldier's song, fir,
Should deal in empty puff.

I'll give you then a spice, fir,
(Oh, how you'll like my plan,)
Of sound and good advice, fir,
For each Militia Man.

First, then, be sound at heart, fir,
Be loyal, says my song;
And nobly act your part, fir,
To right your country's wrong.

Yet let no Soldier hold, fir,
He merely need be stout,
And blunt, and brave, and bold, fir,
And mad to fight it out.

Your Soldier of true stamp, fir,
Is not like brutish cattle;
And he'll be good in camp, fir,
As well as good in battle.

Unlike the looser herd, fir,
Each vice he'll try to crush;
Nor will he speak a word, fir,
To make a maiden blush."

Nor will he shew his spunk, fir,
By turning jolly fellow;
He never will be drunk, fir,
No, no, nor yet be mellow.

He counts it quite a shame, fir,
To hear a Soldier swear;
'Tis what King George would blame, fir,
No doubt if he was there.

Nor does he laugh and grin, fir,
At these as petty things;
Your swearing is a sin, fir,
Against the King of kings.

For be it understood, fir,
He says with honest Dan,
"The Soldier can't be good, fir,
While wicked is the man."

Now should some saucy tongue, fir,
Here stop me for a toast,
I'll give the man I've sung, fir,
"The man that's worth a host."

Z.

THE RIOT;

OR,

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN JACK ANVIL AND
TOM HOD.

To the Tune of "*A Cobler there was.*"

Written during the Scarcity of 1795.

TOM.

COME neighbours, no longer be patient and quiet,
Come let us kick up a bit of a riot;
I am hungry my lads, but I've little to eat,
So we'll pull down the mills, and we'll seize all the
meat;
I'll give you good sport, boys, as ever you saw,
So a fig for the justice, a fig for the law.

Derry down.

Then his pitchfork Tom seiz'd—hold a moment, says
Jack,

I'll shew thee thy blunder, brave boy, in a crack;
And if I don't prove we had better be still,
I'll assist thee straitway to pull down every mill;
I'll shew thee how passion thy reason does cheat,
Or I'll join thee in plunder for bread and for meat.

Derry down.

What a whimsey to think thus our bellies to fill,
For we stop all the grinding by breaking the mill!
What a whimsey to think we shall get more to eat
By abusing the butchers who get us the meat!
What a whimsey to think we shall mend our spare diet,
By breeding disturbance, by murder and riot!

Derry down.

Because I am dry, 'twould be foolish, I, think,
To pull out my tap and to spill all my drink;
Because I am hungry, and want to be fed,
That is sure no wise reason for wasting my bread;
And just such wise reasons for mending their diet
Are us'd by those blockheads who rush into riot.

Derry down.

I would not take comfort from others distresses,
But still I would mark how God our land blesses;
For tho' in Old England the times are but sad,
Abroad I am told they are ten times as bad:
In the land of the Pope there is scarce any grain,
And 'tis still worse, they say, both in Holland and Spain.

Derry down.

Let us look to the harvest our wants to beguile,
See the lands with rich crops how they every where
smile!

Mean time to assist us by each western breeze,
Some corn is brought daily across the salt seas;
Of tea we'll drink little, of gin none at all,
And we'll patiently wait, and the prices will fall.

Derry down.

But if we're not quiet, then let us not wonder
If things grow much worse by our riot and plunder;
And let us remember whenever we meet,
The more ale we drink, boys, the less we shall eat.
On those days spent in riot *no* bread you brought home,
Had you spent them in labour you must have had *some*.

Derry down.

"A dinner of herbs," says the wise man, "with quiet,
Is better than beef amid discord and riot."

If the thing can be help'd, I'm a foe to all strife,
And I pray for a peace every night of my life;
But in matters of state not an inch will I budge,
Because I conceive I'm no very good judge.

Derry down.

But tho' poor I can work, my brave boy, with the best,
Let the King and the Parliament manage the rest;
I lament both the war and the taxes together,
'Tho' I verily think they don't alter the weather.
The King, as I take it, with very good reason,
May prevent a bad law, but can't help a bad season.

Derry down.

The Parliament Men, altho' great is their power,
Yet they cannot contrive us a bit of a shower;
And I never yet heard, tho' our rulers are wise,
'That they knew very well how to manage the skies;
For the best of them all, as they found to their cost,
Were not able to hinder last winter's hard frost.

Derry down.

Besides I must share in the wants of the times,
Because I have had my full share in it's crimes;
And I'm apt to believe the distress which is sent,
Is to punish and cure us of all discontent.

But harvest is coming, potatoes are come!
Our prospect clears up: Ye complainers be dumb!

Derry down.

And though I've no money, and though I've no lands,
I've a head on my shoulders and a pair of good hands;
So I'll work the whole day, and on Sundays I'll seek
At church how to bear all the wants of the week.

The gentlefolks too will afford us supplies;
They'll subscribe—and they'll give up their puddings
and pies.

Derry down.

Then before I'm induced to take part in a riot,
I'll ask this short question, What shall I get by it?
So I'll e'en wait a little till cheaper the bread,
For a mittimus hangs o'er each rioter's head:
And when of two evils I'm ask'd which is best,
I'd rather be hungry than hang'd, I protest.

Derry down.

Quoth Tom, thou art right;—if I rise I'm a Turk,
So he threw down his pitchfork, and went to his work.
Z.

THE
GRAVE-STONE;

BEING AN ACCOUNT

(Supposed to be written on a Grave-stone,)

Of a wife who buried both her Children on one Day, and
who from that time became a very devout Christian.

WITH A SUITABLE
ADDRESS TO THOSE WHO MAY BE ATTENDING
A FUNERAL.

HERE rests in peace a christian wife,
Safe from the cares and ills of life ;
Taught by kind Heaven's afflicting rod,
She well had learnt her way to God.
Once a gay girl, she trod the green,
The foremost in the festive scene ;
'Twas then she follow'd all her will,
And wedded William of the hill :
No heart had he for prayer and praise ;
No thought of God's most holy ways ;
Of worldly gains he lov'd to speak,
In worldly cares he spent his week ;
E'en Sunday pass'd unheeded by,
And both forgot that they must die.

While thus by satan quite beguil'd,
The God of Mercy smote her child ;
Bereft of one sweet infant dear,
She shed the mother's mournful tear ;

A second next she tried to save,
Then bore the second to the grave ;
Both on one day the parent led
To silent mansions of the dead.
There, while she wept her childrens' fate,
She learnt to feel her mortal state ;
Stood pondering all her errors past,
As if that day had been her last ;
And as she held the mournful bier,
Dropt for herself a secret tear.
Once she believ'd her sins were few,
But this one moment clear'd her view ;
Then first she felt a Saviour's need,
A sinner in thought, word, and deed !
Of her own worth she ceas'd to dream,
For Christ's redemption was her theme.
Henceforth her ways were order'd right,
She " walk'd by faith, and not by sight ;"
She read God's word, believ'd it true,
And strove to practice what she knew.

Her husband saw the mighty change,
And thought at first her humour strange ;
Deem'd his own worldly ways the best—
But soon his error stood confess'd.
Ceas'd is the noise, the jarring strife,
For now how humble is the wife !
He proudly feels each cross event,
While she, poor sinner, is content ;
No more she has her stubborn will,
Returns him daily good for ill ;
And though her love is still the same,
She loves him with a purer flame.

Oft would she pray the God of Grace
His lofty spirit to abase;
Upward his grovelling thoughts to raise,
And teach him humble prayer and praise.
Heaven heard her voice—the youth so gay,
The thoughtless sinner learnt to pray;
Sad sickness too, with pain and smart,
Was sent to soften all his heart.

She follow'd next her husband's bier,
She wip'd his last repenting tear;
She heard him mourn his former pride:
She heard him thank her when he died.
Here, then, in hope of endless life,
Rest both the husband and the wife:
Here too, the babes, whom God hath given,
And such, we trust, shall enter heaven.

ADDRESS

TO PERSONS ATTENDING A FUNERAL.

YE mourners, who in silent gloom
Bear your dear kindred to the tomb,
Grudge not, when christians go to rest,
They sleep in JESUS, and are blest.
Call then to mind their faith, their love,
Their meetness for the realms above;
And if to heaven a saint is fled,
O mourn the living, not the dead:
Weep o'er the thousands that remain
Deep sunk in sin, or rack'd with pain;
Mourn your own crimes and wicked ways,
And learn to number all your days;
Gain wisdom from this mournful stone,
And make this Christian's case your own.

THE
LADY AND THE PYE;
OR,
KNOW THYSELF.

A WORTHY Squire, of sober life,
Had a conceited boasting wife;
Of *him* she daily made complaint;
Herself she thought a very faint.
She lov'd to load mankind with blame,
And on their errors build her fame.
Her favourite subject of dispute
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.
'Had I been Eve,' she often cried,
'Man had not fall'n, nor woman died;
I still had kept the orders given,
Nor for an apple lost my Heaven;
'To gratify my curious mind
I ne'er had ruin'd all mankind;
Nor from a vain desire to know,
Entail'd on all my race such woe.'
The Squire reply'd, 'I fear 'tis true,
The same ill spirit lives in you;
Tempted alike, I dare believe,
You would have disobey'd, like Eve.'
The lady storm'd and still deny'd
Both curiosity and pride.

The Squire some future day at dinner,
 Resolv'd to try this boastful sinner;
 He griev'd such vanity possess'd her,
 And thus in serious terms address'd her:
 "Madam, the usual splendid feast
 With which our wedding day is grac'd,
 With you I must not share to-day,
 For business summons me away.
 Of all the dainties I've prepar'd,
 I beg not any may be spar'd;
 Indulge in every costly dish;
 Enjoy, 'tis what I really wish;
 Only observe one prohibition,
 Nor think it a severe condition;
 On one small dish which cover'd stands,
 You must not dare to lay your hands;
 Go—disobey not on your life,
 Or henceforth you're no more my wife."

The treat was serv'd, the Squire was gone,
 The murm'ring lady din'd alone:
 She saw whate'er could grace a feast,
 Or charm the eye, or please the taste;
 But while she rang'd from this to that,
 From ven'son haunch to turtle fat;
 On one small dish she chanc'd to light,
 By a deep cover hid from sight:
 "O! here it is—yet not for me!
 I must not taste, nay, dare not see;
 Why place it there? or why forbid
 That I so much as lift the lid?
 Prohibited of this to eat,
 I care not for the sumptuous treat;
 I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,
 To know what's there I merely wish.

I'll look—O no, I lose for ever,
If I'm betray'd, my husband's favour.
I own I think it vastly hard,
Nay, tyranny, to be debarr'd.
John you may go—the wine's decanted,
I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."
Now left alone, she waits no longer,
Temptation presses more and stronger.
"I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
For tho' I peep, I will not touch;
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover
One glance will tell, and then 'tis over.
My husband's absent, so is John,
My peeping never can be known."
Trembling, she yielded to her wish,
And rais'd the cover from the dish:
She starts—for lo! an open pye
From which six living sparrows fly.
She calls, she screams, with wild surprise,
"Haste John and catch these birds," she cries;
John hears not, but to crown her shame,
In at her call her husband came.
Sternly he frown'd as thus he spoke,
"Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke!
Self-ign'rance led you to believe
You did not share the sin of Eve.
Like hers, how blest was your condition!
How small my gentle prohibition!
Yet you, tho' fed with every dainty,
Sat pining in the midst of plenty;
This dish, thus singled from the rest,
Of your obedience was the test;
Your mind unbroke by self-denial,
Could not sustain this slender trial.

Humility from hence be taught,
Learn candour to another's fault;
Go know, like Eve, from this sad dinner,
You're both a vain and curious finner."

Z.

THE
PLUM-CAKES;

OR, THE
FARMER AND HIS THREE SONS.

A FARMER who some wealth possess,
With three fine boys was also blest;
The lads were healthy, stout, and young,
And neither wanted sense nor tongue.
Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys,
Lov'd tops and marbles, sport and toys,
The father scouted that false plan,
That money only makes the man;
But, to the best of his discerning,
Was bent on giving them good learning:
He was a man of observation,
No scholar, yet had penetration;
So with due care, a school he sought,
Where his young sons might well be taught.
Quoth he, "I know not which rehearses
Most properly his themes or verses,
Yet I can do a father's part,
And school the temper, mind, and heart;
The natural bent of each I'll know,
And trifles best that bent may show."

'Twas just before the closing year,
When Christmas holidays were near,
The farmer call'd to see his boys,
And ask'd how each his time employs.
Quoth Will, "there's father, boys, without,
He's brought us something good no doubt."
The father sees their merry faces,
With joy beholds them, and embraces;
"Come boys, of me you'll have your fill;"
"Yes, Christmas now is near," says Will,
"'Tis just twelve days—these notches see,
"My notches with the days agree."
"Well (said the fire), again I'll come,
And gladly fetch my brave boys home.
You two the dappled mare shall ride,
Jack mount the poney by his side;
Mean time, my lads, I've brought you here
No small provision of good cheer."
Then from his pocket strait he takes
A vast profusion of plum cakes;
He counts them out, a plenteous store,
No boy shall have or less or more;
Twelve cakes he gives to each dear son,
When each expected only one;
And then, with many a kind expression,
He leaves them to their own discretion;
Resolv'd to mark the use each made
Of what he to their hands convey'd.

The twelve days past he comes once more,
And brings the horses to the door;
The boys with rapture see appear
The poney and the dappled mare;
Each moment now an hour they count,
And flash their whips, and long to mount.

As with the boys his ride he takes,
He asks the history of the cakes.

Says Will, "dear father, life is short,
So I resolv'd to make quick sport;
The cakes were all so nice and sweet,
I thought I'd have one jolly treat.
Why should I balk, said I, my taste?
I'll make at once a hearty feast.
So, snugly by myself I fed,
When every boy was gone to-bed;
I gorg'd them all, both paste and plum,
And did not waste a single crumb;
Indeed they made me, to my sorrow,
As sick as death upon the morrow;
This made me mourn my rich repast,
And wish I had not fed so fast."

Quoth Jack, "I was not such a dunce,
To eat my quantum up at once;
And tho' the boys all long'd to clutch 'em,
I would not let a creature touch 'em;
Nor tho' the whole were in my power,
Would I myself one cake devour;
Thanks to the use of keys and locks,
They're all now snug within my box;
The mischief is, by hoarding long,
They're grown so mouldy and so strong,
I find they won't be fit to eat,
And I have lost my father's treat."

"Well Tom," the anxious parent cries,
How did you manage?" Tom replies,
"I shunn'd each wide extreme to take,
To glut my maw, or hoard my cake;
I thought each day its wants would have,
And appetite again might crave;

Twelve school-days still my notches counted,
To twelve my father's cakes amounted ;
So every day I took out one,
But never ate my cake alone ;
With every needy boy I shar'd,
And more than half I always spar'd.
One ev'ry day 'twixt self and friend,
Has brought my dozen to an end ;
My last remaining cake to-day
I would not touch, but gave away ;
A boy was sick and scarce could eat,
To him it prov'd a welcome treat :
Jack call'd me spendthrift, not to save ;
Will dubb'd me fool because I gave ;
But when our last day came I smil'd,
For Will's were gone, and Jack's were spoil'd ;
Not hoarding much, nor eating fast,
I serv'd a needy friend at last."
These tales the father's thoughts employ ;
" By these (said he) I know each boy :
Yet Jack who hoarded what he had,
The world will call a frugal lad ;
And selfish gormandising Will,
Will meet with friends and favourers still :
While moderate Tom, so wise and cool,
The mad and vain will deem a fool ;
But I, his sober plan approve,
And Tom has gain'd his father's love.

APPLICATION.

So when our day of life is past,
And all are fairly judg'd at last ;

The Miser and the Sensual find
How each misused the gifts assigned;
While he who wisely spends and gives,
To the true ends of living lives;
'Tis self-denying moderation
Gains the GREAT FATHER's approbation.

Z.

TURN THE CARPET;

OR, THE

TWO WEAVERS,

IN A

DIALOGUE BETWEEN DICK AND JOHN.

AS at their work two Weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a Weaver scarce could eat.

'What with my brats and sickly wife,'
Quoth Dick, 'I'm almost tir'd of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

'How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust you must agree,
Why all to him? why none to me?

'In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the Parson preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought so long)
Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

'Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and strange;

The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the bless'd.

Quoth John, 'our ign'rance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

'Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!

'A stranger, ign'rant of the trade,
Wou'd say, 'no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy Carpet now is all disorder.'

Quoth Dick, 'my work is yet in bits,
But still in ev'ry part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout,
Why, man, *that Carpet's inside out.*'

Says John, 'thou say'st the thing I mean.
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a Carpet inside out.

'As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

'No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright;
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.

‘What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn’d,
For then the *Carpet shall be turn’d.*’

‘Thou’rt right,’ quoth Dick, ‘no more I’ll
grumble
That this sad world’s so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own Carpet sets me right.’

2.

HERE AND THERE;

OR,

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

Being suitable Thoughts for a New Year.

HERE blifs is short, imperfect, infincere,
But total, absolute, and perfect *there*.
Here time's a moment, short our happieft state,
There infinite duration is our date.
Here Satan tempts, and troubles ev'n the beft,
There Satan's power extends not to the bleft.
In a weak finful body *here* I dwell,
But *there* I drop this frail and fickly fhell.
Here my beft thoughts are ftain'd with guilt and fear,
But love and pardon fhall be perfect *there*.
Here my beft duties are defil'd with fin,
There all is eafe without, and peace within.
Here feeble faith fupplies my only light,
There faith and hope are fwallow'd up in fight.
Here love of felf my faireft works deftroys,
There love of God fhall perfect all my joys.
Here things, as in a glafs, are darkly fhown,
There I fhall know as clearly as I'm known.
Frail are the faireft flowers which bloom below,
There freftheft palms on roots immortal grow.
Here wants or cares perplex my anxious mind,
But fpirits *there* a calm fruition find.
Here difappointments my beft fchemes deftroy,
There thofe that fow'd in tears fhall reap in joy.

Here vanity is stamp'd on all below,
Perfection *there* on every good shall grow.
Here my fond heart is fasten'd on some friend,
Whose kindness *may*, whose life *must* have an end;
But *there* no failure can I ever prove,
God cannot disappoint, for God is love.
Here Christ for sinners suffer'd, groan'd and bled,
But *there* he reigns the great triumphant head:
Here, mock'd and scourg'd, he wore a crown of thorns,
A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.
Here error clouds the will and dims the sight,
There all is knowledge, purity, and light.
Here so imperfect is this mortal state,
If blest myself I mourn some other's fate,
At every human woe I *here* repine,
The joy of every saint shall *there* be mine.
Here if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart,
But *there* that broken reed and I shall part.
Here on no promised good can I depend,
But *there* the Rock of Ages is my friend.
Here if some sudden joy delight inspire,
The dread to lose it damps the rising fire;
But *there* whatever good the soul employ,
The thought that 'tis *eternal*, crowns the joy.

THE
DAY OF JUDGMENT ;

OR, THE
GRAND RECKONING.

CHRISTIANS ! profit by the warning
Which the word of God supplies ;
Think upon that awful morning,
When the quick and dead shall rise.

Lo ! each country, every nation,
All the globe we now behold,
(Wrapt in dreadful conflagration)
Smoke and fire at once enfold !

See the works of art so curious,
Lofty cities, temples, towers !
See the raging flame so furious,
All the mighty mass devours !

You who doat on earthly treasures,
What dismay will seize your frame,
When the sum of all your pleasures,
Crackles in the general flame !

Lo! the multitudes surrounding,
Whom the grave no more can keep;
Hark! the awful trumpet sounding!
Death has broke his leaden sleep.

All that in the tomb now slumber,
How at once they burst their chain!
See they rise, how vast their number!
All that liv'd shall live again.

Great and small together meeting,
Lo! the sea gives up her dead!
Then the sea itself retreating,
Lo! the heavens and earth are fled!

See the LORD of life descending,
Hear the dread ARCHANGEL's voice;
See the dead on CHRIST attending;
How the saints of God rejoice!

Myriads at that voice shall gather,
"Take the kingdom long prepar'd;
"Come, ye blessed of my FATHER,
"Share my crown, my cross you shar'd."

O how different that dread sentence,
Which confirms the *sinner's* doom!
"You who died without repentance,
"Come to judgment, sinners come."

O! to these what wild despairing,
What astonishment of heart,
Agony past human bearing,
Will that dreadful call impart.

You who now profanely cherish
Unbelief and impious pride;
Unbelievers! see and perish,
CHRIST for you in vain has died.

You who to the world dissemble,
While you practice deeds of night,
Hypocrites! behold and tremble,
All these deeds are brought to light.

You, who each conviction stifling,
Waste your time, that sacred store,
Hear the Angel, cease your trifling,
"Time," he cries, "shall be no more."

Lost in ease, or drown'd in pleasure,
"We've no time to think," you cry,
But howe'er you waste the treasure,
You must all find time to die.

You, who now this warning slighting,
Think that day not worth your care;
I who now these lines am writing,
You and I must both appear.

O that you, these lines perusing,
May be wak'd to swift repentance;
O that I, no moment losing,
May prepare to meet my sentence!

Z.

THE
ELECTION.

A
QUITE NEW SONG.

Shewing many Things which are now doing, and which
ought not to be done.

Being a song very fit to be Sung in all Places where
an Election is going on.

To the Tune of DUSKY NIGHT.

I AM a bold Briton, fir,
And freeman of this town,
Where the bustle can't be told, fir,
For the Candidate's come down.

And there is Dick the Glazier,
A standing by a cann,
And bustling Bob the Brazier,
With a face as round as a pan.

And there as great as a Turk, fir,
Is Will the Glazier's boy,
Who's gone and left his work, fir,
With eyes brim-full of joy.

And there the folks are singing,
And throw their hats on high,
And here the bells are ringing,
And there the flags do fly.

And here are the women chattering,
And begging, as if for bread,
Of the man who is a scattering
The ribbons blue and red.

And here the 'canvassing party
In haste are marching on,
All shaking hands so hearty,
See! see! and here's Sir John!

And here's t'other Candidate lighting,
Who has gallopp'd from London town,
And here is a little fighting,
And knocking each other down.

And here is a deal of treating,
Which the law forbids to be done,
And here is the publican cheating,
And setting down two for one.

And here is your capital feast, fir,
That's all so full of glee,
Where a man is turn'd to a beast, fir,
With your toasts of three times three.

And here is a man in vogue, fir,
That filthy song who sung,
Now I know the fellow's a rogue, fir,
As great as ever was hung.

And there amid yon tribe, fir,
That raise their voice so high,
There's some have a bit of a bribe, fir,
O fie! O fie! O fie!

And here is a fellow drunken
'Till he can hardly creep,
And there is another sunken
Down in a deadly sleep.

And here are your Candidates' speeches,
So flattering and so strong,
While the voters suck 'em like leeches,
Nor care for right or wrong.

And now in my own behalf, fir,
I next will tell you why,
While so many round me laugh, fir,
In truth I'm ready to cry.

For this I hold's the season
To be as wise as we can,
For sure it needs some reason
To chuse a parliament man.

And tho' I'm no objector
To drinking when you're dry,
Yet methinks a drunken elector
Might as well be a pig in a sty.

Then let us quit our drinking,
And passions all controul,
For I own I can't help thinking
That a voter has a soul.

And while each fool's pretence is
That others are as bad,
Come, boys! let's keep our senses,
Though all the world runs mad.

DAN AND JANE;
OR
FAITH AND WORKS.
A TALE.

GOOD Dan and Jane were man and wife,
And liv'd a loving kind of life;
One point, however, they disputed,
And each by turns his mate confuted.
'Twas faith and works—this knotty question
They found not easy of digestion.
While Dan for faith alone contended,
Jane equally good works defended.
' They are not Christians sure, but Turks,
Who build on faith, and scoff at works.'
Quoth Jane—While eager Dan reply'd,
' By none but heathens faith's deny'd.'
' I'll tell you wife,' at length quoth Dan,
' A story of a right good man.
A patriarch sage, of ancient days,
A man of faith, whom all must praise.
In his own country he possess'd
Whate'er can make a wise man blest;

His was the flock, the field, the spring,
In short, a little rural king.
Yet, pleas'd he quits this native land,
By faith in the divine command :
God bade him go, and he, content,
Went forth, not knowing where he went.
He trusted in the promise made,
And, undisputing straight obeyed.
The heavenly word he did not doubt,
But prov'd his faith by going out.'

Jane answer'd with some little pride—
' I've an example on my side ;
And tho' my tale be somewhat longer,
I trust you'll find it vastly stronger.
I'll tell you, Daniel, of a man,
'The holiest since the world began,
Who now God's favour is receiving,
For prompt *obeying*, not *believing*.
One only son this man possesst,
In whom his righteous age was blest ;
And more to mark the grace of Heaven,
'This son by miracle was given ;
And from this child the word Divine
Had promis'd an illustrious line.
When lo ! at once a voice he hears,
Which sounds like thunder in his ears ;
God says—Go sacrifice thy son !
—This moment, Lord, it shall be done.
He goes, and instantly prepares
To slay this child of many prayers.
Now here you see the grand expedience,
Of *works*, of actual sound *obedience*.

This was not *faith*, but act and deed,
 The Lord commands—the child shall bleed.
 ‘ Thus Abraham *acted*,’ Jenny cried ;
 ‘ Thus Abraham *trusted*,’ Dan replied.
 ‘ Abraham?’ quoth Jane, ‘ why that’s my man,
 ‘ No, Abraham’s him I mean,’ says Dan.
 ‘ He stands a monument of *faith* ;’—
 ‘ No, ’tis for *works*, the Scripture faith.’
 ‘ ’Tis for his faith that I defend him :’
 ‘ ’Tis for obedience I commend him.’

Thus he—thus she—both warmly feel,
 And lose their temper in their zeal ;
 Too quick each other’s choice to blame,
 They did not see each meant the same.
 ‘ At length, good wife,’ said honest Dan,
 ‘ We’re talking of the self-same man.
 The works you praise I own indeed,
 Grow from that faith for which I plead ;
 And Abraham, whom for faith I quote,
 For works deserve especial note :
 ’Tis not enough of faith to *talk*,
 A man of God, with God must walk :
 Our doctrines are at last the same,
 They only differ in the name.
 The faith I fight for is the root,
 The works you value are the fruit.
 How shall you know my creed’s sincere,
 Unless in works my faith appear ?
 How shall I know a tree’s alive,
 Unless I see it bear and thrive ?
 Your works not growing on my root,
 Wou’d prove they were not genuine fruit.

If faith produce no works, I see,
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow,
No separate life they e'er can know :
They're soul and body, hand and heart,
What God hath join'd, let no one part.'

Z.

THE
OLD MAN, HIS CHILDREN,
AND THE
BUNDLE OF STICKS.

A F A B L E.

A GOOD Old Man, no matter where,
Whether in York or Lancashire,
Or on a hill or in a dale,
It cannot much concern the tale,
Had children very much like others,
Compos'd of sisters and of brothers;
In life he had not much to give,
Save his example how to live;
His luck was what his neighbours had,
For some were good and some were bad;
When of their father death bereft 'em,
His good advice was all he left 'em.
This good Old Man who long had lain,
Afflicted with disease and pain;
With difficulty drew his breath,
And felt the sure approach of death.
He still had liv'd an honest life,
Kind to his neighbour and his wife;

His practice good, his faith was sound,
He built his hope on Scripture ground ;
And knowing life hangs on a breath,
He always liv'd prepar'd for death.

He trusted God, nor fear'd to die,
May it be thus with you and I !

Nor let us hope to die content,
Unless our life be wisely spent.

He call'd his children round his bed,
And with a feeble voice he said :

" Alas ! alas ! my children dear,

" I well perceive my end is near ;

" I suffer much, but kiss the rod,

" And bow me to the will of God.

" Yet ere from you I'm quite remov'd,

" From you whom always I have lov'd ;

" I wish to give you all my blessing,

" And leave you with a useful lesson ;

" That when I've left this world of care,

" Each may his testimony bear,

" How much my latest thoughts inclin'd

" To prove me tender, good, and kind !

" Observe that faggot on the ground,

" With twisted hazel firmly bound :"

The children turn'd their eyes that way,

And view'd the faggot as it lay ;

But wonder'd what their father meant ;

Who thus expounded his intent.

" I wish that all of you would take it,

" And try if any one can break it."

Obedient to the good Old Man,

They all to try their strength began ;

Now boy, now girl, now he, now she,

Apply'd the faggot to their knee ;

They tugg'd and strain'd, and try'd again,
But still they tugg'd and try'd in vain ;
In vain their strength and skill exerted,
The faggot ev'ry effort thwarted.
And when their labour vain they found,
They threw the faggot on the ground.

Again the good Old Man proceeded,
To give th' instruction which they needed ;

" Untwist," says he, " the hazel bind,

" And let the faggot be disjoin'd."

Then stick by stick, and twig by twig,

The little children and the big,

Foll'wing the words their father spoke,

Each sprig and spray they quickly broke :

" There father !" all began to cry,

" I've broken mine ! and I, and I."

Replied the Sire, " 'twas my intent,

" My family to represent !

" While you are join'd in friendship's throng,

" My dearest children, you'll be strong ;

" But if by quarrel and dispute,

" You undermine affection's root,

" And thus the strength'ning cord divide,

" Then will my children ill betide :

" E'en beasts of prey in bands unite,

" And kindly for each other fight ;

" And shall not Christian children be

" Join'd in sweet links of amity ?

" If separate, you will each be weak,

" Each like a single stick will break ;

" But if you're firm, and true and hearty,

" The world and all its spite can't part ye."

The father having clos'd his lesson,

Proceeded to pronounce his blessing :

476 *The Old Man, his Children, &c.*

Embrac'd them all, then pray'd and sigh'd,
Look'd up, then dropp'd his head—and dy'd.

And thus, my countrymen, shou'd you,
And I, and all be firm and true;
If Christian faith and love combine us,
And sweet affection's cord intwine us;
We need encourage no dejection,
Secure in the DIVINE PROTECTION.
In prosperous days we'll bless our God,
And when he smites we'll kiss the rod.

THE
BAD BARGAIN;
OR THE
WORLD SET UP FOR SALE.

I.

THE devil, as the scriptures shew,
Tempts sinful mortals high and low;
And always acting well his part,
He suits his bribes to every heart:
See there the prince of darkness stands,
With baits for souls in both his hands.

II.

To one he offers empires whole,
And gives a sceptre for a soul;
To one he freely gives in barter
A peerage, or a star and garter;
To one he pays polite attention,
And begs him just to take a pension.

III.

Some are so fir'd with love of fame,
He bribes them by an empty name;
For fame they toil, they preach, they write,
Give alms, or sally forth and fight;
Prefer man's praise to God's salvation,
And sell their souls for reputation.

IV.

But the great gift, the mighty bribe
Which Satan pours amid the tribe,
Which thousands seize with eager haste,
And all desire at least to taste,
Is—plodding reader!—what d'ye think!
Alas!—'tis money—money—chink!

V.

Round the wide world the tempter flies,
Presents to view the glittering prize;
See how he goes from shore to shore,
And how the nations all adore:
Souls flock by thousands to be sold,
Smit with the love of filthy gold.

VI.

See at yon needy tradesman's shop,
The universal tempter stop;
'Wouldst thou,' he cries, 'increase thy treasures,
Use lighter weights and scantier measures,
Thus shalt thou thrive;' the trader's willing,
And sells his soul to get a shilling.

VII.

Next Satan to a farmer hies,
' I scorn to cheat,' the farmer cries;
Yet his whole heart on wealth was bent,
And so the devil was content;
Now markets rise, and riches roll,
And Satan quite secures his soul.

VIII.

Mark next yon cheerful youth so jolly,
So fond of laughter and of folly;
He hates a stingy griping fellow,
But gets each day a little mellow;
To Satan too he sells his soul,
In barter for a flowing bowl.

IX.

Thus Satan tries each different state,
With mighty bribes he tempts the great,
The poor with equal force he plies,
But wins them with an humbler prize;
Has gentle arts for young beginners,
And fouler fins for older sinners.

X.

Oft too he cheats our mortal eyes,
For Satan father is of lies;
A thousand swindling tricks he plays us,
And promises, but never pays us;
Thus we, poor fools, are strangely caught,
And find we've sold our souls for nought.

XI.

Nay oft, with quite a juggler's art,
He bids the proffer'd gift depart ;
Some pleasure sets before our face,
Then claps a trouble in its place ;
Sends some huge loss instead of gain,
And conjures rapture into pain.

XII.

Be wise then, oh, ye worldly tribe,
Nor sell your conscience for a bribe ;
When Satan tempts you to begin,
Resist him, and refuse to sin :
Bad is their bargain, on the whole,
Who gain the world and lose a soul.



